Amids the twynnes when Phe-
Iayre Cithera, and Ioue benigne,
Last ouer went by his course ryght,
That he with them had conioyninge
Commodiously mitigating,
Both Mars and Saturns malice greate,
Wytche in the Crabbe but lately mette.

Lykewyse Lucina, then hir decte,
With eche planet diligently,
Hir selfe to ioyne with lyke aspecte,
Begynnyng first with Mercury:
To Iupiter consequently,
With Soland Cithera in haste,
With Saturne then, and Mars at laste,

Almightie God that all hath wrought,
Thus through their course moste naturall,
Within three signes together brought,
These sterres that creatykes men call:
In these three were these planets all,
The Crab, the Twyns the horned Bull,
Of wonders thus his workes are full.

At this tyme as for my solase,
To banyshe penslyue heuynesse:
I went abrode the tyme to passe,
When thought my soule did sore oppresse:
Callyng my muses to to release,
My soule, whiche dyd in sorowe smarte,
Who aye were wonte to ease my harte.

The Muses nyne I meane whiche teache,
And Christen poets illuminate,

30. A. 20

[illegible]ther with pen or mouth they preache,
[illegible]vertuous and moste godly rate:
Of grace and knowledge they the gate
Doe open in moste gentle wyse,
To all that goodnes exercise.

The fyrste of these is vertue fayre,
Whiche some men doe Arete call.
The seconde faith whiche doth repayre,
To sauing health as principall.
The third place lady hope haue shall.
The fourth is loue: and wysdome fyue,
Whiche doe with grace ryght well reuyue.

Dame temperance the sixt muse is.
The seuenth is dame pacience.
The eight a lady full of blis.
Is constancie in good pretence.
The nynthe of good experience,
Is mekenes, or humilitie,
The purchasers of Gods mercie.

To these as I before haue sayde,
I made my playnte still as I went,
Desyring them of helpe and ayde,
Els am I all in peeces rent:
For ignorance moste pestilent,
With hir sonne error me assayle,
And would against my soule preuayle.

At lest (quod I) dere helpes alas,
Let come Arete, and dame Spes:
Brynging with them dame Charitas,
That they my harte may bryng to ease.

And

And take from me my great diſeaſe:
This ougly griefe vyle ignorance,
And in hir ſtede knowledge aduance.

At laſt I ſate downe on a grene,
Unto a barke lenyng my backe:
But Phebus beames ſo whot did ſhyne,
That it conſtreined me to take,
The ſhade vnder the freſhe greue brake.
Not farre from me then ſtreight I ſpyde,
A groue whiche was there harde beſyde:

Where as eche byrde, with ſweete noyſe
That nature gaue them to endure,
Began my harte for to reioyſe,
Their notes my thought were ſo demure:
Whiche in ſhort ſpace did me procure,
My thoughtfull harte for to apalle,
That I into a ſleape gan falle.

But in this ſlumber as I laye,
My ſpirit receyude no quiet reſt.
Wherfore I wakte agayne ſtreightwaye,
So ſore encombred was my breſt:
Whiche ſought therof to be releſt.
Thus on my muſes gan I crave,
Take pitie on youe ſimple ſlaue.

But then a freſhe I herde agayne,
The byrdes that ſang ſo ſweete a note,
To whom I ſayde with glad harte fayne,
Now Chriſte his bleſſing on your throte:
And to my mynde it came I wote,

With laude and prayse for to advance,
In them the Lordes hyghe ordinance.

O God (quod I) omnipotente,
We render the with hartes so pure,
All laude and prayse with good intente.
Thy handy workes doe me allure,
That my harte can ryght well indure,
For euer in this place to dwell.
And straight againe on sleape I fell.

What sure I had not rested long,
Yer that into a dreame I fell.
I sawe my thought the flowres among
Fayre ladies three, whiche dyd excell
The prayse that any tongue can tell,
Approchyng towardes me full faste,
For soth I was right sore agaste.

Me thought they compaste me about,
Standing as in a syrcle trayne,
The middemoste without all doubte,
Dyd farre excelle the other twayne,
Them to beholde my harte was fayne:
Forsothe it was a semely syghte,
My harte therin dyd muche delyghte.

As I dyd earnestly beholde,
These ladyes three that weare so bryght.
From care my harte began vnfolde:
For I receiued perfecte syghte,
That madame hope so full of myght,
Was one of that same ladyes three,
That so about had compast me.

The Prologue.

Of whom I had the knowledge founde,
By readyng of the worde of God.
As I beheide hyr in that stounde,
Hyr head at me she gan to nod.
Then from my harte the heauy lode,
Consumde away, with all my thought:
For hope was come whom I had sought.

Then vp to hyr my handes I caste,
And kneled downe vpon the grounde:
Welcome (quod I) my hartes repaste,
That I haue sought, now haue I founde.
The healer vp of this my wounde.
That iustice hath so fiercely made,
With thought, that sharpe and cuttyng blade.

She tooke me then in hyr armes twayne,
And thus to me she sweetly sayde.
Be strong (quod she) stande vp agayne,
Oh man why shouldste thou be afrayde,
For God hath made me for thyne ayde:
To thee we are sent from aboue,
Both vertue, hope, and also loue.

To loue then dyd I turne my face,
And vnto hyr I bowde my knee.
And gently she did me embrace,
Be of good chere O man (quod she:)
For here is also come to thee,
(According to thy prayer true)
Frete or lady vertue.

When I had heard howe they had sayde,
That lady vertue was in place,

The Prologue.

My harte forsothe was sore dismayde,
And colour rose streyght in my face:
And downe I fell before hir grace,
Desyryng hir benevolence,
To pardon my rude negligence.

That lady then did me beholde,
And stepte and caught me by the hande.
Be not dismayde (quod she) be bolde,
And vp vpryght before me stande:
For I doe the to vnderstande,
That I am come downe from above,
And brought with me both hope and loue.

To hope and loue then dyd she call,
And thus began her tale to tell.
Marke well (sayd she,) for thewe I shal,
How men from them do me expell,
And against their lorde God rebell:
Estemyng me but of small pryce,
And wholy geue them selues to vyce.

The lorde did ordeyne me for man,
That I should richely hym endue.
Why doe they thus forsake me than,
And synne and vyce so muche ensue?
Forsoth, because they be vntrue,
Regardyng their owne wyt and wyll,
And wyll not harke gods worde vntyll.

Gods worde, no no, alas therfore,
Ther is no thyng I dare well saye,
That worldly men doe more abhorre,
He that hath wyt perceyue it may:

Their

Their outwarde worke doe them bewraye,
For when gods worde byds them amende,
With reason they their vyce defende.

And to be bricke nowe eche estate,
Doth seke all meanes vyce to mayntayne:
And are with meat great debate,
So that I doe not ryghtly reigne.
At me the most part haue disdeyne:
All saue a fewe doe me resiste,
Whiche fewe ar. the elects of Christe.

And thou O man marke what I saye,
To the I wyll my mynde declare:
That thou mayst nowe perceyue the waye,
Of worldly men, and howe they fare:
That afterwarde thou mayest prepare
Thy selfe to doe and worke my wyll,
In that whiche I saye the vntyll.

Their pryde they name nowe cleanlyness,
And auarice is polycie:
So doe they name wrath manlyness,
And loue they call vyle lecherie,
Mainteyning enuie good memorie.
They call glutony fare honeste
And slouth they call naturall reste.

Extortion lawfull getting,
Idolatrie catholyke fayth,
Vsury is wytty wynning,
Vyce is vertue as eche man sayeth:
But in the truthe who nowe hym stayeth:
Rebellyon is common weith,
And manly shifte, robbrie and steith.

The Prologue.

Oppreſſion is good gouernance,
Crueines is ſeuerite,
The prodigall their dedes aduance,
And call it liberalytie.
And Sodoms ſynne is chaſtitie,
Among thoſe whiche compte mariage ſynne,
Whoſe wickednes wyll neuer blynne.

Some loue in wylfull pouertie,
And beggers haue the proudeſt harte.
Thus wade they in hipocriſie,
And idleneſs for the moſte parte,
Whiche cauſeth vertue to departe:
For idlenes the mother is,
Of all miſchiefe and thinges amys.

It is a thyng ay incident,
That eche man hath felicitie,
On ſome one thyng the mynde is bente,
In wyſdomes ſchole, or in folye:
And doe their myndes wholy aplye,
That they may it attayne and gette,
Wheron theyr harte is fyxte and ſette.

The couetous delyghte in goulde,
The lechour in his fleſhly luſte.
The proude would haue all men beholde,
Their painted ſhethe of dounge and duſte:
The ſlothfull ſleape, and ſlomber muſte,
The wrathfull and the enuious noye:
Whoſe whole delyghte is to deſtroye.

The gluttons loue their panche to fyll,
The dronkards doe delyghte in dryncke:

And

The Prologue.

And eche of these to haue their wyll,
No coste nor charge to greate they thynke:
Thus in a fansie all men synke,
And eche mans care is to aspyre,
Unto his luste and hartes desyre.

Some studie in Astronomie.
Delyghting to beholde the sterres,
Some in musyke and harmonie,
And cosmographie some preferres.
Some in kygures, some in numbers.
Some doe delyghte philosophie,
To knowe on earth eche herbe and tree.

The fowlers haue their whole delyght:,
To deuyse engyns byrdes to take:
Suche as in fyshing haue a syght,
They angles and their nettes wyll make,
And take greate payne for fansies sake.
The faulkners hauke is his pleasure,
The hunter wyll good houndes procure.

In all thynges either good or yll,
That man doth followe or embrace,
Felicitie they haue and wyll:
Their hartes desyre for to purchace.
Then happy are they whiche by grace,
Loue vertues supernaturall,
Whiche byrghtly shyneth aboue all.

Ye happy are those men I saye,
That haue in vertue their delyghte:
For in their sorowe they wyll praye,
For helpe and ayde to God almyghte,

And in their myrth their layth moste ryght,
Doth cause them holy psalmes to synge,
And spirituall songes to his playsyng.

As vyce doth cause delyght in synne,
To folowe all iniquitie,
And alwaye seketh waies to wynne,
Mens soules in wretched vylaynie:
So vertue in the contrarie,
Doth by all meanes hir selfe behaue,
The soule of man to bielle and saue.

O then you that my seruantes be,
In me haue all your exercise.
And as ye doe delyght in me,
So looke that ye doe enterpryse,
All good thynges vertuous and wyse:
That by your badge it may be sene,
That I am your lady and quene.

Suche as in carnall loue reioyce,
Trim songes of loue they wyll comptle,
And synkully with tune and voyce
They syng their songes in pleasant stile,
To Venus that same strompet vyle:
And make of hir a goddes dere,
In lecherie that had no pere.

A booke also of songes they haue,
And Venus court they doe it name.
No fylthy mynde a songe can craue,
But therin he may finde the same:
And in suche songes is all their game.

Wherof

The Prologue.

Wherof ryght dyuers bookes be made,
To nurysshe that moste fylthy trade.

I will that my seruantes therfore
Shall be as apte me for to serue,
In prayse of God sinne to abhorre
And from me Vertue not to swerue.
That they may godly fame deserue,
Of good men here, and after this
To reigne with God in heauen blys.

As prayer in sadnes is mete:
In myrthe so godly songes to synge,
For Christen men is this is fytte.
I charge thee therfore with this thynge:
That thou thyne exercise doe bryngе,
To make a boke of songes holy,
Godly and wyse, clampyng foly.

To whiche boke godly men may adde,
(From tyme to tyme as they see cause,)
Ryght sober songes godly and sadde,
Compyled of gods holy lawes:
Of vertue and wyse olde sayd sawes,
That may to goodnes men procure,
Whyle here their lyfe dayes doe indure.

As thou wilt therfore at thy nede,
Haue hope and loue and also me,
So thou accomplishe this with spede:
My systers twayne therto agree.
And then they warned me all three,
That in this thyng I should not staye,
But make that booke without delaye.

The Prologue.

My cunnyng small though then I knewe,
In eche degree my wytte full weake:
Though lacke of learnyng eke I rue,
Yet of excuse I durst not speake:
But granted my poore head to breake,
About suche exercyse, as she
So streyghtly had commaunded me.

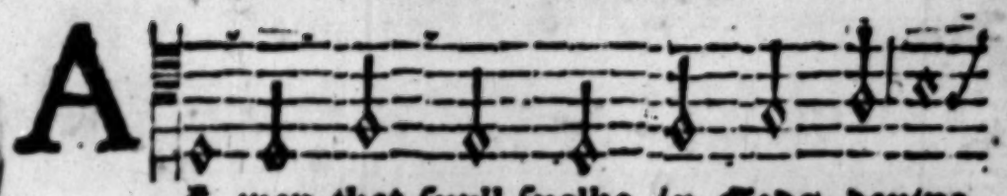
At that instant they dyd me kys,
And frendly did from me departe,
To heauen they went all I wys,
And lefte me with an heuy harte:
So their departure made me smarte.
And in that thought I waked thore,
Mercyling at my dreame full sore.

In songes therfore sythe I must wade,
Accordyng as my dreame me tolde,
I wyll delyght to treade the trade
That lady vertue sayde I should:
As blynde bayard none is so bolde,
And fyrste for lady vertues sake,
A song in hyr prayse wyll I make.

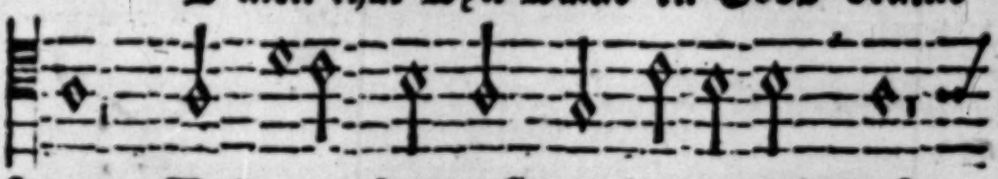
And then in mo procede I wyll,
As God shall geue me of his grace.
My wyt is rude, and small my skyll,
To stande and supplie suche a place.
Yet must I nedes walke in the trace,
That vertue did assigne me in,
Therfore in hyr prayse I beginne.

John Hall
The Author.

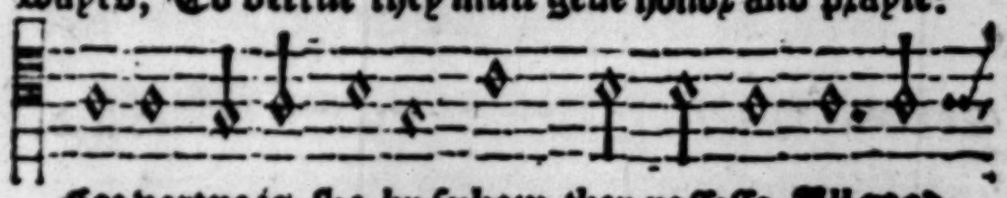
The prayse of vertue.



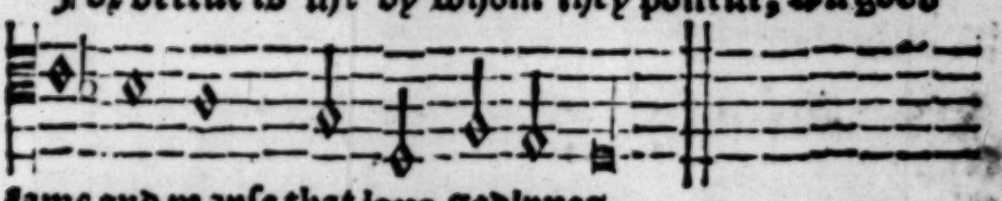
All men that wyll walke in Gods deuine



wayes, To vertue they muſt geue honor and prayſe:



For vertue is ſhe by whom they poſſeſſe, All good



fame and prayſe that loue godlynes.

There neuer was man that wan godly fame,
But doubtles dame vertue was cauſe of the ſame.
Though Abram by fayth, was only made iuſte,
By vertue that faythe was knowyne and diſcuſte.

Ye Iſaac and Jacob, were compted lyke wyſe,
Both faythfull and iuſte in their exerciſe.
The patriarkes all from Adam to Chriſte,
With prophetes and kynges, that ſynne dyd reſiſte.

By vertue the praise of faith did obteyne:
Whiche yet to this daie, doth dure & remaine.
Ye Christ by the vertue, that in him was sene,
Aboue all the holy, that holiest haue bene,

To be true Messias, his flock did him knowe
Whiche to this daye doth his foes ouerthrowe.
And he his disciples then charged eche one,
To folowe the steps that he so had gone.

Likewyse his Apostles, that since his tyme was,
The martyrs and sainctes, to whom he gaue grace,
Their light did so shine, before the world here:
That by their true vertue, well dyd appere,

That they were true seruātes, of Christ their good lord,
Whom truly their liues, did preache and recorde.
Let vertue therfore be had in all prise,
Whiche styll to goodnes, doth good men entyse.

And well doth reward, all suche as hir serue,
And kepeth nought back, that they doe deserue:
But with goodnes styll, doth rychly augmente,
All suche as vnto hir seruice be bent.

And neuer doth leue them, ne yet forsake,
Till ended be all, that they vndertake.
She neuer doth cease, to spurre them forwarde,
Tyll they be in blysse of heuens reward.

Whiche is the whole thyng they seke for and sue,
That serue in the court of Lady vertue.
And styll for hir sake, doe suffer and byde,
The frumps and the mocks, of suche as deryde.

Ye hatred and ſcorne, and all kynde of ſpyghte,
Of ſuche as in vyce and ſynne doe delyght.
But vertue doth teache, to ſuffer this rage,
That we may ſtyll paſſe on in our pylgrimage.

Conſidering that we but ſtrangers are here,
And wander ſtyll towarde our countrey dere.
And make our ſelues lyght, from burden and lode,
Sythe in this vayne worlde, is no ſure abode.

No meruaile though then the worlde doth them hate,
And euer be ſtyll with them at debate:
For Chriſt vnto his hath made it well knowne,
The worlde ſhall aye loue and fauour his owne.

And thoſe from the worlde and ſinne that remoue,
It is not poſſible, the worlde ſhould them loue.
The cauſe as ſayeth Chriſte, of all this whole ſtryfe:
Is that from the worlde they differ in lyfe.

For as in this worlde no mans lyfe is ſure,
The vertuous lyfe ſhall eternally dure.
Though here they be murdred and (ſene for to die)
Of ſuche as all vertue and goodnes denye.

Then howe can we counte them ſhort tyme to lyue,
To whom lady vertue rewarde doth gyue.
Whom as ſayth Gelaſius, ought ſtyll to be,
From terour and dread, and wrath euer free.

Her conſolation where ſhe doth beſtowe,
In ryche or in poore, in hyghe or in lowe,
From bondage of ſinne ſhe doth them free make:
Lo thus are her ſeruantes ſafe for hyr ſake.

Among

Among the goodrootes that depely belette,
Uertue sayeth Tullie, the chiefe prayse doth gette:
The whiche by no kynde of vyolence may
Be hurte or destroyde, by nyght or by daye.

From wanton desyres her seruantes flee all.
And folowe styll iustice, as sayeth saint Paule:
Faith loue and vnitie well doth accorde,
In them whiche with cleane hartes honor the Lorde.

Lactancius also would all men remember,
That they the true honor to vertue doe render.
With sensing or prayer the honor hath none,
Nor yet with an Image, of woodde or of stone:

But only with good wyll and purpose true,
This honor to vertue, alwayse is due:
For he that in Christes fayth doth not remayne,
In no wyse to vertue may apertayne.

Uertue refreyneth wrath without measure,
And also abstreyneth from carnall pleasure:
The frutes of the spiritie, as true godly loue,
Pacience, and peace, and toy from aboue.

Bountefousnes, goodnes, and longe sufferance,
Gentlenes, fayth, and modest, temperance.
Sobernes, continence, and chastitie:
All these in vertues courte officers be.

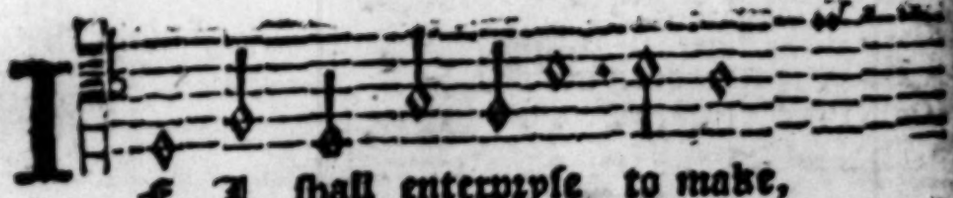
Therfore the quene vertue, it may well beseme,
To were a moste hyghe and ryche diademe.

The

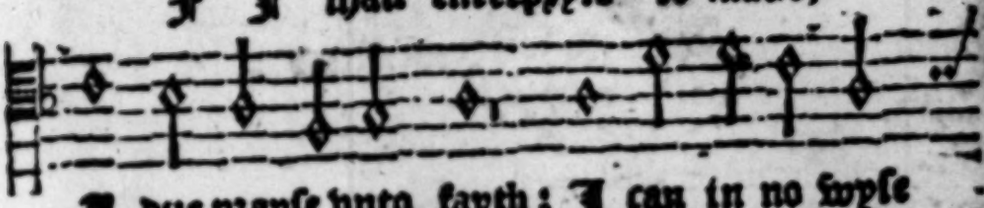
# of Vertue.

¶ The prayse of faithe.

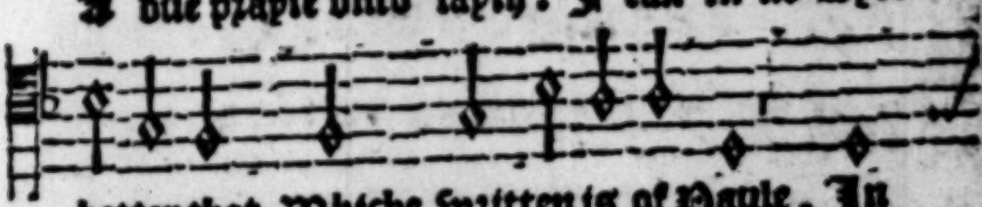
Hebre. 11.



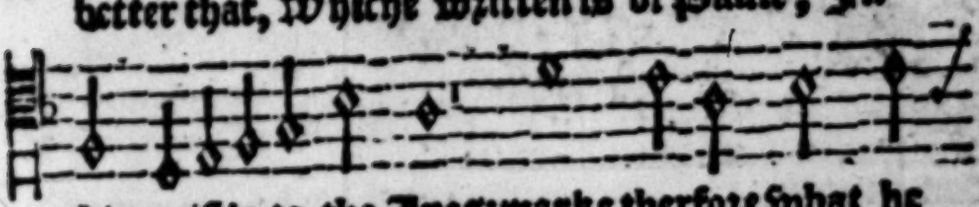
IF I shall enterprise to make,



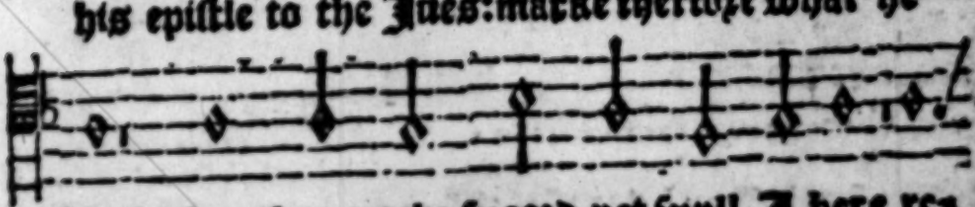
A due prayse vnto fayth: I can in no wyse



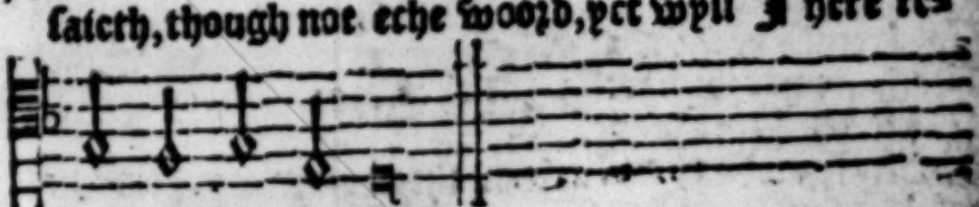
better that, Whiche wrytten is of Paule, In



his epistle to the Jues: marke therfore what he



saieth, though not eche woord, yet wyll I here re-



site the summe of all.

Fayth is a perfect confidence,
Of thynges that hoped are,
And a moſt conſtant certeintie,
Of thynges whiche are not ſene.
For therby did the fathers olde,
(As ſcripture doth declare,)
Obteyne a iuſt and good reporte,
That long tyme ſince hath bene.

And we through faythe doe vnderſtande,
God dyd the worlde ordeyne,
By Chriſte his ſonne the bleſſed worde,
That no beginnyng had.
By it alſo howe thynges were wrought,
We doe knowledge obteyne:
Thynges that are ſene by thinges not ſene,
Were ordeyned and made.

By fayth alſo (as we doe reade,)
The ryghteous man Abell,
Dyd offer vp a ſacrifice,
More plentyfull then Cayne:
And therby had a wytnes true,
(As holy wryte doth tell,)
That he was iuſt: Though he be dead,
His fame doth ſtyll remayne.

By fayth Enoch, tranſlated was,
That death he ſhould not ſee,
And was not founde: for god therfore
Had taken hym awaye.
Before whiche tyme he wan the name,
A ryghteous man to be,

Because he dyd the wyll of god,
And pleasde hym nyght and daye.

But sure without a lyvly fayth,
It can be in no wyse,
That any man by any meane,
The lyuyng god should please:
For all that come to god beleue,
(And their fayth exercyse,)
That he rewardeth them that seke
Hym, with eternall ease.

By fayth Noe (beyng warnde of god,)
Unsene thynges dyd eschue,
Prepardc an arke, and savde his folke,
As holy scripture sayth.
Wherby he dyd condemne the worlde,
That synne dyd styll insue:
And became heyre of ryghteousnes,
Accordyng vnto fayth.

By fayth our father Abraham,
When he first called was,
To goe into a place most strange,
Dyd by and by obeye.
Whiche place though he, inherite should,
As after came to pas:
When he went forth he knewe it not,
Nor no part of the waye.

By fayth into the promyste lande,
I saye he dyd remoue,
A strange countrey where he dyd long,
In tabernacles dwell:

And so dyd Isaac and Jacob,
Heyres with him from aboue.
All these dyd for a citie looke,
Which God had buylded well.

Through fayth Sara receiued strength,
When she was nowe past age,
To conceyue and bryng forth a sonne,
That perfect was and pure:
Because she iudgde the promyser
Both faythfull, true, and sage.
Lo thus by fayth there sprang great healthy,
Where thought was no recure.

And therfore sprang there forth of one,
That dead was to esteme,
As many folke in multitude,
As are starres in the skye:
And as the sand on the sea shore,
Their offspryng then did seme,
The whiche without number to be,
No creature can deny.

These dyed in fayth, yet the promys
None of them dyd receyue:
But seyng it as afarre of,
They dyd right well beleue,
That as many as so it sawe,
And to the same dyd cleaue,
Salutyng it by lively fayth,
None euell should them greue.

These faythfull men the fathers olde,
As truthe was did confesse,

That

That they ſtrangers and pilgrymes weare,
Upon this earthly vale.
For they that ſee ſuche thynges before,
Of truth declare no leſſe,
But that they doe a countrey ſeke,
Ryght hygh aboue this dale.

Alſo if they had mynded once,
The countrey whence they came,
They had leyſour to turne agayne,
To that whiche they dyd loue:
But now it ſhewes they dyd deſyre,
A thyng of better fame,
That is to ſaye a heauenly ſoyle,
With God the lorde aboue.

Wherfore the lyuing God hym ſelfe,
Eſteemeth it no ſhame,
To be called the God of theſe,
And ſuche lyke godly men:
For he a citie excellent,
Hath builded for the ſame,
And thynketh nothing ill beſtowde,
That may well pleaſure them.

Who ſo the texte wyll farther reade,
To followe there ſhall fynde.
That Iſac, Iacob, and Ioſeph,
And Moſes did the lyke:
By layth how the redde ſea went back,
Contrary to his kynde:
As on drye lande howe Iſraell
dyd paſſe through that drye dyke.

The Egiptians when they the lyke
Would ſeme to enterpryſe,
They lackyng fayth weare dꝛowned all,
As foꝛ their iuſt rewarde.
By fayth the walles of Jerico,
Did falle doſwne in lyke wyſe,
No foꝛce oꝛ engyn of the warres,
Againſt it once pꝛeparde.

The harlot Rahab in lyke wyſe,
Howe ſhe dyd ſaue hir lyfe,
And periſht not with them that dyd
Reſiſt the wyll of god:
When ſhe the ſpies receaued well,
In peace without all ſtryfe:
Foꝛ ſhe beleude, that god would plage,
That contrey with his rodde.

What ſhould be ſayde of Gedeon,
Of Barach, and Samſon:
Jephte, Dauid, and Samuell,
And eke the pꝛopheres all.
Who dyd by fayth great realmes ſubdue
And myghty kyngdomes wonne:
They turnde their enemies to flyght,
And gaue their foes a fall.

By fayth ſome ſtopt the lyons mouthes,
Some quencht the rage of fyꝛe:
By fayth ſome wꝛought out rightouſnes,
Some pꝛomyſe dyd obteyne.
Some ſcapte the ſwoꝛde, ſome were made ſtrong,
Whom weaknes erſte dyd tyꝛe:

And

And women dyd their dead receyue,
To perfect lyfe agayne.

Some racked weare, and would not boyde
The danger of that wo,
Knowyng that they should ryse agayne,
Possessing better ioye.
With mockes and scornes and prisonment,
Lo some were tryed so:
Some were stoned, some were tempted,
Thus did the worlde them noye.

Some hewed were a sonder quyghte,
Some with the sworde were slayne:
Some in the skynnes of sheepe and goates
Disdeyned not to go,
In trouble and necessitie,
They were content to reigne
In mountaynes, deserts, and in dennes,
By fayth this could they doe.

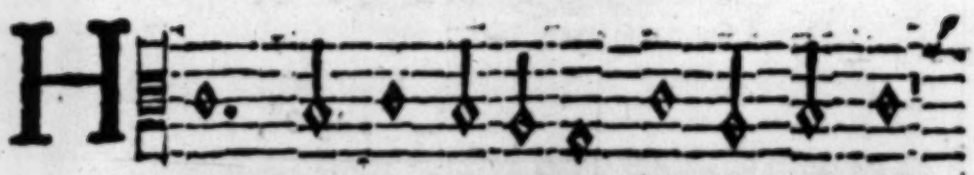
These, was the worlde not worthy of,
Yet dyd it them despyse.
Though they did all (through lyuly fayth)
Obteyne a good reporte:
Yet dyd they not that tyme receyue,
That God dyd them promyse:
That we with them, and they with vs,
myght ioynctly haue comforte.

For Christe that holy promyse was,
The frute of all our fayth:
Without whom none can saued be,
Ido neither we nor they,

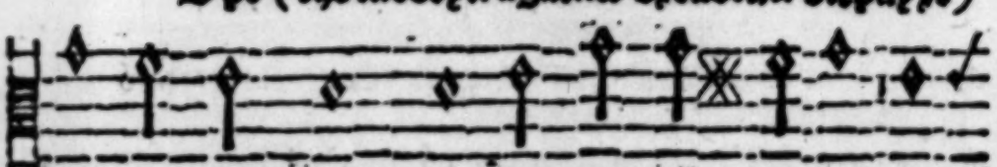
For in hym all fulfilled is,
That holy scripture sayth:
Ye Christ is he in whom both we
And they our sayth doe staye.

For which all honor laude & prayse
To God ascribed be,
To the father, and to the sonne,
And to the holy spyrite:
In vnitie, and trinitie.
One God and persons three,
As hath ben, is and shalbe styll,
For euer so be it.

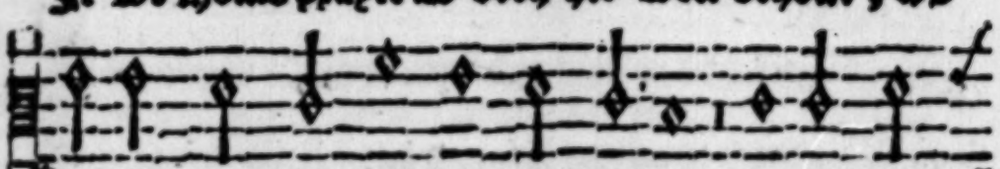
¶ The prayse of hope, out of many places of scripture.



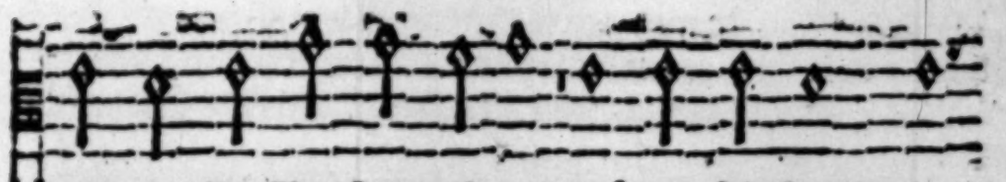
Hope (the medcyn against dreadfull dispayre)



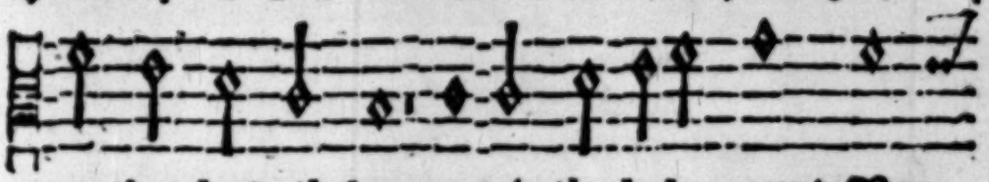
If we should prayse as doth hir well behoue, As



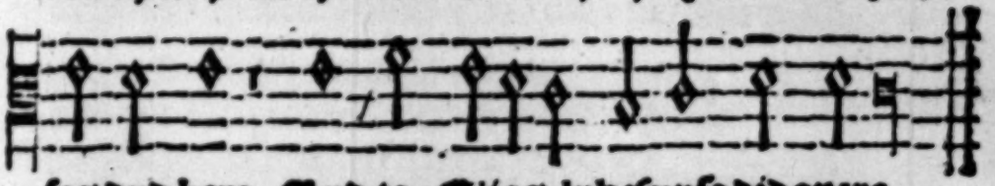
holy Paull we nede had ta repayre, to the third heuen



heuen: or ells God from aboue to ſound his voyce, to



one that he doth loue: as in the holy mount Moy=



ſes dyd here, And to Elias lykewyſe did apere.

Or as the moſt bleſſed Apoſtles three,
At Oliuet, euen Peter, James, and John,
Where they the glorie of the Lord dyd ſee,
Tranſfigured that holy mount vpon:
Beſide which ſyght, they herde this voyce eche one:
This is myne only ſonne and worde ſo bryghte,
In whom I fixe and ſet my whole delyght.

Who ſo I ſaye myght once haue ſuche a ſyghte,
Should afterward lacke no knowledge nor ſkyll,
To prayſe dame hope, that lady pure and bryght:
In whom all good men haue of ioye their fyll.
Who could without deſpayre ſuffer the ill,
That in this worlde we dayly ſee and byde,
If bleſſed hope ſtode not on our ryght ſyde?

Our ſpirituall foes that dayly vs aſſaute,
As is the fende, the fleſh, and world alſo,

With ignorance and error eke so haulte,
Behynde, before, we no where lacke a foe,
So that if hope once banyshte were vs fro,
Alas who could of gods fauour be sure,
That daily sethe his owne wayes so vnpure?

What man doth as god hath commanded playne,
That we should doe, or els perysh in hell?
With none therfore can there vnto attayne,
(For all doe disobey, syme and rebell:
Howe can we thynke in heauen then to dwell,
If blessed hope doe not oure fayth directe,
That we in Christe are vnto blysse electe.

In all the stormes of Sathans cruell rage,
Wherwith he seketh mans soule to destroye.
If in our soules good hope dyd not aswage,
The sorowes that doe seke the same to noye,
And comfort them with quietnes and toye,
Assuryng them that doe their whole good wyll,
That Christ our lorde wyll all our wante fulfyll:

Without this hope I saye who could Indure.
The boyst rous bruntc of this moste mortall fyght,
Our enmies are no babes I you assure,
But very strong in respect of our myght:
Wherfore we ought to praye both daye and nyght,
To god our lorde, that he woulde graunt vs aye,
That blessed hope with vs continue may.

Howe apte are we from comfort to decaye,
If we hyr helpe had not in our distres.
With she in Christe doth cause vs for to staye,
And to be bolde not fearyng our weaknes.

Syth

Syth our captayne in his great manlynes,
Is able styll our foes for to withstande,
If we in hym that battell take in hande.

As sayth saynt Paule hope is the gyft of god,
In whiche we are made safe in all our nede,
And takes away of care the heauy lode,
An armor strong, and spirituall indede,
An helmet sure, wherwith we may procede
Against the powres of darknes and of hell,
For heauenly thinges that we may wrestle well.

In it we ought to ioye and to reioyce,
As to the Romanes he doth farther saye:
And Peter also, with a feruent voyce,
Sayth that we ought without all doubt and staye,
To yelde a reason of our hope alway.
Hope is the meane that men to God drawe nere,
Without the whiche none saythfull may apere.

Who without hope can truly loue the lorde?
Who without hope can serue god in true feare?
Who without hope can cause his lyfe accorde
To vertues lore, and fylthy synnes forbeare?
Who without hope can praye in true maner?
Who without hope can yelde god laude and prayse?
Who voyde of hope wyll walke in Christen wayes?

The blessed martyrs, by the hope and truste,
That they had in the glorious lyfe to come,
Dyd from this worlde withdrawe their mynde & luste:
And gladly suffred cruell martyrdom,
By fyre, by sworde, and briefly all the summe,
No kynde of death or tormente dyd despyse,
That wicked worldlynges could for them deuyse.

By

By hearyng ſcripture true hope doth procede,
And otherwyſe can lyghtly not be had,
Confounded ſhall they neuer be in dede,
Whom perfect hope hath once with ioy made glad:
Whiche takes away all doubtfull dred ſo ſad.
Whoſe hope in Chriſte therfore doth ſtaye and reſte,
We may well call them faithfull folke and bleſte.

What ſo before tyme wrytten is ſayeth Paule,
It written was vs to inſtructe and learne:
That we through comforte of the ſcriptures all,
And pacience: might perfectly deſerne
The perfect hope, to hope in God eterne.
Lo thus doth God in ſcripture vs procure,
Through hope in him of heauen to be ſure.

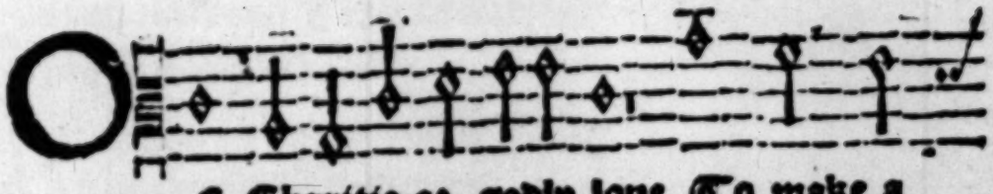
We knowe ſayeth Paule that tribulacion,
Doth bryng forth pacience, that goodly grace,
And pacience doth render forth anon
Experience, the whiche doth hope purchace:
Whiche bleſſed hope who ſo that may imbrace,
She neuer wyll confound them with no ſhame,
But bryngeth forth alyke free from all blame.

This pure and perfect hope that we declare
The gift is of the Lorde and at his wyll,
Whiche none can get by worldly wytte nor care:
But with this hope god his electe doth fyll,
With whome ſhe doth continue euer ſtyll:
Not by mans wyll, but by gods mercy pure:
This bleſſed hope with good men doth indure.

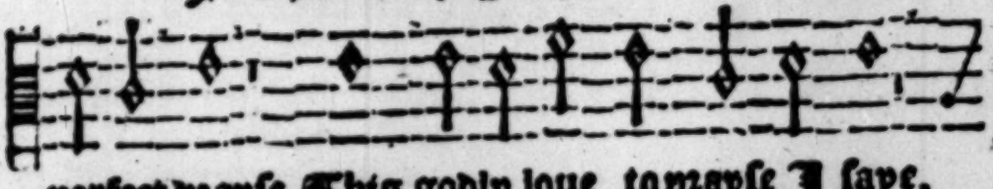
The God of hope therfore replenyſh vs,
With peace and ioye, and with a lyuly fayth,

And make vs ryche in hope of Chriſt Jeſus,
And holy ghoſte, whoſe powre all miſtruſte ſtayth,
Whiche is our comfort as the ſcripture ſayth.
This Trinitie be prayſed now therfore,
As hath been, is, and ſhalbe euermore.

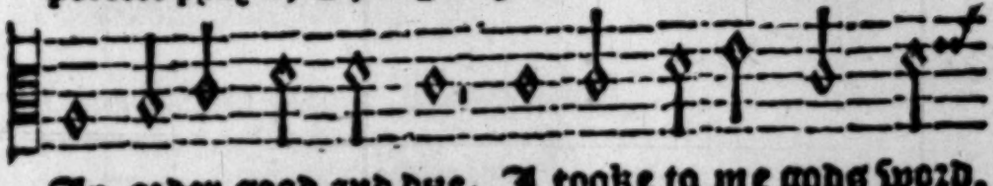
¶ The prayſe of Godly loue or charitie out of 1. Cor. 13. & Iohn. 4.



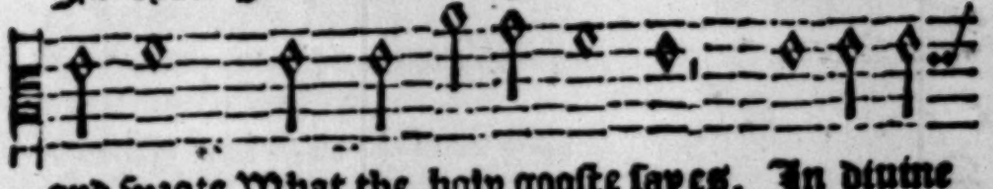
F Charitie or godly loue To make a



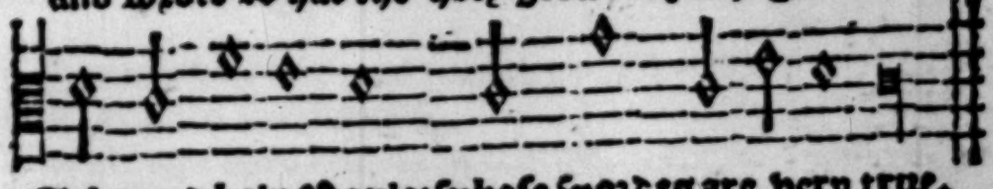
perfect prayſe, This godly loue to prayſe I saye,



In order good and due. I tooke to me gods word,



and wrote What the holy gooſte sayes, In diuine



Iohn and holy Paule: whoſe wordes are very true.

A tende

Attende therfore ye Christians dere,
And louers of the Lorde,
Harke and geue eare vnto the truthe,
And blessed worde of lyfe:
And pray to god for perfect loue,
Your lyues therto accorde,
That ye may lyue in christen peace,
Free from all seruyle strife.

By office of a lyuly fayth
What euer we receyue,
Or by the office of our hope,
What so we doe retayne:
By charitie or godly loue,
To gods truthe if we cleaue:
The frute therof we must applie,
To render well agayne.

As faith the firste preferment hath
our soules to iustifie,
(For by the same we only doe
Receyue our sauyng health:)
So loue of vertues is the chiefe,
Wherby we edefie,
By it we worke the wyll of god,
And seke our neyghbours wealth.

Though I coulde speake sayth Paule with tongues
Of men or angels wyghte,
And had no loue: then were I lyke
Vnto the soundyng bras,
Or lyke the tynkiyng cimbales sounde,
A shorte and vayne delyght:

Whiche

Whiche beyng gon, man streight forget
What maner noyse it was.

Ye though that I could prophesie,
And secretes understande,
All knowledge, or suche mighty fayth,
As could mountayns remoue,
And set them in the ocean seas,
Or in some other lande:
For all these yet I were nothyng,
If that I had not loue.

If I dyd all my goodes bestowe
To fede therwith the poore,
Or geue my body to the fyre,
Therin consumde to be,
And finally all that I can,
Tyll I could doe no more:
If I be destitute of loue,
It doth not profite me.

Loue suffreth longe, is courteous,
And neuer doth enuye,
Loue neuer dealeth frowardly,
Nor venemously swell.
Loue seketh not hyr owne, therby
To deale dishonestly.
Loue vnto wrath prouoketh not,
But alwayes thynketh well.

In euels loue doth not reioyce,
Nor Joye in wyckednes,
But alwaye doth reioyce in truthe,
And suffreth all thynges well:

Wher-

Beleueth all, and hopeth all,
And doth indure no les.
Thus loue in goodnes doth extede,
All that our tongues can tell,

Though prophesiyng doe faile, & ſcrue
No vſe in any caſe,
And tongues to ſpeake, & knoledge to
As once they ſhall I ſaye:
(After this lyfe theſe haue no vſe,)
Yet loue ſhall then in place,
Remayne, with gods elect in ioyes,
And neuer fall awaye.

Our knowledge is but vnperfecte,
So is oure prophesiyng,
When perfectnes doth come in place,
Vnperfectnes muſt flee:
For when I was a chylde, my talke
Was then chyldyſh talkynge:
Myne vnderſtandyng in lyke caſe,
All then was chyldyſhly.

And as a chylde alſo that tyme
I dyd imagin playn:
But then ſo ſone as manhod came,
My chyldiſhnes was gone.
Now ſee we but as in a glaſſe
By ſpeache moſte darke and vayne:
But then ſhall we ſee face to face,
When let there ſhall be none.

My knowledge now vnperfect is,
Then ſhall it not be ſo,

Then shall I knowe as I am knowne,
By rule of ryght beliefe.
Faith hope and loue doe nowe abyde
Away they will not goe:
And of all those after this lyfe,
Loue shall abyde as chiefe.

Saynt John diuinly counsels vs
One an other to loue,
For euery one that loues sayeth he,
Of God is truly borne.
For loue doth euer suerly come
From God the lorde aboue:
Suche as loue not, doe not knowe god,
But rather doe hym scorne.

In this the loue of god to vs
Doth perfectly apere.
He (but not we) dyd truly loue
And payne for vs did take:
For he into thys worlde did sende
His only sonne so dere,
That for our sinnes he myght therby
A full agrement make.

Wherfore (my louyng brethern dere)
If god so loued vs,
That we should one another loue,
We certeynly are bounde:
If we loue one an other then,
Our loue doth playne discusse,
That god in vs doth dwell and reygne,
And hath a perfect grounde.

For god is loue, and who so doth
In loue abide or dwell,
Dwelleth in god and god in him,
Thus loue in vs is sure:
That in the day of iudgement iuste
We should in hope excell.
For in this worlde we are lyke hym,
By loue perfect and pure.

By this we knowe the godly loue,
That there in is no feare:
It casteth out all feare and doubte
Wherin is paynfulnes.
Wher timor is the perfect loue
In nowyse can be there,
For loue doth alwayes fire hyr selfe
On peace and gentylnes.

If we loue god, he loude vs fyrst,
Then wherof can we boste?
But who so sayeth he loueth God,
And doth his brother hate:
He is a lyer verely,
And none of Christes hoste:
And therby doth pronoke the plage
To lyght vpon his pate.

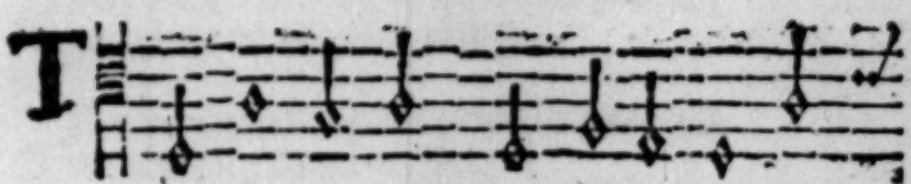
For how can he that loueth not
His brother in this lyfe,
Whom he may with his eyes beholde,
In all tymes when he wyll:
Howe can he with the lyuyng god
Be other then at stryfe?

Or

Or lone hym whiche he can not ſee
By nature or by ſkyll:

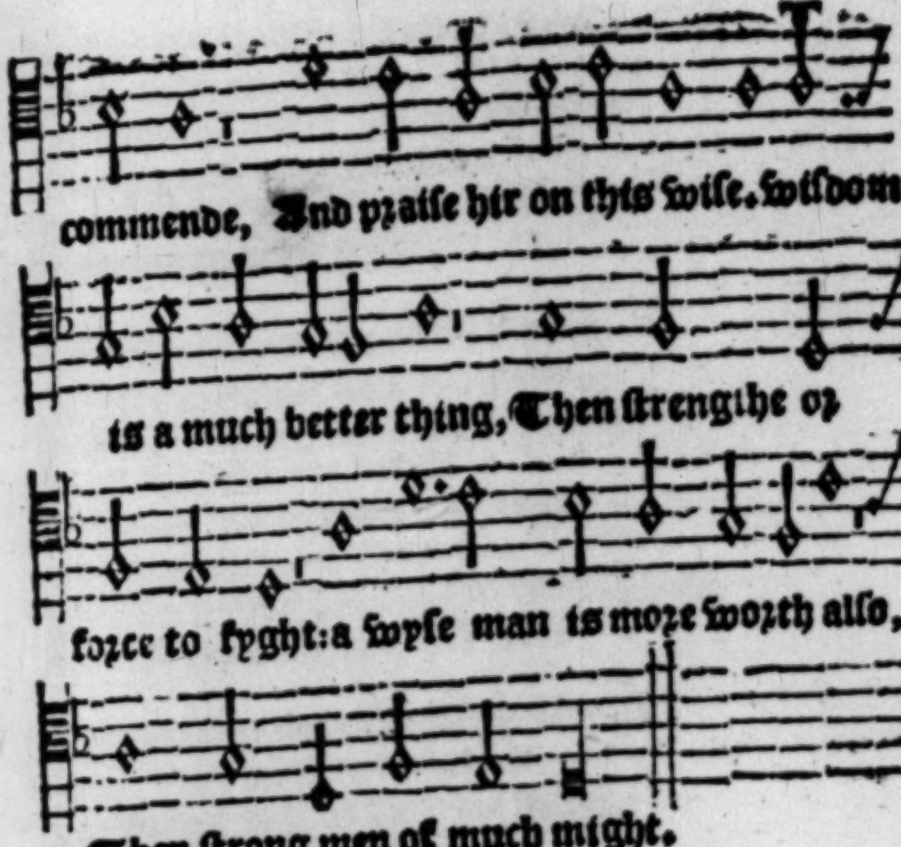
Therfore hath Chriſt cõmaunded vs,
That he whiche loueth god,
By perfect loue as he forbeares
All that god doth abhorre:
That he alſo his brother loue,
All hate is hym forbod.
All honour prayſe and laude to god
For this nowe euer more.
Amen.

The prayſe of Godly wyſdome out of the booke of wyſdome, called Sapientia. cap. vi.



The worthy wyſe kyng Salomon in

wyſdoms exercyſe, The godly wyſdome doth



This wysdome O ye myghtie kynges
Se that ye conne and learne,
To you sith iudgement on this earth
Is geuen to decerne.
Geue eare to hyr I saye all you,
That rule the multytude,
Whiche in much people haue delight,
And all thynges should conclude.

The god that gaue you powre & strēgth
That lorde I saye most hye,
Shall serch out all that ye inuente,
And your workes truly trye.

Howe

Howe that ye beyng officers
Under his kyngly throne,
Ye did not iudgement execute
As vnto hym is knowne.

And if ye haue not kept the lawe
Of ryghtiulnes I saye,
Nor haue not done his blessed wyll
By walkyng in his waye:
Full horribly and that ryght sone
To you he shall apere,
And right hard iudgement shal they haue
By power that gouerne here.

His mercy sure he wyll extende
Vnto the innocent,
But suche as beare authoritie,
Shall haue sore punyshment,
For god whiche is the iudge of all,
By iudgement iust and ryght
Shall stande in awe of no mans powre,
Though he be of great myght.

For he made both the great and small,
And cares for them alyke:
But they that be of greatest powre
The more he wyll them stryke.
Ye kynges eche one take hede therfore,
See that ye ponder this,
And guyde your fete by wisdoms scole
That ye goe not amysse.

All suche as obserue ryghteousnes,
Shall iudged be therby,

Suche ryghteousnes who so wyll learne
Shall answere readily.
On wisdomes lore I saye therfore
Set all your loue and taste:
To nourture so ye shall atayne,
In season due and taste.

For wysdome is a noble thyng,
Whiche wyll not flete nor moue,
And wyll be sene full easily
Of all that doe hyr loue:
Suche as vnfaynedly hir seke,
She wyll preuent them so,
That they shall haue hyr in their syghte,
In eche place where they goe.

Who so wyll wake to hir betyme
Shall haue no great trauayle,
For at his doore he shall hir finde,
She wyll him neuer fayle.
Ryght perfectly they vnderstand
That doe thinke hir vpon,
And they that watche for hir shalbe
Ryght safe and that anon.

For she alwayse doth goe about
And seketh euery where,
For suche as for hir schole be mete,
And doe god loue and feare:
Before their eyes ryght chierfully
Hyr selfe she doth forth showe,
And meeteth them diligently,
Because they should hir knowe.

The

The kayth full and the iust desire
Of reformation,
Is the beginning and the grounde
That wysdome buildeth on.
The busye care for wysdoms lore
Is loue and pure prudence,
And loue doth also kepe the lawes,
And that with dilygence.

To kepe the lawes is perfectnes,
And rightly doth accorde.
An vncorrupt lyfe maketh man
Familiar with the lorde.
He that your ioye in royall seates
And scepters be not sette,
Ye kynges that doe the people rule,
By myghty powre and great.

But set on wysdom your delyght,
All folysh thinges abhorre:
That ye may reigne in glory great
With god for euer more.
O loue the lyght, all ye that rule
The congregation:
And I wyll make of wisdom nowe
A declaration.

What wisdome is, howe she came vp,
I will you tell this tyde,
The misteries of god the lorde.
From you I wyll not hyde:
But I wyll seke hir out in dede,
That all men shall it se

ye from the firſt oꝛyginall
Of hyꝛ natiuitie.

And bꝛyng the knoweledge of hyꝛ lyght.
And ſhewe you all the grounde.
And as foꝛ keping backe the truthe,
In me ſhall not be founde:
Ne yet wyll I haue ought to doe
With enuy noꝛ diſdayne.
Foꝛ why ſuche men in no wyſe may
To wyldome apertayne.

Where many wyſe men haue abode
The woꝛlde may ioyfull be:
And where as kynges by wyſdome rule,
Theiꝛ realmes haue equitie.
O apꝛehende hir nurtour then,
Let wyſdom be your foode:
And at my woꝛdes your councell take
Foꝛ it ſhall doe you good.

I am a moꝛtall man my ſelfe
After the common trade,
And am of that ſame very kynde,
With hym that firſt was made:
And foꝛmed in my mothers wombe
In fleſhe there was I wꝛought,
And tenne moneths had my nuteyment
Of bloud that there was bꝛought.

Where thꝛough the fruitfull ſeede of man
I had my ſubſtance thus,
In whiche the apetite of ſleape,
Is moſte commodious.

When

When I was borne I tooke lyke ayre,
As doe all others lo:
I fell on earth whyche was my kynde
In weppng and in wo

I wraped was in swadlyng clothes,
And brought vp with great care:
For why no kyng can in their byrth
Haue other kynde of faze.
For all men in this wretched worlde
As well the kyng as slaue,
In entrance, and in goyng forth,
No kinde of difference haue.

Considryng in my mynde howe that
The most rude multitude
dyd nothyng differ from my byrth,
Nor death whiche doth conclude.
I me bethought therfore howe I
Myght in my beyng here,
Aboue the kynde of common men
Right excellent apere.

For wysdom pure to vnderstande
Therfore was my desyre,
The spirite of wysdom came to me
As my harte dyd requyre,
By whom I set more pryce and loye
Then by great kyngdoms fayre:
The royall seates or ryches great
With hyr shall not compare.

And pꝛeciouſ ſtones I neuer did
Compare to hir I ſate,
Foꝛ gould is greueil in hyꝛ ſight,
And ſyluer is but claye.
Wealth and beautie I waȳed not,
But toke hyꝛ foꝛ my light:
The beames of wyſdome none can quēch
That ſhyneth aye ſo bꝛyghte.

By hir all thinges I did poſſeſſe,
All good thingꝭ came to me,
The ryches without number is
That in hir handes ſtyll be.
But yet in chyldyſhe ignoꝛance
I could not make diſcourſe,
Of all good thinges howe wyſdome is
The mother and the nource.

But nowe ſithe I vnfeynedly
Haue learned what ſhe is,
Partakers other men to make
Of hyꝛ I will not miſs.
Hyꝛ ryches and hir treaſure great
From you I wyll not hide:
Whiche paſſeth all infinitly
That is in this woꝛlde wyde.

Which who ſo vſe, they ioye with god
In friendſhip and great loue:
And in his ſyght excepted are,
Thꝛough wyſdomes giftes abone.
God hath me graunted wiſdomes talke
In foꝛme conuenient,

To handle all whiche he to me
Hath graciously lent.

For he it is that to wysdome
Doth leade and introduce,
And teacheth howe that in hir kynde
Men shall hir ryghtly vse.
In hym are we, and all our worckes,
Our wysdome, and our skyll:
Our knowledge, and our science all,
Our workes, and all our wyll.

For vnto me he geuen hath,
The knowledge and the trade
Of all those thynges, so that I knowe
Howe that the worlde was made:
And by his wisdome hath me taught
Astronomy to knowe,
The elementes, with all their powrs,
And wonders whiche they showe.

Howe tymes doe both begin and ende,
The mydste of tymes I see:
Howe tymes alter and doe succede
Eche one in his degree.
I knowe the order and the ende
And course of euery yere,
The dispositions of the starres
To me doe well appere.

In naturall philosophie
I haue the perfect arte,
I knowe the nature of eche beaste
One from other aparte:

Howe some be gentill in their kynde,
Howe some in fury rage:
I knowe the cause, and howe one may
By wysdome them aswage.

I knowe the wyndes of euery coaste,
Theyr natures hotte or colde:
And by that arte send shyps with sayles
To Ophir for muche goulde,
What mans imagination is
Some wyse some fonde and vayne:
By Adams lyne, and wysdoms lore,
The difference sheweth playne.

I knowe the natures and degrees
Of eche plante in his kynde,
All herbes, & rootes that growe on earth
Their vertue I can fynde.
And howe they differ in degre
In qualitie and powre:
All secrete and vnsought knowledge.
Doth spryng in wysdoms flowre.

Whiche he hath geuen vnto me
That all this worlde hath made,
He taught me howe to vse this flowre
That dures and doth not fade.
In hyr is spirite to vnderstande
In holy exercyse,
In knowledge great she doth abounde,
And all thynges that are wyse.

I saye that with almyghty God
All only she is one,

Dud-

Subtyll and full of gentylnes,
And gracious alone.
She is courteous and discrete
Mayde, vndefilde, and playne:
Swete, and doth lone all that is good,
Reiectyng that is vayne.

She is sharpe, yet forbideth not
To doe ryghtly and well:
Kynde, sure, and free, and to be brefe
In vertue doth excell.
In all thynges she is circumspecte
Wherof she taketh cure:
All knowyng spirites she doth receyue,
That are both cleane and pure.

For wysdom doth in nymbleues
All other thynges excell,
And therby through all thynges to pas
She doth atayne full well.
For of the lyuyng god she is
The breath of powre doubtelesse,
The cleanes of almyghty god
Therby she doth expresse.

Therfore can no defyled thyng
Come once within hyr syght,
For she the very bryghtnes is
Of euerlastyng lyght.
She is the myrror vndefylde
Wherin all good men see,
The Image of almyghty god
In his great maiestie.

And

And for so muche as she is one,
All thynges are hers as due:
And beyng stedfast in her seife,
She doth all thinges renewe.
Among the multitude of folke
She doth hir seife conuaye,
And entreth into holy soules
In them to byde and staye.

She maketh god prophetes and frends,
The truthe to preache and tell:
For god doth loue none but suche men,
With whom wysdome doth dwell.
The sonne and starres may not compare
With hir in lyght I saye:
For why her lyght doth farre excede
The brightnes of the daye.

For be the daye neuer so bryght,
Yet night approcheth faste,
To quenche the beautie of the same
And pattes it out in haste:
But wisdome can not be subdude
I saye by wickednes,
Nor in hir sight to blemyshe her,
Can byde no foly shnes.

¶ An example of a contemplatiue minde in the seruice of God, out of the xxv. Psalme.

The noble king Dauid by name,
Hauing the spirite of truthe,

Who

Who euer truly serued God,
Euen from his very youth:

He knowyng that by humblenes
He sonest should atteyne,
To haue his prayer heard of God,
And obteine his desyre.

Disdeined not vpon his knees
Hym selfe to prostrate lowe,
For sithe the harte must humble be,
Let outwarde members knowe

That they shal not them selues refrain,
Their dutie to expresse:
My knees therfore shall doe their due,
So shall my handes no lesse.

Myne eyes shall vpwarde also tourne
The heauens to beholde,
With stretched handes and bowed knees
My prayer to vnfoulde.

My voyce I will not silent kepe,
But will expresse with tongue,
The meaning of a faythfull harte,
And sing it in a song.

Debating with him selfe this thing,
Directing all aryght:
In this wyse he began to sing
To god with all his myght.

Vnto

Ad te dominum leuaui.

TO the oh lorde I lyfte my soule,
My god I truste in thee:
O sucker not myne enemies
To tryumphe ouer me.

Ne yet let such as in thee truste.
Rebuke or shame sucteyne:
But rather confounde scornefull men,
That spitefully dysdeyne.

To the I praye my kyng and god,
O shewe to me thy wayse:
And teach thy pathes O lord to me
Thy name that I may prayse.

O lorde leade me to speake thy truthe,
And learne me to be iuste:
Myne only god and sauyng health,
All daye in thee I truste.

Forget not lorde but call to minde
Thy tender mercy pure,
Let not thy louyng kyndnes slacke
That euer hath ben sure.

Forget my sinnes, remember not
The frayltes of my youthe:
For thy goodnes and mercy lorde,
Thynke vpon me with ruthe.

O ryghteous lorde with frendlynes,
Wytsake to shewe thy myght:

Wherby

Wherby thou shalt the sinners teache
To walke thy waye a ryght.

The simple thou doest teache & guyde
Thy perfect wayes to knowe,
And thou doste suche instructe arighe
As humble be and lowe.

Thy wayes O lorde are mercifull,
Thy faythfulnes is bent,
To all that kepe thy couenant,
And faythfull testament.

For thy names sake therfore O lorde
Be mercifull to me,
And to my synnes that are so great
And myne iniquitie.

Who so therfore doth feare the lorde,
He wyll hym shewe I saye:
His hyghe and his diuine preceptes,
His pure and chosen waye.

His soule shall euer be at ease
His wayes shal prosper well:
His sede also shall styll possesse
The lande, therin to dwell.

The lorde his secretes dothe shew forth
To suche as feare him styll,
Declaring them his testament,
His couenant and will.

O lorde my god to the therfore,
I wyll myne eyes dyrecte,
And praye to thee tyll thou haste lolde
Wy fete out of the nette.

O turne thee vnto me therfore
Now for thy mercies sake,
Conlider lorde my mylery
Howe I am delolate.

The lorowes of my harte are great,
Ryght lore they doe me greue:
O ryd me from these troubles all,
For in thee I beleue.

O loke on myne aduerlitie,
And my great mylery:
Forgeue me all my linnes also
Where I offended thee.

Conlider how myne enemies
Are many and perucarte,
That towardes me malicioully
Are bent with hatefull hearte.

Oh preserue thou my loule therfore
Within thy keppng iuft:
And let me not confounded be,
For in thee doe I truste.

Let iuft dealyng and innocent,
O god ftyll with me dwell:
And from all vyle aduerlitie
Delyuer Iſracll.

¶ An example how that we should alwayes be thankefull vnto almighty God for his benefites, out of the xxviii. psalme of Dauid.

AS in our streightes of nede
We all are glad and fayne,
Some comfort at the handes of god
By prayer to obtayne.

So when we haue receyd
Of god our whole desyre,
That we should therfore thankfull be,
Good reason doth require.

For who so benefites
Of mortall men receaue,
If afterwarde the geuer dothe
Ingratitude perceaue:

The same will streyght withdrawe
His liberalitie,
From suche a stubberne blocke hed beaste,
As can not frendshyp see.

If vyle ingratitude
To men be suche a crymie,
That it wyll frendly loue kepe backe,
Against an other tyme:

What beastly dogges are they?
Howe can we call them lesse?
That for great kyndnes of the lorde,
Doe paye vnthankfulnesse?

Whiche asketh nought of vs
But honour laude and prayse,
For all the good he doth bestowe
On vs a thousand wayes.

Wherfore that noble kyng,
And prophet of the lorde
Dauid, who dyd after Gods harte
Agree and well accorde,

Gods glorie doth expresse,
In doyng of his due:
And for the benefites of God
His harte declareth true:

Not only in hym selfe
To flee ingratitude,
But other also to instructe
That are vnlernde and rude.

In darke oblituion
Gods goodnes for to hyde,
Or to forget his benefites
Dyd neuer hym betyde.

His harpe he toke in hande,
And thus began to synge:
That with gods honour laude and prayse,
All Israell dyd ringe.

Benedicam dominum.

I Wyll vnto the lorde
Be geuing thankes alwayes,

My mouth and tungue shall euer be
A speakyng of his prayse.

My soule shall make hyr boste,
In God the lorde of myght,
That poore oppressed men may here
The same, them to delighte.

Together let vs nowe
In honor doe our partes,
His name to prayse and magnifie,
With meke and humble hartes.

For when I him besought,
He heard my prayer so,
That he did streyght deliuer me,
From all my care and wo.

Receaue therfore the lyght,
And to hym drawe you nere:
And so without all shamefastnes
Your faces shall appere.

For I poore man made once
To hun my playnte and mone:
He heard me crye, and dyd me ryd,
From troubles euery one.

His angell pytched hath
His tente about his shepe,
I meane all suche as feare the lorde,
In safetie them to kepe.

His frendshyp proue and see,
And take therof a taste:

For they that truste in hym are sure
Most happy at the laste.

O feare the lorde all ye
His saynctes of him electe:
For such as feare him lacke nothyng.
He doth them well protecte.

The lyons ofte doe lacke
And hunger for their foode:
But they which seke the lord, shal wante
Nothyng the whiche is good.

Ye children all I saye
Come harken to my voyce:
I wyll you teache to feare the lorde.
And in him to reloyce.

If thou to lyue in ioye
And see good dayes be fayne,
Thy lyppes & tongue from guyle & wrõg
See that thou doe refrayne.

Se that thou doe none ill,
In goodnes neuer cease:
But se thou seke and folowe faste
On quietnes and peace.

The lorde doth fixe his eyes
On iust men louingly,
And to their prayers openly
He doth his eares applye.

Contrariwyse the Lord
Doth bende his countenance,
Of from the earth ill men to moue
And their remembrance.

But to the iuste the lorde
Doth so incline his care,
That when they praye he wyll them ryd
From all trouble and feare.

The Lorde is nyghe to suche
As are in harte contrite,
And he wyll saue suche as be meke,
And of an humble spyte.

Though iust mens troubles be
Both manifolde and great,
The lord from care wyl make them free,
When they doe him intreate.

Their bones he wyll defende,
And kepe so free from crymes:
That not so muche as one of them
Shall breake at any tyme.

Misfortune or ill happe,
The wicked men shall kyll,
And suche as doe the iust men hate,
Shall perysh in their ill.

The Lorde will saue the soules
Of all that doe hym serue,
And all that put their trust in hym
Shall not in peryll swerue.

¶ An example that God heareth all
such prayers as are made with a faith-
full harte, out of the. liiii. Psalme.

Euery good phisicien,
That doth a medcyne proue
To take effecte in curyng well,
Is striken streyght with loue,

Not only to gene god the prayse
For his vertue and grace:
But dothe the same in wryting put,
To comfort all his race.

That all whiche after folowe hym
In that moste godly arte,
May proue the lyke and prayse the lorde
In lyke case for their parte.

Noble kyng Dauid in suche wyse
Doth godly loue bestowe,
By wryting medcines for the soule,
That other men may knowe.

As if they doubte at any tyme
Howe he dyd health obteyne,
He dyd the same declare abrode
In wryting to remayne:

That when to others lyke distres
Here after may betyde,
With cleane hartes that they may prepare,
And lyke medcines prouide.

But

But I will neuer teache (quod he)
In darke or doubtfull waye,
But suche as I in practice dyd
By perfect proofe assaye:

And of my selfe probatum est.
Suche medicines I bryng:
And in example to you all
In this wyse wyll I synge.

Deus in nomine tuo.

O God I call to thee for helpe
In my distresse and nede
For thy names sake, & in thy stre=
Auenge my cause wt spede. (ngthe.

For strangers full of tyranny
Against me ryse and raue:
Suche folyshe folke as feare not God
Doe seke my lyfe to haue.

But lo God is my helpe at nede,
Yea only it is hee,
That doth my soule vpholde and saue,
From their iniquitee.

And euell shall the lorde rewarde
Vpon myne enemyes,
And in his truthe destroy them all
That vertue doe despyse.

With offrynges of an harte most free,
Now wyll I prayse thy name:

Because O lorde my comfort stylle
Consisteth in the same.

For thou lorde didst delyuer me,
From troubles manyfolde:
So that vpon my foes myne eye
Doth his desire beholde.

For this to geue glory to god
Shall be my hartes delyght,
To the father, and to the sonne,
And to the holy sprite:

As it from the begynnyng was,
And at this time is sure,
And as it shall worlde without ende
Continue and endure.

¶ An example that the thankefull age gaue prayse to god, for al his benefites geuen to his creatures, out of the lxv. Psalme of Dauid.

I Herde a preacher once declare,
Two partes to be in prayre,
The one to god in all our nede
For succor to repayre,

And aske of hym with stedfast fayth
All wherof we haue nede:
For Christ hath surely promysed,
That therof we shall spede.

The

The second part of perfect prayre
Is geuyng thankes and prayse,
To God for all his benefites,
That we receyue alwayes.

This is the lyuly sacrifice,
The lyuing God to please:
As prayer of the penitent,
His anger doth appease.

And sure (quod he) the very cause
That god ofte wyll not here,
Is that men for his benefites
Unthankfull doe appere.

For when we praye in tyme of nede
For plenty of our foode,
Howe can we thinke that God to vs
Will geue ought that is good?

If we in tyme of plentie be
Unthankfull and ingrate,
To geue him praise and honor both,
Accordyng to the rate?

Yea I may also farther saye,
This lyuing without awe,
Ingratitude doth cause the lorde
His goodnes to withdrawe.

And surely Dauid in this Psalme
Lykewyse doth well declare,
That to prayse God we neuer should
Any tyme cease or spare.

But

But for the goodnes whiche god doth
On mortall men bestowe,
In prayse of his most holy name,
Some thankfull psalme to showe.

Howe men shall with a faythfull harte
Gods holy name agnise,
He doth instruct all Christen men.
By synging in this wyse.

Te decet hymnus deus in Sion.

TO the O god in Sion still
Great prayses are in store:
To the also they bowe and kepe
Their promyse euer more.

My prayer lorde sithe thou dost heare,
And art my whole comfort:
All flesshe to the for succour shall
In their due tyme resorte.

My mysdedes and my wickednes
Against me doth preuayle,
Oh is my sinnes be mercifull,
That thus doe me assayle.

For thei are blest whom thou dost chose,
And in thy house retayne:
Or daste elect, within thy court
To dwell and to remayne.

For

For he shall leade a pleasant lyfe
Within thy holy place:
Thy temple shall hym satisfie
With goodnes and with grace.

For wonders great thou doest declare
In truthe to teache vs ryght:
O god of our saluation
In the is our delyghte.

Of all thynges how thou arte the hope
It can not be discusse:
All that on earth or sea remayne,
In the doe hope and truste.

Thou gyrded haste thy selfe also,
With myghty strength and powre,
And hast the myghty mountaynes set
As they stande at this howre.

Thou of the sea stillest the wawes,
Their rorynge and their rage,
The madnes of the multitude
Thou also canst aswage.

The outmoste dwellers on this earth,
Thy signes doe see and feare:
By the morynyng and euenyng starres,
Thy prayses doe appeare.

The earth eke howe thou visitest
With good it for to blesse,
And dryngest plentie on the same,
We knowledge and confesse.

For

For the ryuer of god doth flowe
So full of water pure,
That on the earth plentie of corne
For man he doth procure.

The forowes he doth water so
That clotts doe breake in peece,
Swete drops of rayne doth soften them,
And cause ful great increece.

The yere thus doth he crowne & bleſſe
With plentie and goodnes,
The clowdes do drop great fatnes down
Ingendring plentifulnes,

The dwellinges in the wyldernes
Are fat in lyke maner:
The little hilles on euery syde
Doe pleſantly appere.

The fouldes with sheepe, & vales with corne,
So ratefie this thing:
That in thy prayſe for very ioye,
All people laughe and synge.

¶ An example howe happye and blessed they are that faythfully feare god, out of the. Cxii. Psalme.

Such good hiſtoriographers
As wryte the dedes of men,
Of kynges & lordes, some good some ill,
That reigned nowe and then:

As

As they doe wryte of euell men
In rebuke and dispraysse,
That lyuing men may lerne to flee
And voyde suche wicked wayes.

So doe they prayse and muche cõmend
Suche men as lyued well,
The worthy and the noble actes
Wherin in they did excell.

That others they myght so prouoke
To folowe in lyke wyse,
To wynne the spurres of godly fame
By vertues exercise.

So Dauid to prouoke all men
To godlynes and grace,
Doth vse the lyke, that all men may
The feare of god imbrace.

In sayth howe that the feare of god
All goodnes styll dothe bryng,
He vsed in an holy Psalme
In this wyse for to syng.

Beatus vir qui timet.

THe man is blest and happy which
Doth feare the Lorde aryght,
And to kepe his cõmaũdementes,
Dothe set his whole delyght.

His

His stocke or sede vpon the earth
With myght shall be increste,
Thus shall the kynde of faythfull men
Eternally be bleste.

For ryches ioye and plentie great
His house shall wynne and gayne,
His iust dealyng and ryghteousnes
For euer shall remayne.

For to the godly in darkenes
great lyght there doth aryse:
Whiche sheweth loue and mercy both
In vertuous exercyse.

A good man sure is mercifull
And lendeth where is nede,
And doth discretly waye his wordes
Before they doe procede.

And suche a man for no distres
From god wyll mone or flee:
Wherfore his ryghteousnes shall haue
Eternall memorie.

Of ill tyd ynges or heauy newes,
Suche one is not afrayde:
His hearte doth stande faste and beleue,
The lorde to be his ayde.

His harte I saye is stablyshed,
And wyll not shrynke, vntyll
That he vpon his enemies
Hath his desire and wyll.

He from his store abundantlye
Dispersith to the poore:
For righteousnes are all his workes
And doynges euer more.

With honor shall his horne or strengthe
Exalted be on hye:
Whiche when the vngodly beholde,
They wyll the same enuye

Which in their hate shal gnash their teeth
And so consume away:
Thus in their owne iuste wycked folke
Shall perysshe and decaye.

¶ An example of the prayse of God, for his omnipotencie, out of the, cxiii. Psalme.

KYng Dauid knowyng well,
Howe vertue dyd excell
All other worldly thyng:
Did chiefly in Gods feare,
All wyckednes forbeare,
That may gods anger bryngē.

For god is of suche powre,
That nothyng at no howre
Can hym withstande or byde:
For he may worke his wyll
All mortall men vntyll,
At euery tyme and tyde.

Therfore we are al bowndē,
That dwell in this worlde rounde,
To prayse the lyuing lorde:
And in that lorde of myght
To set our whole delight,
And in his holy worde.

Wherfore this noble kyng
Studied aboue all thyng
His dutie to walke in,
To syng Gods laude and prayse,
He maketh no delayes,
But thus he doth begynne.

Laudate pueri dominum.

YE seruantes prayse the lorde,
And with hartye accorde
Se that ye doe the same:
Loke that ye render store
Of prayses euer more,
Vnto his blessed name.

His name that we should prayse
He is worthy alwayse,
Euen from the rysing tyme
Of the sonne fayre and bryght:
Vntyll it be in sight,
That downe he doth inclyne.

The lorde is hie of myght,
There is no kynde of wyght,

That

That can with hym compare:
His glorys certainly
Aboue the heauens hye
Remayne and euer are.

Who is lyke vnto him,
Or wyll presume to clymme
Where he so hygh doth dwell:
Yet is this lorde so meke,
To beholde and take kepe
Of earth and heauen well:

Whoe doth the symple take
Out of the myery lake,
To set them vp agayne:
He takes out of the dust
All that in him doe truste,
To ryd them from their paine.

So that he may them sette
Among the prynces great,
By his great powre and myght:
The prynces all among,
Whiche gouerne doe the thronge
Of people daye and nyght.

He doth redeme also
The woman from hir wo,
That barayne long hath bene:
A mother full of blys
Of children nowe she is,
Hir housholde may be sene.

¶ An example how Dauid praysed God, for his delyueryng of Israell, by great miracles, out of Egypt. Out of the. C.xiiii. Psalme.

VVHoso in Exodus wyll reade,
Shall see what wonders god there wrought:
From Egypt when as he dyd leade
His people, and from thence them brought.

What myracles by Moses hande,
To Pharao was expressed playne:
That he therby myght vnderstande,
No more gods people to restrayne.

And how God by his mighty powre
And stretched arme did bryng them thence:
And howe the red sea dyd deuoure
Kyng Pharao for his recompence.

And howe God did in wyldernes,
Prouyde his people drynke and meate:
So that they lackte in their distres,
No kynde of thynge to drynke or eate.

Whiche Dauid bearyng well in mynde
Did with a Psalme geue god the prayse:
And doth therto all good men bynde,
With godly harte lo thus he sayes.

In exitu

In exitu Israel de Egypto.

FRom Egipte lande when Israell,
(where they lōg tyme weare thranle & bonde)
From among people strange and fell.
When Juda gan to scape the hondes

This Juda then I saye was made
His holy people and his flocke,
And Israell was in lyke trade
Becomde his lordship all the stocke.

Whiche when the ragyng sea beheldc,
It fled as one should it desire:
And Jordan in lyke case dyd yeilde,
And backwardc did turne, and retyre.

The mountaynes at the sight of this,
Could not be styll but skipte lyke rammes:
The little hylles eke would not miss,
But leaped lyke the playing lammes.

If one myght aske what ayled thee
Thou sea, that thou dydest so forbeare?
And Jordan what cause myght there be,
That drawe the backe in suche a feare?

Ye myghty mountaynes in lyke case,
Why skipped you lyke rammes I saye?
Ye little hilles, why from your place
Gan ye to leape as lammes doe playe?

All the whole earth it shall behoue,
When Jacobs God shall be present,

To tremble shake and muche to moue,
And in his sight hym reuerent.

For at his wyll he turned tho
The hard rocke in to water clere,
Conuertyng harde flynte stones also
To springyng welles as dyd appere.

¶ An example of praier against idolatrous tyrãtes, that set vp false worshyp, in the reproche of Gods true worshyp. Out of the. Cxv. Psalme.

If vnto vs poore mortall men
No prayse is due of very ryght,
Howe are they mocked and blynded then,
How farre are they from perfect sight?

That to a stocke or dead Image
Will geue such laude as god should haue?
How vayne is he howe doth he rage
That doth Gods glorie so depraue?

The whyche sinne and most vyle offẽce,
Dauid did so abhorre and hate,
That he a Psalme in Gods defence
Compiled hath: that eche estate

May vnderstande howe farre awrye
They wandred be from rightcousnes,
Tye lyeing God that doe denye,
By an Image or false lykenes.

And

And therfore doth all men exhorte
To feare the lorde and in hym truste:
Whiche is a true and sure comforte
To all that in his hope are iuste.

His harpe in hande he therfore tooke,
And on his knees this noble kyng
(As it is in the Psalter booke)
This holy Psalme began to synge.

Non nobis Domine.

NOt vnto vs lord, not to vs
But to thy holy name alwayse,
For thy mercy & truthe done thus,
Ascribed be all laude and prayse.

These heathen folke that faythles be,
Why should they saye to vs in spighte?
Where is their God let vs hym see,
In whom these Christians haue delyghte

For their false Gods their chiefe & best,
Are nothyng but syluer and gouilde:
The handes of men both most and lest,
Haue forged them out of the mouilde.

Yet haue they for their idols made
Mouthes, wherin they can speak nothing
And eyes also wherof the trade,
Is to be blynde from all seyng.

Suche eares also in them are wrought
To heare nothyng that one can tell:

And noſes whiche are likewyſe nought,
For they with them can nothyng ſmell.

Wayne handes haue they and fete alſo,
For with their handes they handle not:
Nor with their fete they can not goe,
Nor ſounde no voyce out of their throte.

Wherfore ſuche as doe Idols make,
Doe their owne workes reſemble iuſt,
And they alſo that doe them take
For Gods, or haue in them their truſte.

Let Iſraell then in the lorde
Set all their truſte and confidence:
And Araons houſe therto accorde
For he is their moſt ſure defence.

All ye that feare the lorde aright,
Truſte in hym well be not afrayde:
For he will ſurely ſhewe his myght
To ſuccoure you and be your ayde.

The lorde will not forget doubtles,
But haue vs in his mynde full well,
The ryghteous houſes he wyll bles
Of Araon and of Iſraell.

Ye that doe feare the lorde therfore,
Are bleſſed both the great and ſmall:
The lorde increaſe you more and more,
Both you and eke your children all.

For

For sithe ye are his chosen sorte,
And haue the lord whole in your thought,
He wyll you blesse with great comforte,
Both heauē & earth that made of nought.

The heauens and the firmament
Are his and at his holy wyll:
But the rounde earth he hath forth lente
The sonnes of mortall men vntyll.

The dead O lorde that are gone hence
Can not in graue expresse thy wayes:
Nor suche as downe are in sylence,
Can honor thee or geue thy prayse.

But we O lorde that be alyue
Thy prayse wyll spreade and ramifye,
And in our hartes due thankes contryue
Vnto thy name eternally.

¶An example of prayer from a repentant harte out of the. Cxxx. psalm.

Sythe in this worlde all men doe fall
And none from sinne is free and clere:
It doth behoue we study all,
In humblenes for to appere.

For in this lyfe we daply see,
By stoutnes none can wynne nor gayne,
But rather it in eche degree
Doth purchase woe and cruell payne.

Who is so fonde if he offende,
To stande hym selfe to iustifie?
And rather doth not knele and bende
Tyll he haue pardon and mercy?

The noble prynce Dauid therfore,
Knowyng the frutes of humblenes:
Did frō his harte powre forth great store,
Of teares and contrite gentilnes.

Because he would all men should lerne
The lyke to doe in their great nede:
He sheweth howe his harte did yerne,
Tyll he had felte mercy in dede.

Him selfe prostrating in due wyse
For sorowe of his greuous sinne,
In prayer was his exercise:
Thus doth his humble suite begynne.

De profundis clamaui.

FRom care of harte that cause so depe,
So hath my soule my sinnes abhorde:
Repentantly I humbly crepe,
And call to thee for helpe O lorde.

O lorde witsafe my voyce to here,
I thee beseche to bowe thyne eares.
Suffer my prayer to appere,
Pourde forth to thee w̄ piteous teares.

For if thou wylt for euermore
Our wyckednes laye by thy syde,

Or

Or kepe a note of them in store:
Oh lorde who then may it abide.

Thy mercy lorde then make vs taste,
Whiche is to thee most naturall:
That graciously forgeue thou mayste,
And rayse them whiche by frailtie fall.

This made me on the lorde to wayte,
My soule also on hym to byde:
His promise is without deceyte,
And from his worde he wyll not slyde.

My soule hath more earnest delyghte
Upon the lorde to watche and staye,
Then watchmen, whiche wake al ye night
And long ryght sore tyll it be daye.

Let Israell the Lordes electe,
(The iust that godly be and wyse,)
Haue to the lorde their whole respecte:
For mercy is his exercyse.

This Israell I saye he shall,
All wickednes from them expell,
From sinnes he shall redeme them all,
Though thei be more then tongue can tel.

Glory be to our god aboue,
The father whiche of myght is moste,
And to the sonne as doth behoue,
And also to the holy ghoste:

As

As it from the beginning was,
And yet doth to this tyme extende,
And shall be still as tyme shall pas
For euer more worlde without ende.

¶ An example that as wel penitent prayer, as ioyfull thankes and prayse, haue their due tyme and place, out of the. Cxxxvii. Psalme.

AS eche thinge hath his due tyme here,
On this earth where we goe:
So is ther tyme for ioye and glee,
And eke for care and woe.

For as we ioye in tyme of welth,
Praysing the lorde therfore:
So in the tyme of penurye,
Ok myrth we make no store.

In one subiecte two contraries
Can neuer well agree:
Both myrth and wo at once in one
A strange thyng were to see.

It would be thought a great madnes,
In ioye to weple and wrynge:
Neither can it be conmpted les
In sorowe for to synge.

As when the Jewes in Babylon
Where they were captiue all,

Come

Commaunded were to playe and synge,
Of suche as made them thrall.

Which vaine request of their great foes,
These miserable Iewes
Would not accomplyshe in no wyse,
But did the same refuse.

They hangde asyde their instrumentes
And laide their songes aswaye,
And knewe it was not tyme to synge:
But rather for to praye,

That god would them deliuer once,
From that their bondage vyle:
Wherin they had bene punyshed
A long and wery whyle.

But after three score and tenne yeres,
When God them home had brought,
With holy psalmes to prayse his name,
They diligently sought.

And in remembrance of the wo,
And bondage, where they were,
And ioye of their deliuerance,
They songe as ye shall here.

Super flumina Babilonis.

ONce as we by the ryuers sate
That runne in Babylon,

With bytter teares waylyng our wo,
When we thought on Sion:

We layde a syde our thankfull tunes,
Of honour laude and prayse,
And hung our harpes on wyllow trees,
That grew there in those dayes.

Therfore our foes whiche to that land
As captines did vs bryng,
(The more our sorowes to augmente,)
Required vs to sing.

Cõmaunding vs with spightful scorne
And great derision:
Sing vs (quod they) some hebruic songs
Of your blessed Sion.

As though it were conuenient
Contrary to gods wyll,
Suche vayne preceptes of wycked men,
To folowe or fulfyll.

In suche a lande gods laude to singe
With songes of his swete worde:
Where Images the honor haue
That due is to the lorde.

If euer we Jerusalem
Do from our myndes consume:
We wysh our right handes might forget
Our harpes to touche in tune.

And

And that our tongues within our mouth
May cleue we are content,
When we should vtter any thyng,
That mynde may vs inuente:

Thy prayses oh Jerusalem
If we preferre not styll,
Before the moste or greatest ioye
That hap may vs vntyll.

These Edomytes our enemyes
Oh lorde remember them,
Their wyckednes when they destroyde
Thyne owne Jerusalem,

Among them selues thus gan they say,
Our citie to confounde:
Destroye and sacke it, down with it,
And rase it to the grounde,

And thou O daughter Babylon,
(Well worthy of no les)
Thy mirthe shall turne to misery,
And thy ioye to distres.

And he shall be a happy man
That with suche lyke agayne
Shall the reward, as thou didst vs,
With great reproke and payne.

Ye blessed shall he be in dede
That shall reward the once,
In takyng of thy suckyng babes
And dashe them to the stones.

An

¶ An example of Gods prayse, for his great care ouer his elect, in disapointing their enemies & delyueringe them out of the. Cxl. Psalme.

What can the mortall man
Inuente deuyse or skan,
Against the wyll of god:
Or howe can we withstande,
Of god the heuy hande,
His myghty plague and rod:

What nede we then to care,
What wicked men prepare,
With crafte vs to destroye:
Sythe god the Lorde of all,
Can bryng vs out of thrall,
And turne our care to ioye:

The noble kyng Dauid
The lyke thyng hath proued,
That who so feare the lorde,
There shall no wyght preuayle
Though they doe vs assayle:
With worckes of god abhorde.

For in hys tyme of nede
He prayed with all spede,
To god for helpe and ayde:
As it doth folowe here,
And ryght well doth appere,
What he therin hath sayde.

Eripe

Eripe me domine.

DEliuer me O Lorde
Accordyng to thy worde,
Lorde let me not be shent.
On me some pitie haue,
From subtyle waygh̄tes me saue,
Of enmies violent.

In heart they thynke myschiefe,
And seke to doe me griefe:
Their tongues they whet so sharpe
As aders venym vyle:
That they may vs begnyle,
Full wycked wyles they warpe.

Kepe me O lorde therfore,
From enmies euer more,
Whiche wicked be and ill:
Thy helpe let me not wante,
For they would me supplante,
From doyng of thy will.

These proude men they haue sette
For me a pryuy nette,
Where I should out and in:
Yea and in my pathwaye
My soule for to betraye,
They laye bothe snare and gyn.

Lorde therfore haue I sayde
Thou art myne only ayde,
Lorde here my depe desyre:
O Lorde thou art my welth,

O God my sauing health,
Graunt me that I require.

Let not these men vnpure
On me take their pleasure,
Destroye their ill intente:
They are so proude and haulte,
That they them selues exalte,
Therfore let them be shente.

I meane suche men as be
Of their great subtiltie,
At no tyme vnprepar̃de:
Lorde in their owne deceyte,
Wherwith they layde suche weyte.
Let their owne fete be snarde.

Let coles of fyre fall downe,
And cast them on their crowne,
And throwe them into hell
From whence howe for to ryse
There is no tongue so wyse,
That can them rede or tell.

Let nothyng prosper well
On earth where suche men dwell,
Reproue their ryche renowne:
To mischiefe they be wunte.
With plages therfore them hunte
And hedlong throw them downe.

I knowe the lorde will wounde,
And vtterly confounde,
All men to pryde adicte:

And

And wyll auenge in dede
The poore that stande in nede,
And are thus sore afflicte.

The ryghteous verely
Shall prayse and magnifie
Thy holy name therfore:
The heartes of pure pretence,
Shall dwell in thy presence,
Good lorde for euer more.

¶ An example howe to prayse God for his almyghty powre, and gentylnes. Out of the. cxlv. Psalme.

AS he that would set forth to men,
The prayse of some good kyng,
To cause his subiectes hym to lone:
And obey in all thynge,

Doth shew to them his great goodnes,
His powre and all his myghte
That therby he may cause all folke,
In hym to haue delyght:

And also that his enemies
The more may stande in feare,
And where perhaps they would rebell
To cause them to forbeare:

So Dauid doth gods glory shewe,
And powre omnipente,
To make harde hartes that feare not god,
To soften and relente.

That they myght come in vnitie
Of God and of his lawe,
And leaueth no good meanes vnsought,
Them to intyse and drawe.

That vniformely mortall men,
Whiche in this worlde doe dwell:
Myght all agree prayinge the lorde,
And in vertue excel.

Whiche if ye staye or stande in doubte
How owe to begynne this game,
Take here a Psalme, whych will instruct
And leade you in the same:

Exaltabo te deus.

O God that arte myne only kyng,
I wyll thee magnify:
and so set forth thy laude & praise
To dure eternally.

From daye to daye euen euery daye,
Great thankes I wyll thee gyue,
And prayse thy name for euer more,
Whyle I haue tyme to lyue.

Great is the Lorde and meruaylous,
And worthy of all prayse:
There is no ende of his greatnes,
Or magnificent wayes.

From

From tyme to tyme for euer more
Eche generation
To others shall thy powre declare,
And thy workes euery one.

And as for me myne only talke
Shall worshyp styll thy name,
Thy glory and thy wondrous workes,
And prayse the for the same.

Men of thy workes so meruaylous
To speake shall haue delyght:
And alwayes shall be talkyng of
Thy greatnes and thy myght.

Of thyne abundant kyndnes we
Wyll kepe memoriall,
And syng of thy great ryghteousnes
From hencefoorth all men shall.

For thou O lorde art gracious
Yea mercifull and meke,
Long suffring and of great goodnes
To them that doe hym seke.

To euery man lyberally,
The lorde doth shewe his loue,
And ouer all his goodly workes,
His mercy styll doth moue.

And they expresse thy glory great,
Thy kyngdome and thy powre:
To men that all these myght be knowne
At euery tyme and houre,

Thy kyngdom euerlastingly
A kyngdome is ryght sure,
Thy lordshyp shall from age to age
Eternaly endure.

For in his dedes he faithfull is,
(What so he take in hande)
His workes be all holy and iuste,
Both vpon sea and lande.

The lorde vpholdeth all that are
In danger for to fall,
Them that be downe he lyfteth vp
When they on hym doe call.

The eyes of all on thee O lords
Doe wayte and put their trust,
And thou dost gene to them their meate
In season due and iuste.

Thou openest thy holy hande,
Thy powre and thy good wyll,
All lyuing thynges plentifully,
Therwith that thou mayst fyll.

The lorde is righteous in his wayes,
His workes be holy all:
And he is nyghe to faithfull men,
When they on him doe call:

Suche as feare him, he will fulfyll
To them their whole desire.
He will them here and helpe also
When they doe hym require.

All

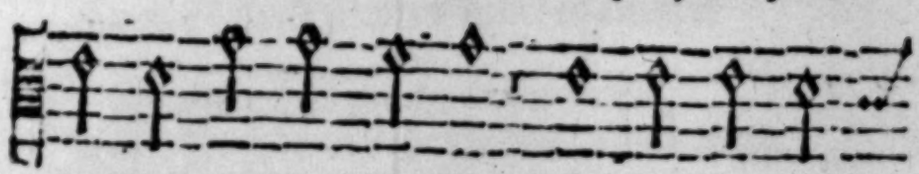
All suche as loue and feare the Lorde,
Them styll preserueth he:
And he wyll scatter all abroade
Suche as vngodly be.

My mouth shall speake & prayse ẏ lorde
And that abundantly,
Let all fleshe thanke his holy name
With laude eternally.

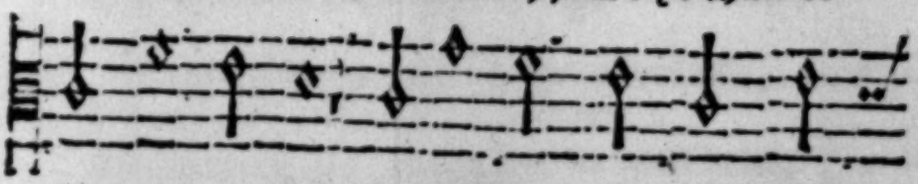
¶ The nynth chapiter of Ecclesiasticus: or booke of Jesus the sonne of Sirach.

¶ The argument

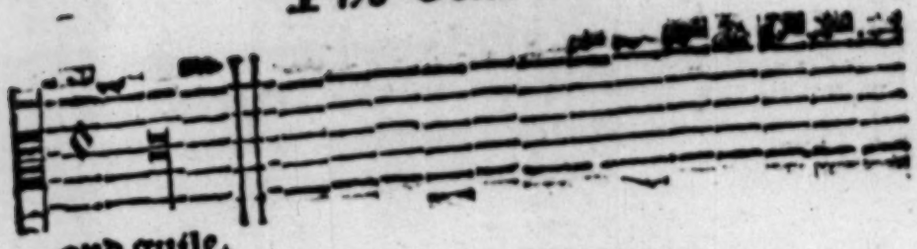
Fielousie who so wyll heare, vnto



my tune harke & drawe nere, howe ye shall of



the harlottes vyle esch[illegible] the sleyght the fraude



and guile.

What mischiefe and what hurte they doe
To suche as harken them vnto,
Howe vayne and vyle adultrie is
Howe fonde they are that walke amys.

Howe we shoulde kepe, an olde frend true
And neuer change hym for no newe,
Howe for to leade a godly lyfe,
In holynes without all stryfe.

How that a kyng by wysdomes lore
Should rule and gouerne euermore,
Howe eche man should in his degree
Be that his worke well vsed be.

And howe the folysh talkatyue
Are the moste wicked folke on lyue,
To Jesus Sirach gene good eare
Whiche telles his tale in this maner.

Ecclesiast. Cap. ix.

BE not ouer thy wyfe Jelouse,
but without strife kepe wel thy house:
Lest that she shewe some point of ill,
Or wycked sleight the for to spyll.

Nor

Nor tangle not thy powre nor lyke:
With a falſe whore which maketh ſtrife:
Leſt ſhe redounde within thy ſtrength,
And ſo confounde thy ſoule at length.

Beholde not women vayne & nought,
Whiche vpon men ſet all their thought:
On ſuche I ſaye ſet not thy care,
Leſt they betray thee in their ſnare.

Abſtayne and flee hir wicked waye,
That loues to geſte ſcoffe daunce & playe,
To hir conſent not in no wyſe,
Though ſhe the tempte and ofte entyſe.

Loke not to longe vpon a mayde,
Leaſt with hir forme thou be diſmayde.
Muche leſſe on harlotes then haue mynde
Nor on women of ſuche ill kynde:

Leaſt thou decaye before thyne age,
And ſo conſume thyne heritage.
In townes and cities doe not gaſe,
As one whoſe wittes were in amaſe:

Nor wander not in euery ſtrete,
Leaſt with ill men perhappes thou mete.
Chiefly of all turne thy face fro,
The woman gaye whiche worketh wo.

Beholde not muche the great beawtie,
Of any one vnknowne to thee:
For in tyme paſt ſuche fooles haue bene,
Which with their fonde eyes as I wene,

Did so regarde the beuty fayre
Of strangers where they did repayre:
That they decayd through their desire,
Whiche burned lyke the flaming fyre.

Wherfore women adulterous,
Should only be regarded thus,
As most vyle dounge durte myre & claye,
That eche man treads on in his waye.

For suche as on them wonder had,
Were by their beutie tangled mad.
All wysdom they from them did caste:
So whot of fonde loue was the blast.

Lead thou therfore a godly lyfe:
Couet thou not thy neighbours wyfe.
Syt not with hir at any sted:
Lye not with hir vpon a bed.

No talke with hir make thou at wynes
Least thy heart should to hir incline.
Therby making thy bloud to fall:
And so destroy thy lyfe and all.

Forsake not thou a good olde friende:
For suche a newe is harde to fynde.
For a newe friende is lyke newe wyne:
Whiche is not good tyll it be fyne.

But when the wyne is olde and pure,
Then mayst ỹ drynke hym with pleasure,
Despyse not the honor therfore,
That synners gayne and kepe in store.

If thou dydst their destruction knowe,
Whiche will them once all ouerthowe:
To suche honour thou wouldst not haste,
Nor of their vayne welth wysh to taste.

Of one thyng more warne thee I will,
Abstain frō such, whose powre may kill.
For if with suche thou makest stryke,
He may sone take from thee thy lyke.

Forsee and shurne eche casualtie:
So shalt thou scape all ieopardie.
Take good hede of an ill neighbour,
Least with some crafte he thee deuoure.

With wyse men be in company,
So shalt thou gayne great honestie.
Let iust men be thy gestes alwayes,
Ioye in gods name and geue hym prayse.

Be courteous gentyll, good and kynde,
Haue gods feare euer in thy mynde.
Let all thy workes and talke be bent,
Upon the lordes commaundemente.

Eche good craftes mā should set his wil
His worke to frame by discrete skyll.
Whiche being set before mens eyes,
Shall cause hym to be counted wyse.

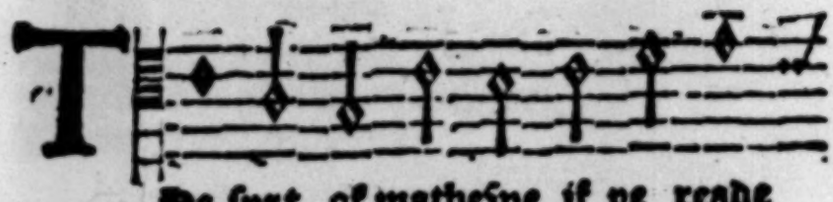
For eche worke brought to gorgeous end,
Doth cause all men it to commende.
A prynce that rightly gouerne wyll,
Lyke wise of wisdom should haue skyll.

So

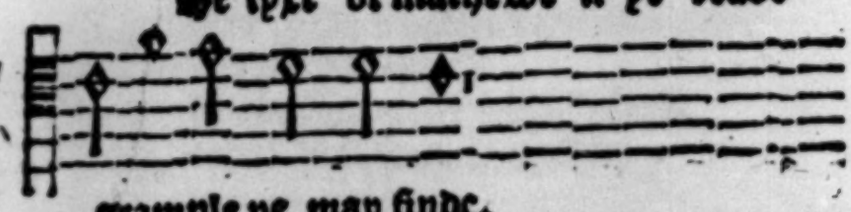
So well he should wysdom determe,
That at his talke others myght lerne,
Hym that doth many fonde wordes vse,
A wyse mans parte is to refuse.

For suche in towne and in citie.
Doe kyndle strife and vylainy,
They neither weye cause, tyme, nor place:
In them is neither wytte nor grace.
They are past shame I saye, therfore
Refuse suche men and them abhorre.

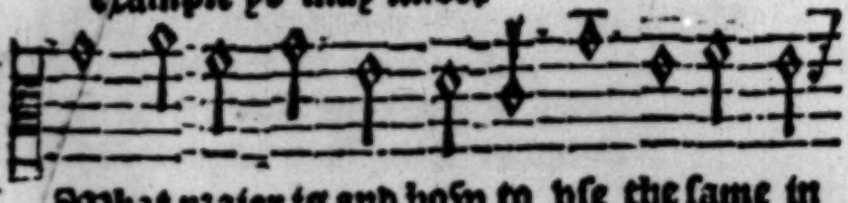
The maner of true and perfecte prayer instituted by our sauiour Iesus Christe, the only sonne of God, the wisdom of the father, and seconde person in trinitie.



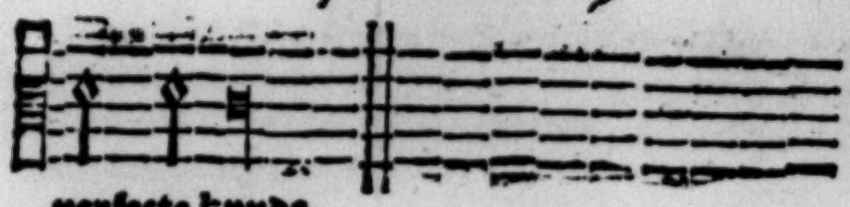
The syxt of matheiwe if ye reade



example ye may finde.



What praier is and how to vse the same in perfect



perfecte kynde.

For Chriſt our only mercy ſeate,
So ſoundly hath vs taughte,
That in his goſpell we may kynde,
Not elſ where to be ſought.

When thou doſte praye ſayth Chriſte our
Se that thou doe refuſe, (Lorde
The vayne glory that hippocrites
Doe in their prayers vſe.

For they wyll in the ſynagoges,
Their prayers to appere,
In open ſtretes or in ſuche place,
As moſte men may them here.

For whiche their folyſh vaynglorie,
That would of men be hearde,
The prayſe of men whiche they deſyre,
Is only their rewarde.

But at ſuche tyme as thou wylt praye,
Into thy chamber go,
A faythfull and a contrite harte
Prayer muſt Iſſue fro.

And when thou haſt cloſed thy dore,
And ſhut out wordly care,

And vayn thoughtes of this wretched worlde
Thy prayer then declare.

Unto thy god and father dere,
Whiche is in secrete still:
Seing the bothom of eche harte,
Eche thought, eche worke and wyll.

Whoe will rewarde thee in such wise
That it shall well appere,
That he hath heard thy hartes requeste,
Moste lyke a father dere.

But in thy prayer bable not
With many wordes and vayne,
As Heathen men whiche thinke therby
their purpose to obteyne.

It is the harte and not the lyppes
Wherby thou mayste aspyre,
Thy sute to god for to attayne,
And to haue thy desyre:

The harte I saye both cleane and pure
Must be the very meane,
For lips doe but prouoke gods wrath
Where hartes be founde vncleane.

For god doth knowe before you speake
your nede and all your lacke,
And wyll you kepe if you be mete,
That nought shall goe to wracke.

And

And erre thou praye bethynke thy ſelf,
Who did the hurt or greue,
Refrayne thy wrath in continent
And louyngly forgeue

If thou forgeue not other men,
Their treſpaſſes and cryme,
Thinke not that god will thee forgeue,
Thy faultes at any time.

Contrariwyſe if thou forgeue,
Suche as did the vnryght,
God by his promis wyll thee here
And ſhewe the mercy bryght.

And where thou haſt done any hurte,
It is not worth the whyle
To praye before thou make amendes,
And thy ſelfe reconcyle.

But when thou art prepared thus,
In all pointes as I ſaye:
With pure harte in moſte humble wyſe,
On this ſorte lee thou praye.

Pater noſter.

O Lorde that art our only god
And father of vs all,
In heauen whiche arte reſident,
To thee we crie and call.

Thy

Thy holy and thy blessed name,
That we may sanctifie:
Graunt that we may for euer vse
The same reuerently.

Oh let thy kyngdom downe descende,
And alwayes vs protecte:
That we may reigne in peace and loye
Whiche are thyne owne electe.

Thy worthy wyll let it be done
Of worldly wretches here:
As it in heauen euer is
Among thy saintes moste dere.

Our daily bread geue vs this daye,
Our bodies to sustcyne:
And to our soules thy blessed worde,
Thy truthe styll to mainteyne.

Both for the body and the soule,
Relieue vs with thy store:
That we therby may taste thy grace,
This daye and euer more.

Our trespasses & our great sinnes,
Redeme and clene forgeue,
As we forgeue and mercy take,
On theim that doe vs greue.

O lorde into temptation
Aboue our strengthe and powre,
Doe not leade vs at any tyme,
Least Sathan vs deuowre.

But with thy grace defende vs styll,
Let not thy goodnes cease:
But from all euyls vs defende,
Deliuer and release.

For onely to thee doth belonge
The kyngdome very ryght,
The power and glorious maiestie,
For euer so be it.

The abridgement of our Christen beleefe, written as some suppose into. xii. Articles, by the. xii. holy apostels of our sauiour Jesus Christe.

The. xii. Apostelles of Jesus our lorde,
After their holy preachyng a long tyme,
And settyng forth of goddes most holy worde.
Preaching repentaunce from al synne and cryme
Yet not withstandinge all their dilygence,
Mistaking of goddes worde dyd make offence.

For many heresyes dyd then aryse,
And mysbeleefe in god our lorde aboue,
By mystakyng, and wordely wyt lyke wise,
Whiche made from true fayth many to remoue.
For carnall reason walketh styll astray,
And vnto fayth dothe alwayes disobay.

These holy preachers therfore thinkinge best
In this turmoyle to set order and staye,
Dyd then deuyse bothe vnto most and least,
Of true beleefe a breefe and perfect waye,

That all men might, as well the younge as olde.
Done lerne the same and in memory houlde.

Syth then the holy ghost hath taught vs thus,
It doth behoue that we diligently,
Do learne the same to knowe and to discusse,
And kepe eche parte therof most faythfull,
Wherefore the summe of it I wyll reherse
As here doth folowe in this kynde of verse.

Credo in deum patrem.

I Do beleue with stedfast true intent
In God the father which is of all myght,
Who made heauen earth and al their whole content
The nyght the day the darkenes and the lyght.
And I beleue in Jesus Christ our lorde,
Hys onely sonne thee uerlastyng worde.

Which of the holy ghost conceyued was,
And of the most pure virgyn Mary borne,
And vnder Ponce Pylat as came to passe
Suffred, and on the crosse was rente and torne.
And dyeng dead, was buryed in the ende,
And also downe into hell dyd descende.

And the thirde day accordyng to scripture,
He rose from death to perfect lyfe agayne:
And vp to heauen he ascended sure,
On god the fathers ryght hande to remayne
Till at the last he once agayne shall come,
Both quicke and deade to iudge by rightfull dome.

I also beleue in the holy ghoste,

And

And in the church of chryst catholycall,
And of the sayntes the communion moste,
The forgeuenes of myne offences all,
And this our fleshe shall ryse agayne at last,
And I beleue eternall lyfe to taste.

Amen.

¶ The songe of prayse and thankesgeuinge of blessed Mary the vyrgyn, mother of our lorde and sauiour Jesus Chryst, after the salutation of the Angell Gabriell, and of Elizabeth mother of blessed John baptist. Written. Luke the j. Chapter.

Magnificat anima mea.

My soule truelye
Shall magnifye
The lorde, and hym honour:
So shall my spryte
Joy and delyghte
In god my sauyour.

Hys eyes he frayd
On hys handmayde,
In poore and lowe degree,
And kinreds all
From henceforth shall
Knowe me blessed to be.

For he whose myghte
Excelleth ryghte
Hath exalted my fame:

Doynge to me
Great thinges and hye,
And holy is is name.

His mercy sure
Doth aye endure,
And doth not wast nor weare:
In kynredes all
Continuall
That do hym loue and feare,

He in his powre,
Hath at this howre
His arme put forth at length:
The prowde abowght
Bringeth to nowght,
what so their hartes inuenth.

He putteth downe
From their renowme
The mighty and the stronge:
And doth vp set
In honour great
The meeke that suffer wronge.

And he doth styll
Both fede and fyll
All those that hunger payne:
And doth them good
when without foode
The ryche empty remayne.

He hath in minde
His mercy kynde,

His folke to helpe and saue:
His seruantes swell
Euen Israell,
That for his mercy craue.

As he like wise
Dyd once promyse,
To Abraham before:
Our fathers olde
that fayth dyd holde,
And their sede euermore.

Glory and prayse
And laude alwayes.
Unto the trynitie:
With one accorde
Prayse we the lorde
One god and personnes three.

As hath ben aye,
And at this daye
Continueth as yet:
And shall extende
Worlde without ende,
For euer so be it.

Finis.

The songe of prayse and thankes geuinge of holy Zachary, father of Saynct John baptist, beinge restored to his speche, whiche was taken from him at the vision of the angell, written, Luke the fyrst chap.

Benedictus dominus deus.

Blessed nowe be
The almyghtye
Lorde God of Israell.
Hys people whych
Visiteth myche
Redemynge them full well.

A myghtye horne
Of saluation
That hath to vs rayſed.
Euen in the houſe
So ryghteous
Of his ſeruant Dauid.

As he ſpake by
The mouthes holy
Of hys Prophetes, ech whan.
That ay haue bene
Among vs ſene,
Sence the worlde firſt began.

which sayde that we
Shoulde saued be,
From our enemyes all:
who euer that
Hath vs in hate
Eyther the greate or small.

To performe ryghte
Hys mercy bryght,
That he sometyme dyd graunt
Our forefathers.

And

And remembers
Hys holy couenaunt.

Hys othe once sworne
For to performe,
Unto our father dere:
Euen Abraham
That when tyme came
To vs it myght appere.

That from our foes
We beynge lose
And cleane delyuered:
We myght serue him
From tyme to tyme
Without all seruyle drede.

In holynes
And ryghteousnes
With perfect wayes and pure,
For euermore
Hys face before
While our lyfe dayes indure.

And thou O chylde
That art so mylde
Shalt be calld the prophet
Of the most hyest,
And hys sonne Chryst
To shewe hys glory great,

The lorde of grace
Before hys face,
Thou chylde shalte go Isay:

For to prepare
And eke declare
his pure and chosen way.

To geue knowledge
Of this the pledge
Of their saluation:
his peoples synne,
That they are in.
The cleane remission.

Throughe the mercy
Tender and free,
Of god, wherby the day
Springeth so bright
Euen from the hight,
Doth visyte vs alway.

From deathes shadowe,
And darkenes lowe,
Suche as syt to release:
their feete eche tyde
With light to guide,
Into the way of peace.

Glory and prayse
And laude alwayes
Vnto the Trinitie,
To the father,
And the sonne dere,
And to the ghost holy.

As hath ben aye,
And at this day.

Continueth as yet:
And shall be styll
With right good wyll
For euer so be it.
Finis.

¶ The songe of prayse and thankes geuyng of holy Simeon at the Circumcision of our Lorde Jesu Christe. Luke. ij.

Nunc dimittis.

THy seruaunt nowe
Permyt mayst thowe,
For to depart O lorde
In quiet peace,
From strife to cease,
Accordyng to thy worde.

Myne eyes, our wealth
Thy sauyng health
haue sene nowe through thy grace,
Of thee prepardе
to be declardе,
Before all peoples face.

To be a lyght
Styll shynyng bryght,
Guydyng the gentyles wel:
And for to be
the great glory
Of thy flocke Israell.

Let eury trybe
Glory ascrybe
Nowe to the deitye,
As hath bene, is,
And shall not mysse
To be continually.

Amen.

¶ The x. commaundementes of almighty God written, in ij. tables of stone with ẏ finger of God. The first table conteyning iiij preceptes concerneth our duety towardes God: The second table conteyning the other vj. preceptes concerneth our duetye towardes our neyghbour. written in the xx. Chapiter of Exodus, and in the v. Chapiter Deuteronomium.

Argument.

The lyuyng God our onely Lorde
That all thinges with his word hath made,
And (as the scripture doth recorde)
Doth gouerne all in godly trade,
And knowth how apt man is to stray
And all good thynges to disobay.

Wyth hys fynger (for mannes behoue)
In tables twayne of stone dyd wryte
Commaundementes ten, hys heart to moue
From guyle and wrong to truth and right:
In godlynes to guyde hys wayes
They folow here note what he sayes.

I am

1 I Am thy Lorde and God alone
From Egypt land that brought the ryght.
Beholdyng thy diſtreſſe and mone:
From houſe of bonde I freede thee quight.
Wherefore thou ſhalte I ſay to thee
None other Goddes haue before mee.

2 Thou ſhalt no grauen Image make.
Nor picture be it greate or ſmalle,
Or fygure that thy minde may take,
In heauen earth or waters all:
Nor honour them, that ſhalt not thou,
Nor vnto them ne kneie nor bowe.

For I thy God and onely Lorde
A ielouſe God am of ſuche ſynne,
And fathers faultes I haue abhorde
Upon their children and their kynne:
In kynreds iij. or iiij. or mo
I vyſit them that hate me ſo.

Which iuſtyce yet doth me not ſtay
From mekenes, mercy, nor from grace:
Which I extende to them alway
My holy lawes that do embrace:
To thouſandes though none can deſerue,
That I commaunde if they obſerue.

3 The holy name thou ſhalt not vſe
Of me thy lord and God in vayne,
Unlawfull othes thou ſhalt refuſe,
Sweare not for falſe or fylthy gayne:
The Lorde will thee not holde vngylt
Hys name in vayne if take thou wylt.

Remember

4 Remember that in any wyse
the Sabaoth day thou sanctifie,
Syx dayes thou shalt thee exercise,
And labour for necessitie:
The seuenth day the Sabaoth is
Of god almyght the lorde of blys.

Therfore this day beare well in minde
No kinde of worke that then thou do,
Unto whiche lawe thy sonne I bynde,
Thy daughter shall it kepe also,
Thy man thy mayde and eke thy beast:
In fyne within thy gate thy geast.

For in syx dayes the lorde created
Heauen, earthe, sea, and all of noughte,
The seuenth day take his rest he dyd:
Wherfore the lorde that all hath wrought,
The Sabaoth day dyd sanctifie,
And blessed it perpetually.

5 Thy father and thy mother dere
Se that thou reuerently honour,
Let none ingratitude appere
In thee to them, but them succour:
So in the lande longe shalt thou lyue,
Whiche thy lorde God to thee shall gyue.

6 Thou shalt not kyll note thou it well.
7 Also thou shalt no wedlocke breake.
8 I say also thou shalt not steale.
9 Nor witnes false thou shalt none speake.
Against thy neyghbours, them to wrong:
But lyue vprightly them amonge.

And

And to conclude of this take hede
What my lawes chiefly doe requyre,
Not onely to forbere the dede,
But also from the heartes desyre,
Of that thy neighbour doth possesse,
Of any thyng in more or lesse.

10 Particularye to recite,
Thy neyghbours house couet thou not:
Nor yet hys wyfe, his heartes delyght,
Hys man or mayde whych is his lot:
Hys oxe or asse or ought of hys,
Couet thou not, thynke wel on thys.

¶ The prayse of God the father sonne and holye ghost. Wrytten in an holy Hymne, by the worthy fathers Augustine and Ambrose.

Te Deum laudamus.

O God of myghte
As it is ryghte
We yelde the laude and prayse,
wyth one accorde
To be the Lorde
We knowleedge thee alwayse:

The earth throughout
And all aboute
Thy worshyppe doth expresse:
Thou doest appere
A father dere
In euerlastyngnesse.

To

To thee do call
The Angelles all
And cry wyth a loude dynne:
The heauens hye
Eternallye
And all the powres therin.

Both Cherubin
And Seraphin
Do in thy prayse reioyce:
And thus alwayes
Expresse thy prayse
wyth an incessant voyce.

Holye, holye,
Thou art holye,
Lorde God of Sabaoth:
Thy maiestye
And thy glorye
Fylles heauen and earth both.

The gloryous sect
Of thyne elect
Apostles euery one:
Thy prayse doth showe,
All in a rowe
And honour thee alone.

The Prophetes all
Do on the call
So goodly in their kynde:
That felowshyppe
Doth not let slyppe
To kepe thy prayse in mynde.

The noble aray
Of martyrs aye
Thy prayse doth styll expresse:
The Church holye
where euer it be
The lyke prayse doth confesse.

Infinitlye
Thy maiestye
O father doth endure:
And thy Sonne styll
we honour wyll,
Onely so true and pure.

The holye ghost
Our comforte most,
we do confesse to be:
Thou Chryst Iesu,
Messias true
Art the kynge of glory.

Thou art euer
Of the father
The euerlastyng sonne:
Which we confesse
Both more and lesse
That in this worlde do wonne.

when for our sake
Thou dyddest take
On thee man to restore:
The wombe so cleene
Of the Virgin
Thou dyddest not abhorre.

When thou the darte
Of death so sharpe
Dydst vanquisshe and depryue:
Thou dydst vnlose
Thy blesse, to those
That truelye do beleue.

On the ryghte hande
(we vnderstande)
Of the father so dere,
(In glorye greate)
There art thou set
Tyll the last day appere.

Then we beleue
Judgemente to geue,
That thou from thence shalt come,
Most ryghteouslye
Our iudge to be
And iudge vs all and some.

Thy seruauntes pray
Thee day by day,
Of thee some helpe to haue:
Whom wyth thy bloude
Precious and good,
Thou dydst redeme and saue.

Make them indede
To be numbred
Wyth thy holy sayntes all:
For euermore
Thy face before
In glory eternall.

Thy

Thy people saue.
Whiche on the crane:
And bielle thyne heritage.
Gouerne them styll,
To doe thy wyll,
Euer from age to age.

For we dayly
Thee magnifie
And worshyp styll thy name
And styll intende
Worlde without ende,
To continue the same.

Vouchsafe we pray
O lorde this daye,
From sinne vs to defende:
For on thyne ayde
Our faith is stayde,
And euer doth depend.

Mercy O lorde,
Haue mercy Lorde,
Shewe vs thy mercy iuste:
On vs let lyght
Thy mercy bright,
As we in thee doe truste.

And synce alway
My truste and staye,
In the lorde is fyxed:
Oh graunt that I
Eternally
We neuer confounded.

To the father,
And his sonne dere,
And to the holy ghoste,
Glory and prayse
Geue we alwayes,
As we are bounden moste.

As was and is,
And shall not mys,
To be eche tyme and when:
For euer more
Laude and honor
To our lorde god. Amen.

¶ To his friend E. H. at whose requeste, the author drue into metre, the songe of the three chyldren, whiche were put into the whot burning ouen, which were called properly in the hebrue tongue, Ananias, Asarias, & Misael: whose names Nebucadnezer chāged into Cidrach, Misach, and Abednago, in the Chaldey tongue. Written, Daniel. iij.

My louyng friende,
Your boune and mynde,
Doth seme to me this tyde,
As Phaeton vayne,
Should once againe
The sonne his chariot guide:

Who folyshly
Immediatly

May set the world on fire,
Till Ioue almight
Most iust and right
Doe slay him in his Ire.

Or one vnwise
Should enterprise
To make or cause tapere,
From flynt stones dure
Swete fountaynes pure
Of waters cristall clere.

Yet for to chuse
Or once refuse,
Your most frendly request,
Is not in me
Nor can not be
At any time possest.

Therfore take well
This small cantell
Of my due and good will,
Though momus secte
Then it reiecte,
No force it shall not skyll.

BLessed be thou
O lorde god nowe
The god of our fathers:
For thou alwayes
Arte worthy prayse
And of all great honers.

The name holy
Of thy glory,
Worthy to be praysed,
Styll in worldes all
Continuall
Is to be magnified.

Be thou blessed
In euery sted
Of thy temple holy:
Whiche doste vs mone
All thynges aboue,
To set vp thy glory.

More then worthy,
Thou arte truly
Of laude and prayse eche daye:
Wherfore euer
We wyll preferre
And set the vp for aye.

Blessed alone
In thy hyghe throne
Be thou in thy kyngdom:
Thee aboue all
We styll blesse shall,
In worlde of worldes to come.

Blessed be thou
That lokest throwe
The depe: and yet doste syt
The Cherubes on,
Worthy alone
Of prayse, descruing it.

The fyrmament
And heauens hente
Thee prayse which arte worthy.
(For thy fauour)
Of all honoure
Vnto eternitie.

Bene-

Benedicite omnia opera Domini domino.

O Ye worke all
In generall
Of god the lyuing Lorde,
Se that his prayse
Ye shewe alwayes
Set vp and it recorde.

Ye angels bryghte
And heauens lyght
And waters all aboue
The fyrmament:
With one consent
Prayse hym as doth behoue.

The lorde his powres,
Sonne Moone in cours,
Tell and shewe forth his prayse:
And neuer let
Hym vp to set
In his due laude alwayes.

O all ye sterres,
Dewe, and showers,
O all ye wynds of God,
His prayse tell ye,
Hym magnifye,
As in his worde he bod.

Heate and fyer,
Wynter, sommer,
Ye dewes and frostes hore:

Ye frost and colde,
His prayse be bolde
To set forth euermore.

O Ise and snowe,
His prayse forth showe,
Hym laude and magnifye:
Ye nyghtes and dayes,
With the lyke prayse
Laude hym eternally.

Lyght and darkness
His prayse expresse,
Lyghtnyng and cloudes I saye:
Let the earth speake
And his prayse breake
Forth, for euer and aye.

Mountaines and hilles
With your good wylles,
Herbes, grasse, & al grene thinges
Welles, seas, and flood
Of hym speake good,
And declare his prayseynges.

Ye whales that lyue
And all that meue,
In floodes and waters clere:
All foules of thayre
Lykewyse repayre,
To make his prayse appere.

Beastes and cattell
His prayse forth tell,

Ye chyldren of men pure:
Let Israell
In prayse excell
For euer to endure.

With one accorde
Prayse ye the lorde,
That the lordes seruantes are:
Sprites and soules iust
His prayse syng must
Hym set vp and declare.

Let holy men
Prayse hym eche when,
And humble men of harte,
With good pretence
Euer from hence,
From his prayse neuer starte.

Ananias
Azarias
And Misaell prefer
His prayses great,
And hym vp set
For euer and euer,

Whiche hath from hell
Vs saued well,
And clene deliuered:
And hath our breath
Kepte safe from death,
And also hath vs ryd.

From burnyng flame
Amydste the same,
And made the heate retire:
When we dyd craue,
He dyd vs saue
In the mydst of the fyre.

Unto the lorde
Let vs recorde
Both prayse and thankes therfore:
His hearte is kynde,
For we doe fynde
His mercy euermore.

O all men ryght
That are contryte,
Speake good and prayse the lorde,
For he truly
Is almyghtie,
And of all gods the God.

O geue him prayse
With thankes alwayes,
Whose mercy doth extende.
And doth indure
Remaynyng pure,
Euer worlde without ende.

Prayse glorious
Euer let vs
Magnificently moste,
Geue the father,
And the sonne dere
And to the holy ghoste.

From beginning
Continuyng
And nowe doth persever:
And shall doe aye
From daye to daye
For euer and euer.

Numeri. xiiii.

Ching this as, The dawnyng daye
beginnes to glare. &c.

LEt now thy powre be great O lorde,
Lyke as thy lyps dyd once repeate:
And as we fynde it in thy worde,
Thy suffrance long, thy mercy great.

For as thou doste our synnes forgyue
And trespasses, when we repent:
So are we sure no man on lyue
From synne is free and innocent.

And of their father the misdede
Thou visitest vpon the childe,
His generation and his sede,
In. iiii. degrees therwith defylde.

But nowe oh lorde be gracious
Unto thy flocke and their offence:
And of thy mercy bounteous
Remember not our negligence.

Thy people as thou didst forbeare,
From Egypt into wyldernes,
We the beseche in lyke maner,
That we may taste thy gentylnes.

ii. Eſdras. i.

¶ Syng this as O lorde our god we turne to thee. &c.

LOrde god that in the heauens hie
Doste kepe thy reſidence:
Thou art a god of terrible
And great magnificence.

Thou that haſt kept thy couenant
And mercy eke in ſtore,
For them that loue thee, and obſerue
And kepe thy holy lore.

Oh let thine eares be attendante,
And marke what I doe ſaye:
And let thyne eyes be vigilant,
Beholde me when I praye.

For I am bent both daye and nyght
To praye before thy face:
That to thy ſeruant Iſraell
Thou wilt geue health and grace:

And to forgeue them all their ſynne,
That they did thee tranſgreſſe:
For in the perſon of them all
Their faultes I doe confeſſe.

For I my ſelfe among them all
Doe in the number lyt:
My fathers houſe hath not beue free
But did lyke ſynne commyt.

Corrupted haue we bene, in that
Thy lawes we haue not kept:
Thy wyll and thy commaundementes
Because we did reiecte.

Yet call to mynde thy worde O lorde
Thy Moyses that was sayde,
Thy seruant whom thou didst commaund
For to proclayme thyne ayde.

The punishment that thou hast made
For our transgressions,
Is for to scatter vs a broade
Among the nacions.

But thou hast sayd and promysed
That if we turne agayne,
Obseruyng thy commaundementes
And in thy lawes remayne:

That though we scattred were abroade
Neuer so farre about,
Ya in the vtmost partes of all:
Thou wouldst yet fynd vs out.

And gather vs from thence agayne,
Into the very place,
That thou vs gaue to dwell therin
Of thy bountie and grace.

O heare vs nowe thy seruantes lorde
And people of thy lande,
That were deliuerd by thy powre
And by thy myghty hande.

O lorde

O lorde nowe let thyne eares attende
To marke what we requyre:
For thee to serue and feare thy name,
Is nowe our whole desire.

Tobias. xiii.

CSyng this as The. 6. of Mathew.
If ye reade. &c.

O Lorde our God for euer more
Thy greatnes doth extende,
Thy powre, thy kyngdom & thy (might
For euer without end.

For after scurges helth Insues,
And pleasure after payne:
And vnto hell when thou hast brought,
Thou bringest out againe.

Wherby thou hast instructed vs
That we may vnderstande,
That there is none by any meanes
That may escape thy hande.

Geue thankes therfore vnto the lorde,
Ye children of the iuste,
Before the Heathen let his prayse
Be shewed and discuste.

For therfore hath he scatred you,
His wondrous workes to showe,
Among the Heathen, and the folke
That dyd him neuer knowe.

That

That they may knowe and eke confesse
That other there is none
That is a god omnipotent,
But our good God alone.

Whiche hath vs made for our misdedes
His chastisment to take:
And wyll vs saue and helpe agayne,
For his owne mercies sake.

Then prayse to hym with feare & dread,
And ponder well this thing:
And magnifie in all your workes
The euerlastyng kyng.

For I will prayse him in the land
Of my captiuitie:
For he dyd shewe the synfull folke
His myghty maiestie.

O turne you vnto God therfore
Ye sinners, and doe ryghte,
Ye may be sure with mercy then
That he wyll you requite.

And as for me, so wyll I doe
In soule and with my voyce
For why my god is only he
In whome I wyll reioyce.

O prayse the lorde all ye that be
His chosen and electe,
In ioyfull dayes giue hym the thankes
That still doth you protecte.

Tobias. iii.

¶ Sing this as the forme of perfect prayer beginnyng, The. vi. of Mathewe.

O Lorde god thou art righteous,
Thy iudgements all are true:
Thy iust wayes & thy faithfulnes
Doth mercy styll ensue.

Be myndfull nowe O lorde on me,
And plage not for my sinne.
Nor haue no mynde of my misdedes,
Ne of myne elders kynne.

For we to thy commaundementes
Weare not obedient:
Wherfore among all nacions,
Thou hast vs captiue sent.

And scattred haste vs them among,
That dayly vs deryde:
For dredfull death, & most vyle shame,
Doth euer vs betyde.

In whiche thou hast declard O lorde,
Thy iudgementes great and hye:
We did not as thou didste commaunde,
Nor walkt innocently.

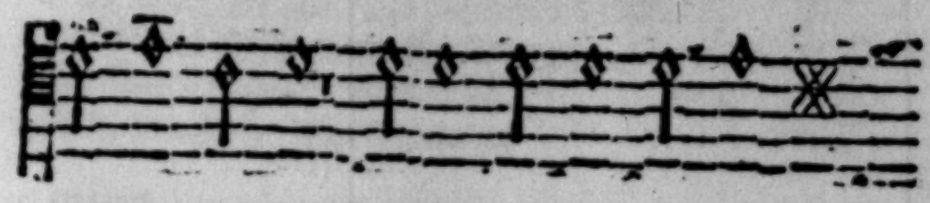
And therfore now O liuing lorde
My prayer shall be styll,
That thou commaunde & deale with me
According to thy wyll.

Re-

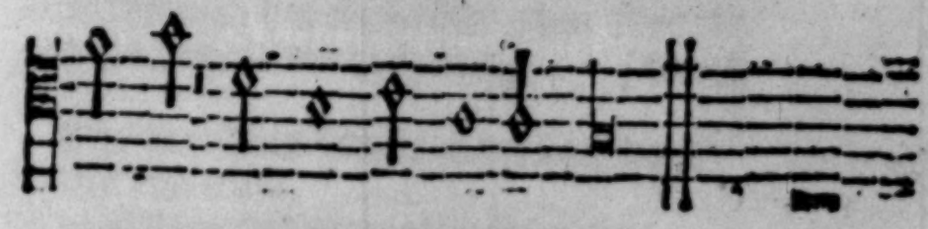
Receaue O lorde myne sprite in peace,
To thee I doe it gyue:
For it is more expedient
For me do die then lyue.

Iudith. 16.

N tabrets to the lorde let vs our thank-



full songes begin, Upon the cimbals let



vs syng a new songe vnto hym.

With ioyfull thankes his name to prayse,
And call vpon the same:
It is the lorde that warres doth cease,
Yea the lorde is his name.

Whiche

Which pitched hath his tentes of stregth
His people all among:
As to delyuer from the handes
Of all our enmies strong.

For from the mountaynes of the northe
Came the Assirian,
And many thousandes myght we see,
Within his army than.

His multitude had shut the streames
In all our coastes throughout,
And with his horsmen couerd were
The valleys all about.

My markes & boundes he sayd he wold
Consume with burning fyre,
To kyll my young men with the swords
Was also his desyre:

To brayne my suckyng babes, and geue
Myne infantes for a praye.
My maydens and my virgins pure
He thought to dryue awaye.

But through the lorde omnipotent
Suche grace we vnderstande,
Of their purpose they are deceyd,
Euen by a womans hande.

For with the handes of youg mē strong
He truly was not slayne:
Nor they that were of Tytan borne
To kyll hym toke no payne.

Nor

Nor gyant great: but Judith is
Daughter of Merari.
For with hyr face she scattred them
And with hyr great beutye.

Hir wydowes clothes, hir mourninge
She gan thē to forbeare: (wede,
And did on suche as she was wonte
On holy dayes to weare.

To helpe the wofull Israelites,
Whom ieopardie had hent:
Hir vertuous face she did anoynte,
With oyntment excellent.

And with an houe she trimde hyr heare,
Hir worke thus could she weane:
She ware a lynen stole also,
Thus did she him deceaue.

Hir slyppers ravished his eyes,
Hir beutie eke his mynde:
And thorough his necke his own sworde
Suche ende to did he fynde. (went

The Persians weare in doubt & feare
At hir audacitie,
The Medes dyd marueil very muche,
Hir bouldnes suche to be.

The humble folke retoyced then,
They Joyde that erste dyd crye:
And they dyd feare that bragd before
And fayne were nowe to flye.

Our womens sonnes then killed them,
Lyke slaues they ran away:
The seruantes of the lorde my God
Thus caused them to straye.

A song of prayse vnto the Lorde
To syng I will procure:
Thy glory lorde and strength also
Inuincible and pure.

For eche thing ẏ thy hande hath made
Doth serue thee in his kynde:
Thou didst commaũde & straight it was,
Thy worde so strong we fynde.

Thyne holy sprite thou sentest out,
And strayght wayes it was made:
For nothyng can resist thy word,
Whiche dures and doth not fade.

For mountaynes they shall moued be
With water from their springes,
And in thy sight harde thinges shal melt,
As wexe and liquid thynges.

And yet to them that doe thee feare
Thy mercy doth extende:
From the fyrste tyme to this present,
And euer without ende.

Iob. i.

OUt of my mothers wombe
All naked came I loe:

And

And naked shall I turne agayne,
To earth that I came fro.

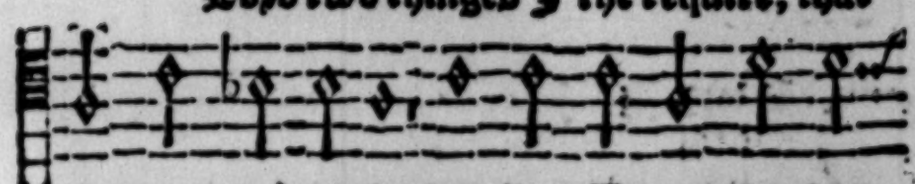
The Lorde gaue at the fyrst,
As his good pleasure was,
And at his wyll dyd take agayne,
As it is come to pas.

The lorde his holy name
Be praysed nowe therfore,
As it hath bene, as it is nowe,
And shall be euermore.

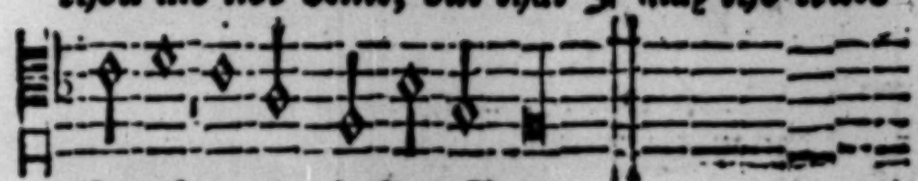
Prouerb. xxx.

2

Lord two thinges I the require, that



thou me not denie, but that I may the frute



therof receiue before I die.

The first shall be that vanitie
Thou wilt from me restrayne,
And eke the lips that lyke to lye,
To flatterglose and fayne.

The seconde that thou make me not
To poore in any wyse,
Ne yet to riche: but meane lyuyng,
Of necessary cyse.

Least when I am to full of welth
I thee forget and saye:
What felowe is the lorde? when I
Forgotten haue thy waye.

And lyke wyse least that pouertie
Constrayne me out of frame,
And me prouoke to steale O God
And to forswear thy name.

Ecclesiasticus. xxiii.

¶ Syng this as, I am the man whome God. &c.

O Thy lorde I the desyre
Of thyne abundant grace,
That pryde & scornefull counte-
Appeare not in my face. (nance

Thy goodnes nowe extend,
Oh for thy mercies sake,
Disdeyne and all voluptuousnes
Witsake from me to take.

The fylthy fleshly lustes
That to our bodies leane,

Destroye

Destroye therof the fyery rage,
And make me chaste and cleane.

Of pitie oh good Lorde
Extincte in me this fyre:
And let my mynde be mundifyd
Of eche vncleane desyre.

Oh leaue me not I saye
To myne owne lust and wyll:
Thyne ayde doe not from me withdrawe,
But be my succour styll:

Least wanting of thy helpe,
I runne in error blynde:
And fall into vnshamfastnes,
And obstinate of mynde.

Oh be thou my kortres,
That I may prayse thy name:
So shall I other men exhort
Also to doe the same.

¶ The songe of Esechia,
Ego dixi in dimidio. &c.
Esaie. xxxviii.

¶ Eying this as, I am the man whome God. &c.

VNto the gates of hell
I wente I should haue wende,
Amid my days whē as I thought
My yeres were at an ende.

With in my ſelfe I ſayde,
I neuer ſhall agayne
Viſite the Lorde (the lorde I ſaye)
In this lyfe whyle I reigne.

I neuer loke agayne
Before men to appeare,
Nor to beholde no worldly wyghtes
That haue their dwellyng heare.

Myne age is folded vp
Together at this daye:
As one ſhould from the ſhepeherd poore
His cottage take awaye.

And thorough my ſynnes my lyfe
Is cut of and vndo,
As when the weuers worke is done
His webbe he cuttes ato.

This pynyng ſickneſs wyll
My lyfe in ſunder rende,
For in one daye I well perceyue
My lyfe ſhall haue an ende.

Vntyll to morowe yet
I thought to lyue ſo longe:
But he my bones hath brused ſore
Moſte lyke a gyant ſtrong.

For in one daye thou wylt
Myne ende bringe on me lo:
As ſwalowes chatter in their laye,
Then gan I to doe ſo.

I cryed

I cried lyke the crane,
And mozned as the doue:
Directyng euer mozemyne eyes
On hyghe to hym aboue.

O lozd then sayde I tho
This sycknes doth me pzesse:
O ease thou me loz in thy powze
It is, the same to ceasse.

What shall I saye, the lozde
His pzomys made to me,
And he hym selfe performed hath
The same as we may see.

All whyle I lyue therloze,
It shall not from my mynde,
Wy bytter life, and howe therin
I founde hym good and kynde.

Beyonde their peres I see
O lozde that men may lyue,
Whiche I to all men wyll declare,
And knowledge wyll them gyue.

In those pzolonged peres
Howe I in ioye doe reigne:
And that thou causedst me to slepe
And gaue me lyfe agayne.

Wy penfulnes beholde,
As bytter was as gall:
And loz my health I longed sloze
Out of that sowfull thzall.

Thy pleasure was to saue
Me from the filthy lake:
For thou O lorde hast all my sinnes
Out trowne behinde thy backe.

For hell geues thee no prayse,
Nor death magnificence:
And in their graue none praise thy truth,
That parted be from hence.

The lorde hath wrought my health,
Our songes we therfore sure
Wyll alwayes synge withyn thy house,
Whyle our lyfe dayes indure.

Ieremie. ix.

I Syng this as, I am the man whome God. &c.

O Who wyll geue my head,
Of water perfecte store:
And to mine eyes a wel of teares
To flow for euer more?

So should myne outward acte
Expresse myne inwarde payne,
To wepe and wayle both nyght and day,
My people that are slayne.

Would God I had elswhere
A cottage in some place,

That

That from the people I myght be
A farre diſtance and ſpace.

That I myght leaue my folke
And be from their reſorte,
Adulterers becauſe they be
And eke a ſhrynkyng ſorte.

Lyke bowes they bende their tongues,
Wherwith they ſhoote out lyes:
And grow on earth, for why the worlde
Doth alwayes truthe deſpyſe.

From wickednes they goe
To wickednes agayne,
And wyll not knowe me ſayth the lorde,
Nor in my lawes remayne:

One from an other nowe
Abſtayn and ſhurniſh muſte:
For no man in his brother may
With laſtie put his truſte.

Men doe their brethern ſeke,
To wrong and vnder mynde:
Diſembling ſtyll they practiſe guyle,
No truthe in them I fynde.

Their tongues they exercyſe,
To lye and eke to layne:
And miſchiefe ſo they may commyt,
They force not for great payne.

Why doe I then remayne,
In this deſpitfull thꝛong?
Whiche doe diſſemble, and nought eis
But falſhod them among.

They wyll not knowe the lorde,
But wander ſtyll awꝛy:
Therfoꝛe thus ſayth the lorde of hoſtes,
I wyll them meſe and try.

Foꝛ what ſhould eis be done
To ſuche a people vyle:
Whoſe tongues are like to arowes ſharps,
To vtter fraude and guyle.

Foꝛ with their mouthes they ſpeake,
As though they ment but peace:
To hurte their neyghbour pꝛiuily
Yet wyll they neuer ceaſe.

Should I not punyſh them
Foꝛ this thyng (ſayeth the lorde)
Oꝛ ſhould not I auenged be
Of people ſo abhoꝛde?

I ſhall them cauſe therfoꝛe
On mountaynes to lament:
The deſertes and the pleſant playnes
To mourning ſhall be bent.

Foꝛ burned ſhall they be,
Their cattell and their ſtoꝛe:
Of byꝛde oꝛ beaſte there ſhall no voyce
Be heard there any moꝛe.

Ieremie. 17.

CSyng this as, The first of Matheus if ye reade. &c.

O Lorde I shall be whole in dede,
If I be healed of the:
If thou witsake nowe me to saue,
Then shall I saued be.

Thou arte my prayer and my mayle,
I haue none other forte:
To geue thee thankes for all my helpe,
To the I must resorte.

Beholde those men that say to me
In mockage and in scorne,
Where is the worde of God say they?
Let it come vs before.

Though not withstanding when I led,
Thy flocke in godly trayne,
Into thy wayes by violence
I did them not constrayne.

Ne yet the death of any man,
I neuer dyd desier,
Thou knowste right wel that before thee
My tongue was not a lyer.

Be not to me to terrible
O lorde, but me refrayne:
For thou arte he in whom I hope
In perill and in payne.

Con-

Confound me not, but confound thē
That doe my lyfe pursue:
Nor feare me not, but make thou them
To feare and eke to rue.

And powre on thē their painful plague
When thou shalt see the tyme,
And them destroye that haue thee done
So detestable cryme.

Ieremie.xxxi.

¶ Syng this as On tabrets to the Lorde.&c.

4 O Lorde thou hast corrected me
For my sinfull lyuyng,
Though I did as a calf vntame
Receyue thy chastening.

Conuert me from my sinne, and so
Shall I conuerted be:
Thou art my God and only Lorde,
And others none but thee.

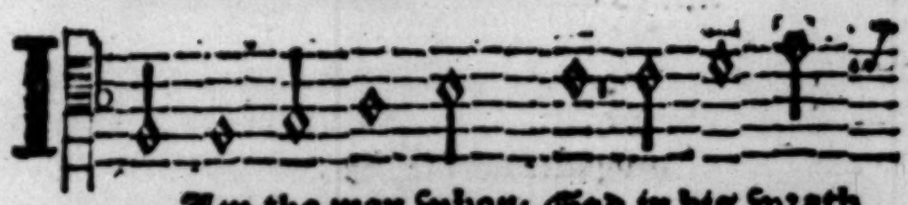
So sone as thou hast turned me
From sinne, I shall returne:
Before whiche tyme I haue no powre
My selfe for to reforme.

Which when thou madest me perceiue
And vnderstande the same:
I smote my selfe vpon my thyghe
In my great zeale and shame.

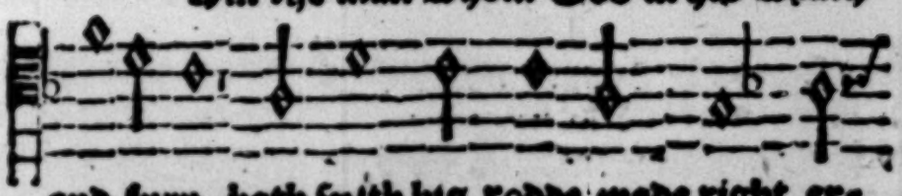
For

For shamfull thinges sure haue I done
Oh let my youth therfore
Confounded be, with his reproofe:
For nowe I them abhorre.

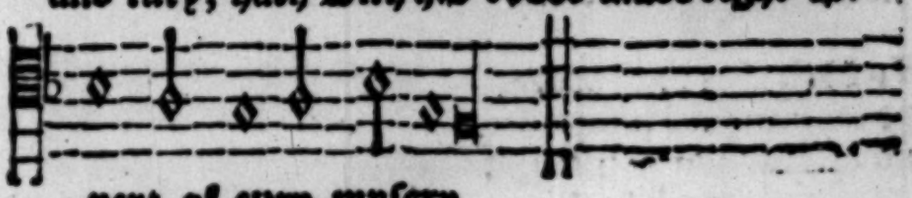
Out of the thirde chapiter of Jeremies lamentations.



I am the man whom God in his wrath



and fury, hath with his rodde made right ex-



pert, of eury mysery.

He droue and led me forth,
In darknes to endure:
But as for lyght I myght none see,
So sweare my wayes obscure.

He only agaynst me
Doth turne his hande and powre,
And laith the paine vpon me styll
At eury tyme and howre.

My flesh and skyn ware olde,
My bones are bruſed all:
He buylded round, and cloſde me in,
With traucll and with galle.

In darknes he me ſette
As dead for euer more,
He hedgd me in and fetterd me
With heauy linkes and fore.

With clamors pitiouſly
Though I to hym did call,
My prayer and my painfull playnt
He heareth not at all.

My wayes he ſtopped vp
With ſtones of cubike forme:
My pathes are made ſo crokedly,
I not where me to torne.

As doth the cruell beare,
Lye wayting for his praye,
And as the lyon in his hole
To take me in my waye.

He marred hath my wayes,
In peces he me brake:
He altogether layde me waſte,
And brought me all to wrake.

And when he bente his bowe,
He made his marke of me:
The arrowes of his quiuer lo
Into my raynes ſhot he.

I lath-

I laughed am:o ſcoꝛne,
Of people in the thꝛong:
They make deridyng ſonges of me,
And mocke me all day long.

Ye fylde my hungry ſoule,
With bale and bitterneſ:
And woꝛmwod was my dꝛynke alſo
In my great thꝛyſtynes.

In peces weare my tethe,
In duſt he did me roule.
All good thynges then I cleane foꝛgot,
No reſte had my pooꝛe ſoule.

Then in myndé I thought
My ſelfe vndone to be:
Foꝛ in the loꝛde I ſee quod I
There is no helpe foꝛ me.

O yet remember then
My miſery and wo,
The woꝛmwod and the bitter gall
And my troubles alſo.

Yea ſome remembraunce
I truſte and hope thou haſt:
Foꝛ why my ſoule within me loꝛde
Doth melte away and waſte.

Whyle I dyd theſe thyngꝛes thus
Conſyder in my harte,
I gat ſome houlde of hope agayne
That was ſo long aparte:

How

Howe thy mercies oh lorde
Are not gone clene awaye
And howe thy louyng kyndnes doth
Not ceasse from vs for aye.

Thy faythfulnes is great,
And euer doth renewe:
As after the most darkest nyght,
The mornyng doth ensue.

The lorde quod my soule tho,
He is my portion:
Therfore my faythe and perfect hope
Is fixte on hym alone.

O howe good is the lorde
To them that in hym truste?
And to the soule that seketh hym
With feruent mynde and luste?

Lo then howe good it is
Upon the Lorde to staye,
And tary for his sauyng health,
With stilnes daye by daye.

Howe good is it for man,
His yoke on hym to take:
And from his youth by weare the same,
Whiche wyll hym perfect make?

Suche one alone wyll syt
And holde hym selfe ryght styll:
Who by hym selfe wyll euer dwell,
And quiet be from ill.

Hym

Hym ſelfe he doth proſtrate,
To harke for hope with loue,
And offreth ſtyll his cheke, to them
That ſmyte or wyll reproue.

In hope thus wyll he reſte,
And purely ſtyll perſeuer:
For god the lorde wyll not forſake
His choſen flock for euer.

But though he ſeme ſomtyme
To ceaſe of for a ſpace:
By multitude of mercies he
Receaues agayne to grace.

He ſuffreth ſonnes of men
Not from his harte to fleete,
Nor all the prſners on the earth
He treades not vnder feete.

He doth not iudgment geue
By mans deſertes in ſyght:
And to condemne man in his cauſe,
The lorde hath no delyght.

What kynde of man is he,
How mad is ſuche a one,
Without the lordes commaundments
That ſayth ought may be done?

Out of the holy mouth
Of God the lorde moſte hye,
Both ill and good doth not proceede.
What man can this denye?

Why doth the lyuyng man
Then grudge and murmur so?
At his owne sinne let him repyne
And so commit no mo.

Behold we our owne wayes,
And eke bethynke vs well,
And turne agayne vnto the lorde,
From whom we did rebell.

To heauen let vs lyfte
Our heartes and handes on hye:
And to the Lorde that there in is,
On this wyse let vs crye.

Dissemblers haue we bene
And did thee sore offende:
O lorde let vs intreat thee yet,
That thy wrath now: may ende.

We bid are in thy wrath
And persecutyng payne,
Without all fauor and regard,
O lorde thou hast vs slayne.

For in a cloude from vs
Thy selfe thou hydest so,
That through the thicknes of the same
Our prayers can not go.

For outcastes are we nowe,
The heathen vs despyse:
Our enmies all on vs they gape,
And mocke in sondry wyse.

And subiectes are we made,
To feare and to the snare:
Destruction on vs is come,
And we despyled are.

Whole ryuers from myne eyes
Of teares doe styll increase,
My peoples hurte doth cause myne eyes
From weppyng not to cease.

For why there is no reste,
O lorde consider this:
O when wylt thou from heauen loke,
And mende that is amys?

Myne eyes haue causde my hearte
Insonder for to ryue:
The daughters of my citie made,
My woo so to reuyue.

As foulers seke to haue
The byrdes within their pawes
Myne enmies sharply hunted me
And that without a cause.

Into a pit moste depe
My lyfe put downe they haue,
Because I should not ryse they layde
A stone vpon my graue.

They powred water theis
Upon my head also:
Nowe am I quyte and clene vndone
To my selfe thoughte I tho.

Yet from this pit profounde
I called to the lorde,
Whiche heard my playnt & pitcous crie,
And hath my lyfe restorde.

When I did syghe and crie,
And for redemption praye,
Thou heardst my voyce, and turnedst not
Thyne eares from me away.

Thy selfe thou didst inclyne,
Thy name when I dyd call:
And vnto me thus hast thou sayde,
Haue thou no feare at all.

For thou O lorde arte he
That dyd my soule mayntayne,
And hast from death redemed me
And gavst me lyfe agayne.

O lorde auenge my cause
On them that me blaspheme:
Thou knowst how thei would worke me
Against me what they meane. (woe

Thou knowest lorde their spyghte,
And all that they inuent
Against me what their lyps deuyse,
And their moste vyle intent.

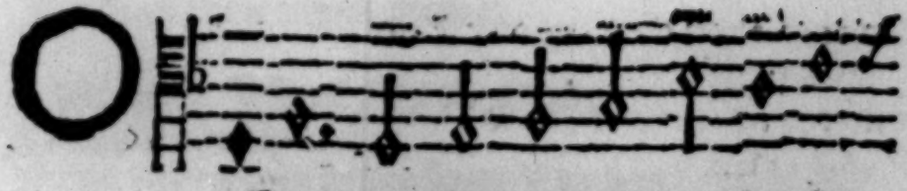
Howe they syt downe and ryse
O lorde thou doest beholde
And how all day in songes on me,
They nothyng els but scoulde.

Arose

Accoꝛding to their wꝛokes,
Their reꝛwarde them diſburſe:
And geue them that their harts doe feare
That is to ſaye thy curſe.

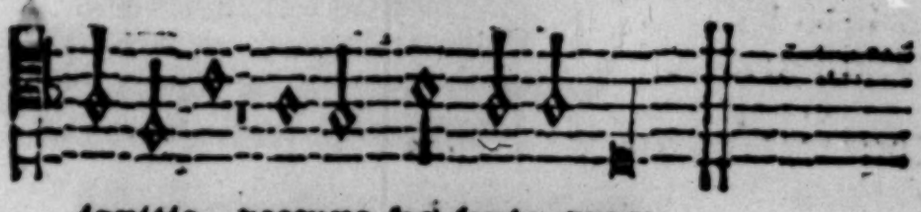
O loꝛde perſecute them
With indignation,
From vnder heauen roote them out,
And leaue of them not one.

Oſeas. xiiii.



Loꝛd our God we turne to the, thy

woꝛd we doe embꝛace: Foꝛgeue vs our in=



iquitie receyue vs vnto grace.

To offer then in Godly wyſe
Shall be our whole intent:

Our lyps the lyuely sacrifice
Of prayse shall the present.

To man for helpe and fortitude
We wyll not seke therfore,
And strength of horse we wyll conclude
To trust in them no more.

The workes eke that our handes dyd
That vayn are & must fall, (make
We doe determine to forsake
No more on them to call.

For it is thou that art our God
And euer shalt remayne:
For mercy at thy fatherhod
The fatherles attayne.

O that they would haue this remorse
(Sayth God) and them conuert:
I would them heale of all their sores,
And loue them with mine hearte.

My wrath I would from thē decline,
To them that I may be
As dew doth make the lyly shyne,
So beutifull to se.

Their roote lyke vnto Libanus
Shall breake out of the ground,
And as the olyfe bewtious
Their branches shall abound.

As Libanus so excellent
Theyr swetnes shall excell:
Wherof (as all men doe assent)
Ryght plesant is the smell.

For as the corne vnder that tree
Doth floryshe well and growe:
So are they shadowed by me
From hurte and ouerthrowe.

And as the growyng of the vyne,
So shall they spryng in dede:
Of Libanus as doth the wyne,
So shall their name excede.

Propose I wyll this thee vnto
O Ephraim therfore:
From henceforth what haue I to doe
With Idols any more?

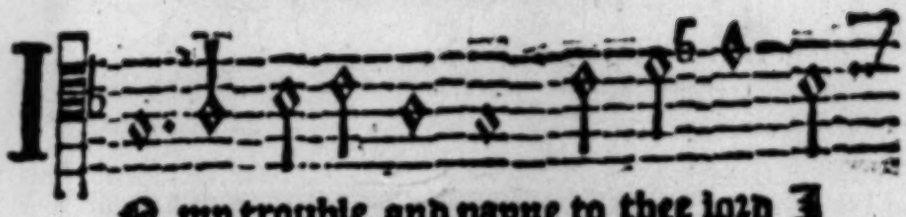
I wyll thee heare and geue thee grace
And leade thee forth aryght:
And I wyll be to thee lyke as
The grene fyrre tree in syghte.

On me set thy foundation,
Whiche am to the so kynde:
Thy lyvly frutes then evry one
Upon me shalt thou fynde.

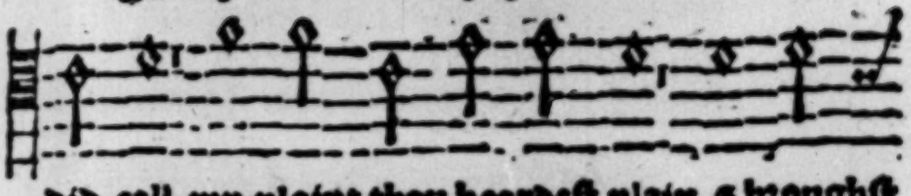
This vnderstand the godlywyse
That repe for this rewarde:
The ryght instruct wyll exercyse
The same with good regarde.

The lorde his wayes be iuſt and ryght
The godly walke the ſame:
The wycked folke doe ſtumble quyte.
And fall out of the frame.

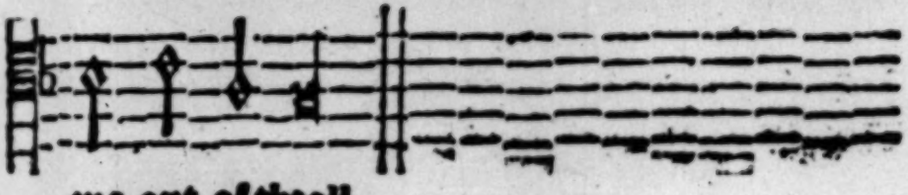
Ionas. Cap. ii.



In my trouble and payne to thee lord I



did call, my plaint thou heardeſt plain, & brought



me out of thrall.

Out of the wombe of hell
To the when I did crye,
My voyce thou heardeſt well,
And holpe me louyngly.

Thou threwſt me downe as dead
Full depe into the ſea,
And made about my head
The floudes to compas me.

The

The water waues in haste
Went ouer me with myght:
I thought I had ben cast
Away out of thy syght.

But yet agayne shall I
Go to thy holy place:
Whiche is thy churche holy,
And thanke therfore thy grace.

In depnes where I laye,
The water sude my lyfe:
The wedes were wrapte alway
About my head with stryfe.

Into the helles depnes,
Descendyng did perseuer,
In wo and great distresse
Barde in with earth for euer.

But thou oh God my lorde,
Hast brough my lyfe agayne,
And hast my soule restorde,
From corruptible payne.

When that my soule did faint
Upon the lorde I thought,
My prayer and my playnt,
Was to thy temple brought.

Therfore they that delyght
In vanitie so vayne,
Forsake his helpe and myght
That mercy doth retayne.

But I wyll prayse and paye
That I hym vowed haue:
And thanke the lorde alwaye,
That did me helpe and saue.

¶ A consideration of the vnryghteousnes of the vayne & miserable world.

¶ Syng this as, Of Ielousy who so wyll heare.

DIrectly who so nowe wyl walke
In pathes of plain & perfect way:
whose hartes & mouthes together
Not glosing by deceit astray. (talke

That flatter none for mede nor loue,
Nor ruled by affection,
Nor wyll for worldly glory moue,
Nor yet for brybes infection.

Such mē had nede their countes to cast
In what maner to thriue and gayne:
For here let them be sure and fast,
No frendshyp doth for suche remayne.

Requisitly they doe regarde
The ioyes layde vp in lyfe to come:
And that is only the rewarde,
Wheron their mynde is all and summe.

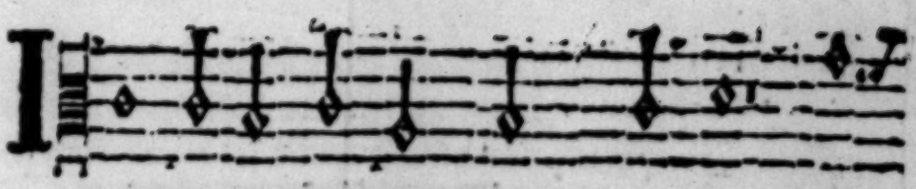
Wherfore we may with truthe cōclude,
That suche as loue this worldly pelfe,

From

From heauen doe them selues seclude:
As doth that wretch who kylles him self.

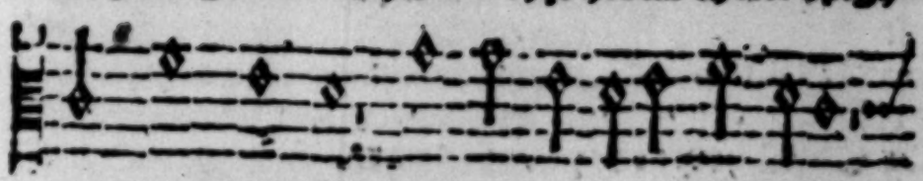
And those agayne that doe despyse
These mundane gaudes, as vyle & vayne:
May well be called godly wyse,
For heauens blysse they shall obtayne.

¶ A ditie of lamentation against the dissemblyng and hipocriticall false dealynge, vsed of moste folke in these dayes: that is to saye, holy and honest talke, myxed with wicked and vicious dedes.



N sommer time when flowrs gan spryng, and

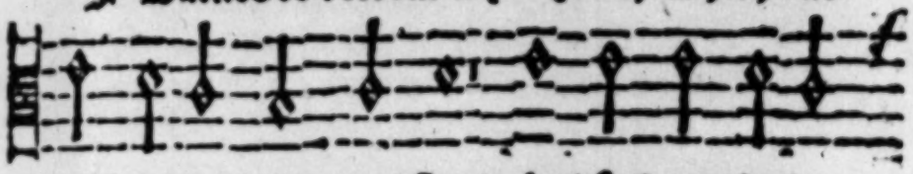
evry bough bent to his kind, Phebus shone bright



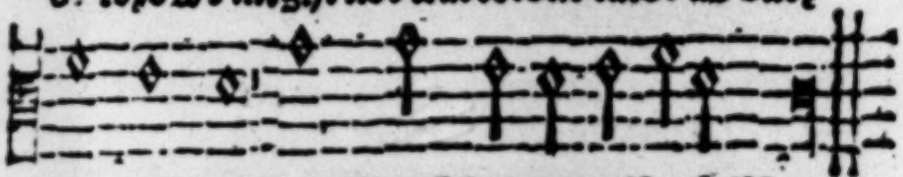
the birdes did sing, as natures order hath assignde

I wal=

I walked to recreat my mynde, whiche out



of ſorowe might not ſtarte: but laide as duty



did me bind, lord Chriſt helpe every wofull hart.

My wittes were toſſed to and fro,
That truthe is preached ſincerly,
Yet wycked lyuers neuer mo
Were in this worlde ryght likarly:
Wherfore I wepte full bitterly,
None but God only knew my ſmarte:
Whiche me conſtrayned lowd to cry,
Lorde Chriſt helpe every wofull harte.

None doth in his vocation walke,
But eche eſtate wandreth awry:
Yet haue the moſte part godly talke,
And commit deedes cleane contrary.
Thus walke they in hypocriſie,
In well doyng none doth his part:
Wherfore I cryde ryght hartily
Lorde Chriſt helpe every wofull hart.

The man that is moſt couetyſe
Wyll talke moſt againſt wrongful gayne,
Thinkyng by ſpeakyng in ſuche wyſe
His ſubtill purpoſe to obtayne:
As though perfection did remayne
In flatt'ring tongues & myndes peruert.
This cauſeo me to crye agayne,
Lorde Chriſte helpe euery wofull heart

Howe doth the ryche oppreſſe the poore?
Punyſhing them that therof teil?
Howe doth the wolfe the lambe deuoure?
And enuy in his venym ſwell?
Howe falſly doe men buye and ſell?
To ſpeake of this it is my part:
For ſure theſe frutes came out of hell,
Lord Chriſt helpe euery wofull heart.

In dronkenes they haue no pere
That conterfet moſte ſobernes,
Their talke is often chaſte and clere
That moſte frequent laſciuiouſnes,
Whordom, adultrye, and exceſſe:
And none can cauſe them to conuert,
Wherfore I crye in heauines,
Lord Chriſt helpe euery wofull heart.

Who reigneth nowe but pryde alone?
Eche man in his owne ſight is wyſe,
And graue councell regardeth none:
But rather doth doctrine deſpyſe.
Diſſimulation and lewde lyes
Is nowe excepted as an arte:
Whiche made me crye out in this wyſe,
Lord Chriſt helpe euery wofull hart.

Suche are moſt wyſe and honeſt nowe,
As ſoneſt can their friendes beguyle:
Suche doth the moſt ſorte beſt alowe,
Whoſe talke is fayre & dedes moſt vyle,
Simplicitie is in exyle,
And as for truthe can make no marte:
Which made me morne & crie this whyle,
Lorde Chriſt helpe evry wofull harte.

Gods worde both to and fro is toſte,
As men doe with a tenis ball,
And wreſted from pyller to poſte,
To ſerue mens tourne for ſinne and all:
But fewe from wickednes doe fall,
In godlynes to doe their parte:
Wherfore thus crie I euer ſhall,
Lorde Chriſte helpe evry wofull hearte.

Of wexe they make ſcripture a noſe,
To turne and wryng it evry waye,
With many a falſe and filthy gloſe:
Suche as by errors walke aſtraye
The ſame doe wrythe ſoules to betraye,
And from the truthe doe them peruerte:
Wherfore I ſhall crye day by daye
Lord Chriſt helpe evry wofull hearte.

No error ſynce Chriſte did aſcend,
But nowe it ſtarteth ſtoutly forth:
The ſeamles coate of Chriſte is rend,
And vnitie is nothing worth:
Wherfore plentie is tournd to dearth,
And many plagues ſhall make vs ſmart:
Wherfore my crie ſtyll forward goeth,
Lorde Chriſte helpe evry wofull heart.

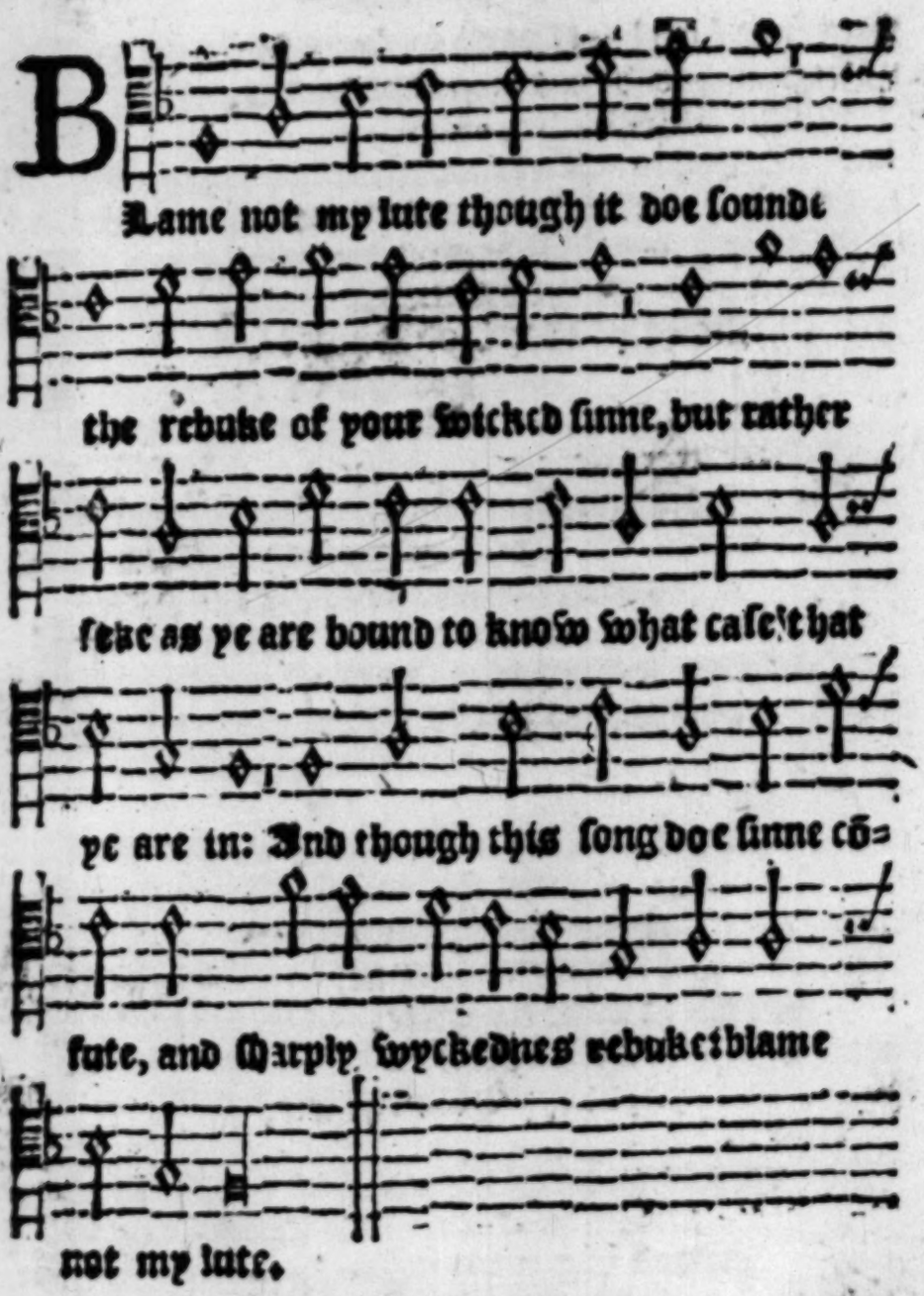
But sure such hartes as here haue wo,
And in this worlde doe mone and morne,
The lorde Christe hath promysed so,
That they shall lope his face beforne:
When suche as here derydc and scorne
Shall suffer sorowe for their parte:
Which lewdly haue them selues forlorne,
Lorde Christe helpe every wofull hearte.

Wo be to you that here reioyce,
Ye shall hereafter wepe and wayle:
For that ye would not heare the voyce
Of Gods worde for your owne auayle.
Which (although heauē & earth doe faile)
Shall styll remayne and byde in quarte:
Wherfore my voyce shall neuer fayle,
Lord Christ helpe every wofull harte

For all the byrdes with mery songe,
And the bryght shyning of the sonne
And pleasant floures I went among,
Frō wo my hearte myght not be wonne:
To see what worldly men had done:
For all doe ryde in sinne his carte.
Wherfore I ende as I begonne
Lorde Christe helpe every wofull hearte,
Amen.

¶ A ditte named blame not my lute whiche vnder that title toucheth, replieth, and rebuketh, the wycked state and enormities of most people, in these present miserable dayes.

Blame


Blame not my lute though it doe sounde
the rebuke of your wicked sinne, but rather
seke as ye are bound to know what case that
ye are in: And though this song doe sinne cō=
fute, and sharply wyckednes rebuke: blame
not my lute.

My lute and I sythe truth we tell,
(Meanyng no good man to offende)
Me thynke of ryght none should refell

The godlynes that we intend:
But muche rather if they haue grace,
They will our good counsell imbrace.
Then blame my lute.

Although my lute with sentence playn
Rebuke all suche as fayne and glose,
With flatterers and lyces vayne,
That truthe to falshod can transpose:
Ye though we sharply speake and syng
Against false and craftie wynnyng,
Blame not my lute.

And if my lute sound in your eare
The priuy hate and lacke of loue,
And howe ye should sclander forbeare,
Syth gods word doth ill tōgues reprouet
Though as saint James we doe expresse
The same, a worlde of wickednes:
Blame not my lute.

Though my lute doe expres and showe
That prayer and holy fasting,
Is turned nowe with hyghe and lowe
To vncleane talke and banqueting:
Although we saye that chastitie
Be gone, and in place lecherie.
Blame not my lute.

Though with their own fewe be cōtent,
Chastly to lyue with one good make:
But rather the moste part be bent
Their constant vowe for to forsake:
Though some in Sodom rather byde,

Then honest mariage to prouide.
Blame not my lute.

If my lute blame the couetyse,
The glottons, and the drunkards vyle,
The proud dysdayne of worldly wyse,
And howe falshod doth truth exyle:
Though vyce and sinne be nowe in place,
In sted of vertue and of grace.
Blame not my lute.

Though wrong in iustice place be set,
Committing great iniquitie:
Though hipocrites be counted great,
That mainteine styll idolatrie:
Though some set more by thynges of nought,
Then by the lorde that all hath wrought.
Blame not my lute.

Although eche man finde faulte with other,
And no man will him selfe acuse,
But eche man blameth his brother:
Though he him selfe as great faulte vse.
Though we see none their owne fault fynde,
Nor call repentance vnto mynde.
Blame not my lute.

Though my lute say that suche as preache
And should men leade in wayes directe
Doe lyue amys, though truth they teache,
Whiche causeth truth to be suspect,
Though my lute say suche cause offence
Through their great slouth and negligence.
Blame not my lute.

Though

Though some gods worde doe still despyse,
For beggerly traditions:
Aduancing highly fayned lyes
Of mens imaginations.
Although my lute doe suche accuse,
As by errors gods worde abuse,
Blame not my lute.

Although we see the clergie slack,
Wrong wayes by ryght for to redres:
Though some also goe rather back,
Then procede forth in righteousnes:
Although we saye that auarice
Doth stop the mouthe, and choke the wyse.
Blame not my lute.

Though offendors be borne withall,
Although the wolues in corners lurke
That haue and will the lambes make thrall,
And daily doe their false feates worke.
Though whispryng treason in the eare
Burst out somtyme without all feare.
Blame not my lute.

Though some also abuse the lute
With sinfull songes of lechery:
Though some goe forth as beastes brute,
In false treason and trechery:
Though at eche sermon we may see
Gods holy worde scorned to be.
Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute I you desyre,
But blame the cause that we thus playe:

For burnyng heate blame not the fyre,
But hym that bloweth the cole alway.
Blame ye the cause blame ye not vs,
That we mes faultes haue touched thus
Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute, nor blame not me,
Although it sound against your sinne:
But rather seeke for to be free,
From suche abuse as ye are in.
Although we warne you to repent:
Whiche grant you God omnipotent.
Blame not my lute.

¶ A song of the lute in the prayse of God, and dispraise of Idolatrie.

¶ Syng this as, My pen obey. &c.

My lute awake and prayse the lord,
My heart and hãdes therto accord:
Agreing as we haue begon,
To syng out of gods holy worde.
And so proceede tyll we haue done.

Prayse we the lord in this our song,
And syng it Christen men among,
That in a godly race doe ronne:
The whiche although it be not long,
Shall be right good or it be donne.

This plesant song shall not song be,
To the goddesse of lechery:

Nor

Nor to nothyng vnder the Sunne,
But prayſing of the almyghty,
My lute and I tyll we haue done.

This teacheth vs Dauid the kyng,
With harpe and lute geue God prayſyng,
All men that in this worlde doe wonne
To God therfore geue prayſe and fynge,
As my lute and I haue begonne.

This lord firſt made al thyngs of nought,
And when againſt his lawe we wrought
From heauen he ſent downe his ſonne:
Whiche with his goſpell vs all taught,
After the whiche we haue not donne.

Although in man weare nothyng good
Hym to redeme Chriſt ſhed his blood,
With thornes & Iuis our lord did crowne,
He ſuffred death vpon the roode:
Lo thus our ſauyng health was donne.

On this therfore we fix our fayth,
That Ieſus Chriſt (as ſcriptur ſayth)
Is only our ſaluation.
Vpon this rocke who ſo him ſtayth,
Thus ſayth the lord it is well don.

But one thing ſore my harte doth greue
That hipocrites made vs beleue
In Idols both of wodde and ſtone:
From Chriſt our rock they did vs driue,
Wo be to them what haue they done.

Whiche canker still within their heartes,
Doth yet remayne and fewe conuertes:
For at gods worde they frete and frown,
Therfore my lute it is our partes
Them to rebuke as we haue done.

God sent his worde vnto this ende,
That we our synfull lyues should mende:
And yet repenteth fewe or none:
My lute therfore let vs intende
To say the truthe tyll we haue done.

If in our songe we should recyte,
Howe eche estate doth not vpright:
(Whiche will be their confusion,)
Whiche knowe the truthe and do not ryght.
My lute when should our song be done.

But to be short my hartes intent,
Is to prayse God omnipotent,
Whoe of our heith the thyrd hath synne,
And hath his worde to vs nowe sent,
To mende our lyues tyll we haue done.

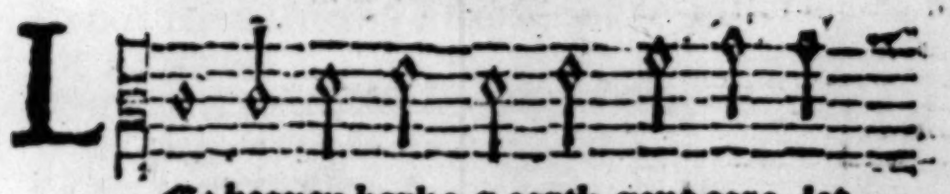
Mans soule to saue Thrist died therfore,
Who of vs men doth alke no more:
But this lesson to lerne and conne,
With loue to kepe his holy lore:
In whiche all perfect workes are donne.

Lorde graunt vs to thy worde to cleaue,
That no man other doe deceaue:
And in that state that I begunne,

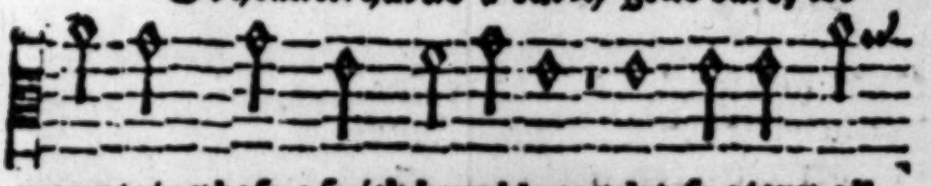
Landing

Lauding our lorde God here I leaue,
Be styll my lute my song is done.

¶ A ditie shewyng the office of all estates: warnyng them to repent, & walke euery estate accordyng to their callyng.

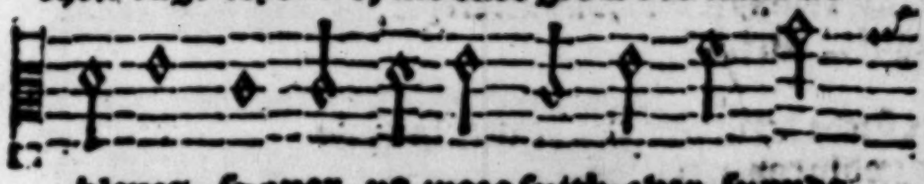


LEt heauen harke & earth geue eare, let

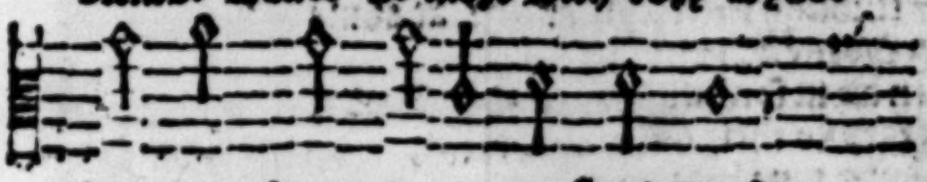


mountains bowe with humblenes; let waters all

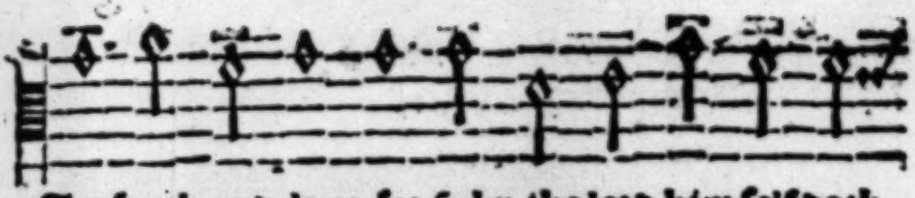
their rage forbeare, and once growe to some sta=



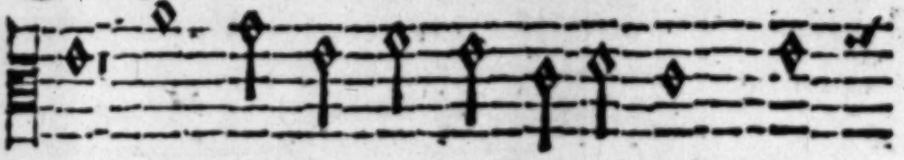
blenes. wauer no more with eury wynde



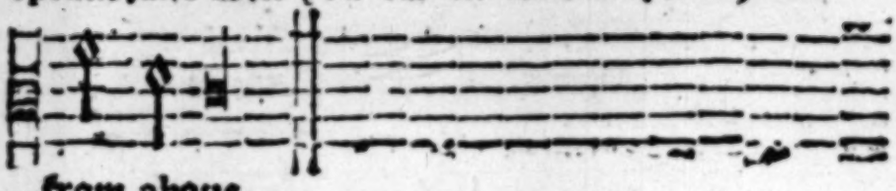
but once cleaue to a constant mynde,



In fayth and loue, for why the lord him ſelf doth



ſpeake, and will you eis in ſonder breake, euen



from aboue.

Let not god ſpeake now to deafe eares,
Nor vnto hartes made of flynt ſtone:
But rather with repentant teares
Bewayle your ſynnes now euery one.
And let a godly lyfe all newe
Shew forth frutes of repentance true,
And them expreſſe.
That from henceforth in ſuch new lyfe,
We may remayn without all ſtryfe,
In rightcouſnes.

Let ſuche as ſhewe the heauenly muſe
Haue godly converſation,
Leaſt through their vyle and great abuſe
They worke abhomination:
When as in ſynfull wayes they walke,
Contrary to their outwarde talke,
And gods true worde.

For

For who that sclandreth so the truthe,
Their myrth shall turne to wo and ruthe
Before the lorde.

Let kynges that mountains syghtie,
In iustice doe styll their due part:
Supporte no more iniquitie,
Nor maintcyne suche as are peruart.
Be that henceforth with all your myght
Ye put downe wrong & maintcine right.
Or els surely
The lord God whiche is kyng of all,
Your glory turne to shame he shall
Woske ryghtcously.

Let nowe the wauerynge multitude,
That signifyd is by the sea,
Oh let I saye this rable rude
Still henceforth cleaue to constancie.
And not them selues as waters showe,
Unstable for to ebbe and flowe:
But styll depende,
Upon the churche to lerne their due,
And serue their kyng & harts most true,
Euen styll an ende.

Let not the churche be temporall,
Let not rulers be rude and vayne:
Let no man from his calling fall,
But eche man in his state remayne:
Let not the common people deale
With matters highe of common weale.
For why I saye,
If one anothers callyng vse,

All equitie they doo refuse
From day to daye.

Let all men nowe repent therfore,
And leaue theyr synne without delay,
And henceforth vse the same no more:
Leaſt by theyr goyng thus aſtray,
Gods wrathe in haſt they doo procure:
For this theyr doyngs ſo vnpure
In ſynfull trade.
Knowe that the Lorde his mercy ſkyll,
Dothe offer all with ryght good wyll,
That he hath made.

Let men whyle mercy then doothe laſt,
Haue mynde of this theyr onely meane,
Abhorre theyr yll lyfe that is paſt:
Lyftyng their eyes vp into heauen.
Lokyng from thence for theyr reliefe:
Whiche is a ſaiue for all our griefe,
Swete Chriſte Jeſu.
Your hartes and eares I ſay attend,
That you to dyſſe without all end,
Way hence inſue.

A Ditie declaringe the daungerous abuſe of all degrees, whyche go aſtraye from theyr vocation.

Performe O penne I thee deſyre,
The thyng that we dyd late deuyſe:
Blowe to this cole, kyndle thys fyre:
That ſuche may knowe as truth deſpiſe
That

That darkneſs ſhall no more them hyde:
No ſecrete place ſhall they prouyde
To couer guyle:
For now the lyght ſhall them bewray,
That ſecretly haue gone aſtray,
Fryght long whyle.

Suche Princes as the poore oppreſſe,
Vnder title of gouernance,
And wyll no poore mans cauſe redreſſe,
But all theyr ioye and hyne paſtance,
Is how we with craft in couerture,
They may in theyr yll wayes indure,
And ſtyll remayne.
It ſhall appeare at the laſte day,
That they haue wrongly gone aſtray,
Vnto theyr payne.

Suche prelates as for lythy gayne,
With errors doo mens ſoules deſtroy,
And on theyr flock lyke lordes wyll raigne,
Wherin Gods woorde they doo anoy:
The fleece to take is all theyr care,
And for the ſoule no foode prepare,
But venym vyle.
Suche prelates ſhall once know, I ſay,
That they haue ſaſely gone aſtray
With fraude and guyle.

Suche men of lawe as wyll for golde
Make thynges ſeme right the which ar wrong
And wyll for gayne with falſhode hold,
And eke delaye the tyme to long:
Suche as in Iudgement wreſt the lawe,

And

And wrongly doe the sentence drawe:
Wrong to supporte.
Poore innocentes for to betraye,
For brybes they goe from ryght astraye,
In wicked sorte.

Suche marchantes as are not content,
With right and reason for to wynne,
But daily doe false fraude inuent,
To gayne by wickednes and synne,
Unlawfull gayne, and vsury,
And counterfetyng wyckedly
Muche marchandyse,
In hell they shall once fele I saye,
Howe they by fraude haue gone astraye.
In vniust wyse.

Suche leches as wyckedly vse
Medicines arte, but not aryght.
But fasly doe the same abuse,
And to that arte doth wrong and spyght:
They rob and murder where they go.
From place to place, workyng muche wo
Without cunnyng,
The Diuell shall them fetche away,
By suche deceyte that goe astraye,
With false wynnyng.

Suche as in any kynde of arte
Doe worke both slyghtly and vnsure,
For to deceyue with a false harte
His neighbour, by his worke vnpure:
slightly they worke and all for haste,
wherin this day is wrong and waste:
Yea hatefull wrong.

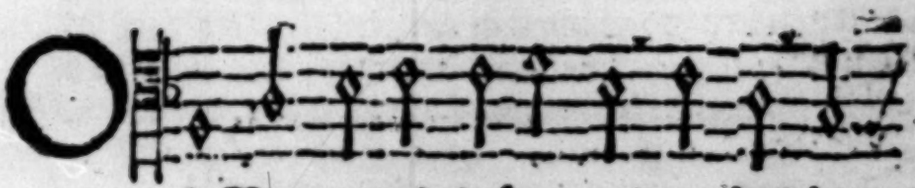
Syth

Syth now ther is no faith nor lay
But all from truth are gone astray,
Wo be our longe.

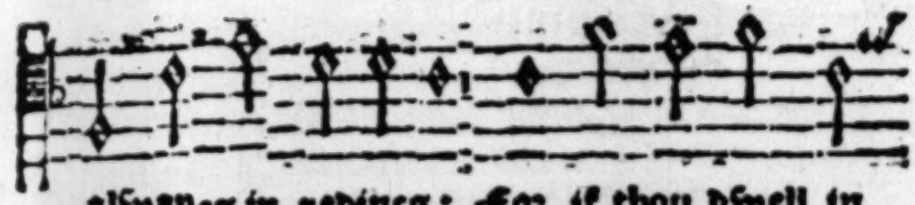
Suche as breake vnitie and loue,
Suche as by couetyse contende,
Such as wyll sweare & great othes moue
Suche as on whordom doe depende,
Suche as in pryde doe leade their lyfe,
Suche as by wrath doe lyue in stryfe,
And great debate:
Satan with suche must make afraye,
For their walkyng so farre astraye,
Whiche god doth hate.

God for his mercie graunt therfore,
That men may nowe repent their ill,
And that they may their synnes abhorre,
Wherin they walked with their wyll:
It is hyghe tyme for to redres,
And to absteyne from wyckednes,
For feare of payne.
And for Gods mercy call and praye,
That we through grace frō this our fray
Come home agayne.

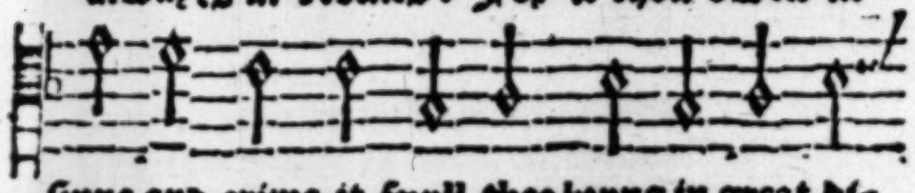
¶ A voyce from heauen to you shall come, *Venite ad iudicium.*



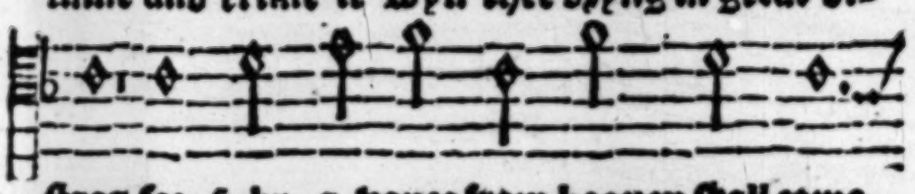
Man amend defer no tyme but be



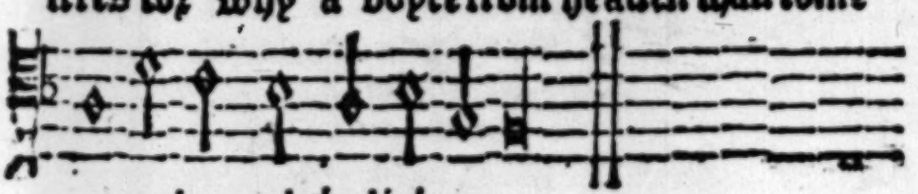
alwayes in redines: For if thou dwell in



sinne and crime it wyll thee bryng in great di=



stres for why a voyce from heauen shall come



venite ad iudicium.

Then blessed shall that seruant be
Whom God shall fynde in perfect mynde,
To doe his due in eche degree:
For great reward then shall he fynde.
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

Contrary wyse the seruant yll,
That walked in offences great,
Contrary to his maisters wyll,
With many strypes he shalbe beate:
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

For

For God shall come ryght soderyly
In the mydst of your wyckednes,
When you thynke least appeare wyll he:
From whose face none can you release.
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

Eche lorde and lady, kyng and quene,
Before that lorde muste bowe theyr knee:
And then shall theyr reward be sene,
Lyke as their dedes and lyfe hath bee.
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

What shall anayle you then your pryde,
your worthy pompe and dignitie:
Your ryches then must stande asyde,
And not helpe your necessitie.
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

The shynyng face of God the Lorde,
Your stony hearts shall then appall:
Because that ye so muche abhorde,
Hys preceptes euangelicall.
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

Then shall ye say, Wo worthe the tyme,
Your lawes agaynst the Lorde of blis,
That you made in despyte of hym,
And all that hys true members is:
When that a voyce from heauen shall come,
Venite ad iudicium.

And

And you shall gnashe your tethe and saye,
Lo those whom we did hate and mocke:
We see them sytte in quiet staye,
Weyng the lordes elected flocke.
For nowe a voyce from heauen is come,
Venite ad iudicium.

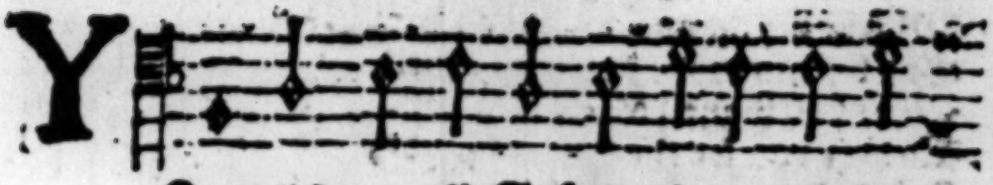
And we lyke fooles haue erred styll,
Our worldly wyt is nowe all spent:
To plead our cause we haue no skyll,
Before the lorde omnipotent:
For nowe a voyce from heauen is come,
Venite ad iudicium.

The sonne of wisdom and of lyght,
Of vnderstanding, and of grace,
Did geue to vs no kynde of lyght:
We are vndone alas alas.
For nowe a voyce from heauen is come,
Venite ad iudicium.

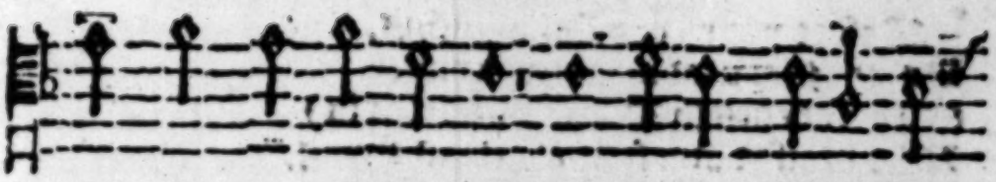
In payns of hell thus shall they crye
That nowe doe Christ his flocke oppresse,
Tormented styll eternally
With diuels for their wyckednes:
When that a voyce from heauē shal come,
Venite ad iudicium.

Therfore let vs defer no tyme,
But be alwayes in readynes:
That we may all to heauen clyme,
With Christ the kyng of ryghteousnes:
When that a voyce frō heauen shal come,
Venite ad iudicium.

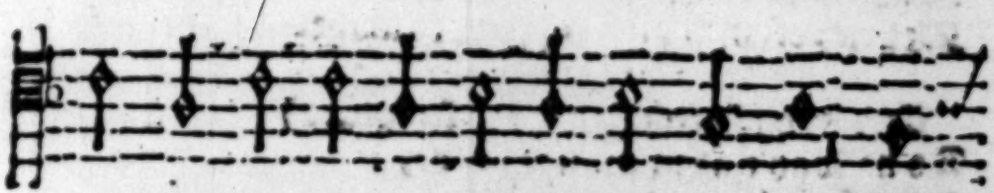
¶ Against pryde.



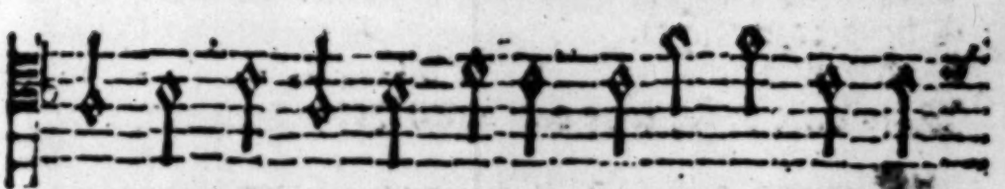
You proud men all I saye abyde, and ba-



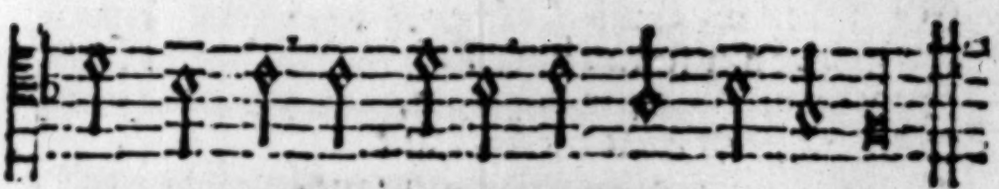
nishe pryde out of your hart: if climing high ye hap-



ly slyde, then are ye like to fele some smart. ther-



fore I saye in tyme conuert, repent and turne, for



that is best, yet dredfull death doe you arcste

Study therfore in holy wryte.
And knowe howe that lucifer fell.
Whiche beyng once an angell bryght.
God for his pryde dyd hym expell
Out of all lyght, downe into hell.
Lo here you see the frute of pryde,
I say therfore laye it asyde.

Before your eyes fixe also this,
Howe Nebucadnezar the kyng,
(Whose dedes in Daniell wrytten is)
Who praisde hym selfe aboue all thyng,
And gaue not God his due prayseing
Was made an oxe and did eate haye
Seuen yeres, his great pryde to alaye.

And kyng Herod (as sayth scripture)
As he was clad in proude araye,
His owne honor for to procure,
To his own praise great wordes did say:
Therfore Gods angell that same day
Dyd stryke hym for his harte vnwyse,
Who vnto death was eate with lyce.

Lo if God would such kings not spare
To punysh, for ambition,
What shall we thinke he will prepare
To plague our sinfull nacion:
Whiche forsake, their vocation,
And will in no wyse pryde eschue,
Nor seke to serue swete dame vertue.

For Salomon in sentence playne
Calles fauor a deceyuyng thyng:

Yea

Yea beautie is a thing moste vayne,
Wherin some haue suche delyghtyng:
Which in ill case once wyll them bryng,
Gods heauy wrath they so procure:
Through their proude hartes vayn & vn-
pure.

For from the course of reason true
They seme to be vnknowne and strange,
That doe delyght in the vayne hewe,
Of beautie, that so sone wyll change:
For that wherin their rude wittes range,
Is muche more brittle then is glasse,
And fades as doth in fieldes the grasse.

More inconstant it is allo,
That vnto pryde doth you prouoke,
Then wynde that wandreth to and fro:
Yea much more vain the smothring smoke
Lo thus of vyce you beare the poke.
Of beautie proude more vyle then slyme,
And fleeteth faster then tyme.

A thousand thynges may beauty fade,
As wyse men daply see and saye:
For if a feuer you inuade,
And shake you but one simple daye:
Is not your beauty gone strayght waye?
Your colour shewes your substance tust,
Euen earth and ashes doung and dust.

If men were bent the truth to tell,
Is beauty any other thyng,
Then color in the skyn or fell?
Wherin some haue suche retoylyng:

But if as well were appearing
Their inwarde partes, then myght we see
A sacke, stuffte full of doung fylthy.

What syght more strange may there appeare,
Unto our eyes so faintly full,
Then see one bewtifull and clere,
Declare it selfe so vnfruitfull:
And cause hym whose wittes be not dull
Hym self to knowe, a dounghill dyght
As with a cloth purple and whyght.

What impudence, yea what madnes
Is it in bewtie to glorie?
Forsakyng all sober sadnes,
For thynges that bene transitorie:
Sythe more delectabilitie,
It is to some that see the same,
Then those that therof beare the name?

I leue of here, for to recite
What other hurtes your bewtie doth,
With your apparell proude and lyght,
Tempting the frailtie of weake youth:
Therefore vse nowe meknes and truth.
This olde sayde sawe may warne you all,
That pryde wyll surely haue a fall.

¶ An invective against the most hate-
full vyce envy. ¶ Syng this as Let
nowe thy power be great O Lorde. &c.

All they that will of enuy here,
Vnto my song let theym attend:
If you will lerne, then draw you nere,
Let enuious mē their mysse amēd.

Vnto my lippes haue good respect,
And marke what shall from them insue:
Enuy with blyndnes doth infect,
And styll displayseth dame vertue.

Within this worlde so full of sinne,
It is a scabbe sayth Tullius,
If that suche men as be therin
To vertue shall be enuious.

Oh wicked worlde, full of enuy,
Polluted with despight and hate:
Receiue agayne simplicitie,
Take ioue, and banysh all debate.

Salomon sayth in sapience,
I wyll none enuy nor disdeyne:
Banysh them cleane from my presence,
Wisdom wyll none suche entertayne.

For hatefull enuie is mother
Of wycked wordes, fond, ferse, and fell:
Contrary wyse ioue doth couer
The wordes whiche are not spoken well.

Wythe ioue then is the remedy
Against enuy that wycked vyce:
Take ioue to you contynually,
It is a treasure of great pryce.

¶ Agaynst slouthe.

Syng this as, Of Jelousye who so wyll heare.

Marke and geue eare ye slouthful mē,
And to my song geue good respect:
Aryse out of your drousy den,
To Idlenes that are subiect.

Ryght truly sayde kyng Salomon,
As smoke the tender eyes offende:
So slouthfull men are wrathe anon,
Wyth suche as moue them to amend.

Go to (sayth he) thou slouthfull beast,
Go to and slumber out thy fyll,
Wyth folded armes lye downe to rest,
Accordyng to thyne idle wyll.

As one that iourneyth all day long,
So pouertie shall on thee lyght:
And as a souldier fierce and strong:
Necessitie shall shew her myght.

But who so is industrious,
And wyll his labour well apply:
His increace shall be plentious,
And he shall haue abundantly.

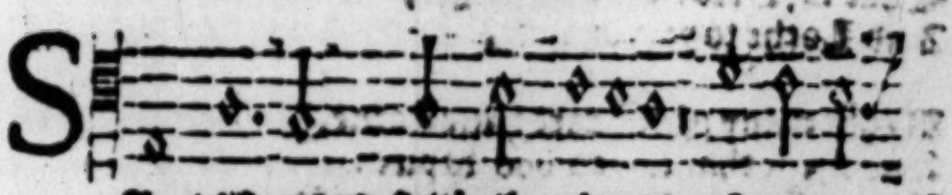
In slouthfull soules, thus saith the Lord,
My wysedome it can take no place:
Oh be conuerted by Gods word,
Ye slouthfull men, and calle for grace.

Who

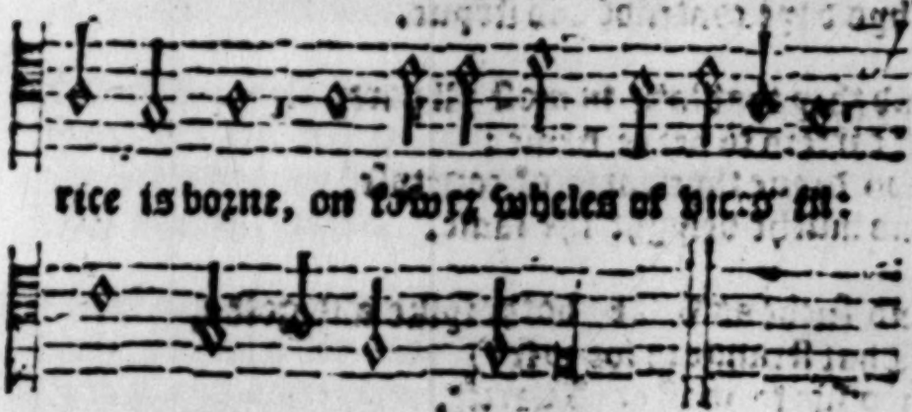
Who so to worke no payne wyll take,
Wantes in slouthe (thus saith S. Paul)
His company we must forsake,
And geue to hym no meate at all.

Thus sayth the lord, therfore awake
Thou that dost slepe, and stande vpright:
Stande vp from death, for Christes sake
And Christ the lord shall geue the light.

¶ A description of auarice.



Saint Bernard saith the chariot of auarice is borne, on fower wheles of vices full:



through which the poore are torne.

The first is courage slayne and fonde,
The next vngentylnes,
The thirde contempt of God, the fourth
Of death forgetfulnes.

And hoyſes two this chariot draweth,
That is as muche to ſaye,
As Raueny and Hygardſhyp:
Whiche are in it alwaye.

The Carter whiche dooth dryue them bothe,
Ye is a greedye knaue:
And who ſo would hys name were knowen,
It is Deſyre to haue,

That Carter dryueth with a whyp,
Whych whyp of cordes hath twayne:
That is, Great appetite to get,
And Lothe to yeld agayne.

Right many of the cart haue ſcorne,
And them that cartes doo dryue:
Yet moſte men for to dryue thys cart,
Thys daye contende and ſtryue.

And they that take in moſt yll part,
Of carters to heare name:
Doo dryue thys carte of conetyſe,
And muche delyght the ſame.

And ſuche as wear: bothe ſylke and golde,
(That ſtrange is for to ſee)
Doo ſue to maſter Iuarice,
His carters for to bee.

Where ſome were wont with ſpeare & ſhield,
Theyr countrey to defend:
Haue layde aſyde theyr armour quight,
And to thys carte attend.

The

The Clergy whych ſhould preache and teache
If they dyd playe theyr parte,
Doo laye aſyde the worde of God,
And dayly dryue thys carte.

The Merchant and the learned leche,
And eke the man of lawe,
Forſake theyr artes, and dayly doo
This carte bothe dryue and drawe.

And they that common carters be,
(Of moſte men called ſo)
Doo knowe leaſt how to dryue this cart
And farthеſt are therfro,

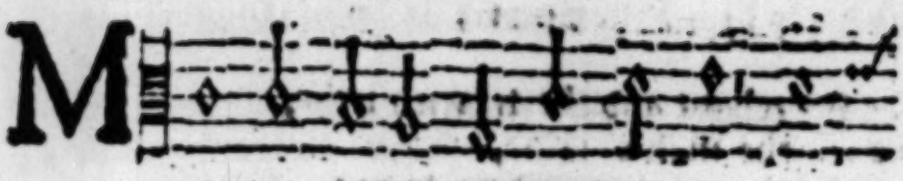
Our money (as ſayth Seneca)
Ought ay to be our drudge,
To ſerue for our neceſſitie,
And at our wyll to trudge.

But yf we (as a lady dere)
Make her our ſouerayne:
She wyll not wylle to bryng our ſoules
Into eternall payne.

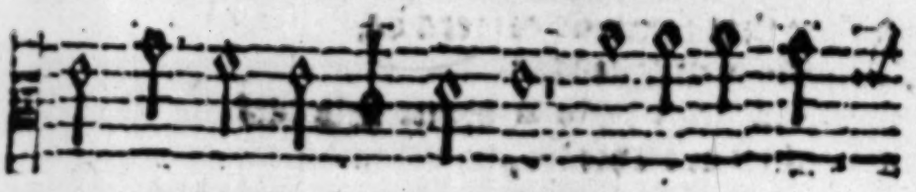
God of hys mercy therfore graunt,
This cartynge we may leaue,
To loue and tyberalytie,
That we may alway cleaue.

Free from the theſe and from the mothe
That we may holde our ſtate:
Forſakyng gredy auarice,
And dryue hys carte no more.

A ditte of the pen inueiyng againſt vſury and falſe dealyng.

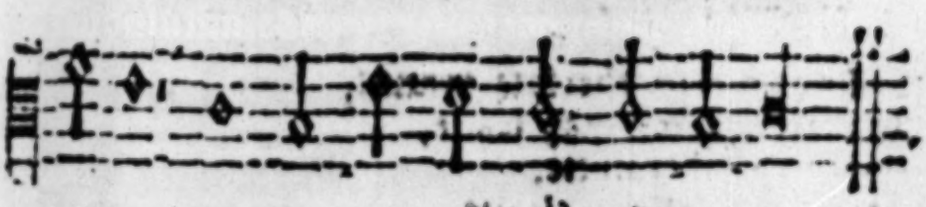


My pen obey my wyll a whyle ſtill



I ſee good to ende this ſtile: for if all men

would ſinne abhorre ſuch songs we nede not to



compile, nor my pen ſhould write ſo no more.

If all men of their worde were true,
Promis to kepe and paye their due:
What nede had pennes to worke therfore?

But

But sythe no wyght wyll truthe ensue:
Pennes were as good to wryte no more.

Pennes are abusde, and that dayly,
About all craft and usury:
We may well say alas therfore.
And yet least we make them angry
It semes as good to wryte no more.

Yet let vs shewe the lordes intent,
How we that for gaynes nought should lent,
Wil fashod God wyll plage ryght sore.
And yet my penne least we be shent,
It semes as good to wryte no more.

For all in vayne we speake scripture,
To suche as wyll in synne endure:
For they amende neuer the more,
But hate all godly counsayle pure,
That warneth them to synne no more.

Yet if all men with suche pretence,
Should cease to shewe their conscience,
They should transgresse gods holy lore.
Yet sythe none wyll it reuerence,
It semes as good to wryte no more.

The scripture thus doth specifie
In Dauids psalmes, blessed is he,
That lendeth freely ryche and poore,
Without all gayne of usury:
Yet doe they vse it styll the more.

Though some for writing wyl vs blame.

These

Theſe crafty men, whome we not name,
Theſe falſe gotis goodes they muſt reſtore,
To thoſe of whom they got the ſame,
Or els be damnde for euermore.

For though ſome men haue done as thys,
In vſury that dyd annys,
And haue bene warnde of it before:
That doo repent yet fewe there ys,
But rather vſe it more and more.

But ſure in hell theyr beds is made,
And all that vſe of craftes the trade
Are lyke the ſame to mas ryghe ſure:
In crafte and guyle yet ſyth they wade,
It were as good to worke no more.

God graunt as in this ſong is ment,
We may amende all and repent:
Rootyng out vyce to the harde core,
To ſerue the lorde omnipotent,
In loue and truthe for euermore.

¶ An exhortation to wrathfull men.
Syng this as, I am the man
whom God. &c.

If wrathe were paynted out
In perfect lyuely hue,
As coulde Apelles in hys dyſe,
Wyth colours fyne and true.

Or as Demoſthenes.
Deſcrybe it coulde with pen:

As it is yll it ſhould appere,
Vnto theſe wrathfull men.

Or he that cunnyng had
In metre to recite,
Both ſoule and body how it noyes,
As ſheweth holy wrize.

Then ſhould theſe wrathfull men,
That anger wyll ſuſtayne,
Perceaue the incommodities
That therwith doo remayne.

Concernyng body fyrſte,
Diſeaſes it doth bryng,
As feuers dyle of euery kynd,
Whiche mortally doo ſtyng.

It cauſeth phrenelie,
And madnes of the brayne
Of viſage great deformytie,
And palſeys this is playne.

Concernyng ſoule alſo,
(The whiche is worſte of all)
It maketh men blaſpheme theis frendes,
And euell them to call.

Outrage and wycked othes,
And loue put out of place:
Reuengement is theyr whole deſyre
That banyſht be from grace.

All benefytes forgot,

And

That to thee dyd thy frende:
Obedience true and reuerence,
Wrathe putteth out of mynde.

Wherof succedeth oft,
Contention full of cost:
By trouble and vnquiet mynde,
Thyne appetite is lost.

To scorne dyspeyne and hate,
Ye thynke it is no shame:
All though nothyng can hynder more,
Thy good repoyt or name.

These wycked fruites of wrathe,
Remember he that can:
Full lytle haste (as I suppose)
To wrathe they would haue than.

Harke and geue eare ye men
That thus to wrath are bent,
Attend a whyle vnto my tune,
And holde your selfe content.

For as thou art a man,
Thynke also so ys he:
With who thou doest coteine such rattle,
So wrathfull for to be.

Is it not lawfull then,
And as conuenyent,
That he with thee should be as wrathe,
And as muche discontent?

Leane

Leaue of your wrath therfore,
I saye to you agayne:
Assure your selues that angry men,
Doo alway lyue in payne.

And calle to mynde howe Christ
The sonne of God moste hye:
Whyche in a moment by hys power
Hys enmies myght destroye.

Yet how dyd the Iewes hym greue
Hauyng no cause wherfore:
Hys moste swete face they strake in spight
And bufeted hym sore.

Yt nothyng irked them,
Yt hym to spyt in scorne,
Wyth wytnesse wrong accusyng hym,
And crowned hym with thorne.

Hys vertous body so,
They haled to and fro
An heauy Crosse on hym they layde,
The more to doo hym wo.

All faultlesse as a lambe,
To suffer deathe he went:
They dyd hys body all to beate,
And yet was he content.

They nayled hym on the crosse,
Thys shoulde we beare in mynde:
Thys suffred he of his good will,

For sauyng of mankynde.

And they that dyd all thes,
As scripture telleth playne,
Were his owne kynne and countreymen,
That put hym to thys payne.

For all whiche hatefull dede,
(As worse there coulde none bee)
Yet to be wrath at any tyme,
No creature coulde hym see.

Thus Christ wont vs before
Example vs to geue,
Of mekenes and of pacience,
And godly for to lyue.

Some make excuse and say,
That wrathe is naturall:
To whom I saye of natures power,
Christ lacked none at all.

For Nature neuer wrought,
The cause of suche abuse,
Nor neuer taught her perfect workes,
Them selues so to mysuse.

For wrathes moste wycked rage,
Is contrary to kynde:
Whiche dothe by accidentall power,
Possesse the wycked mynde.

Yet some will say agayne,
(My purpose to asswage)

That

That wrathe is vertue in a man,
And token of courage.

I answere that in Christ
Was courage thorow out:
For angels trembled in hys syght,
And dyuels dyd hym dout.

Eche man I truste therfore,
Of ire wyll take good hede:
And folowe Christ wyth patience,
In worde and eke in dede,

I would not yet ye thought,
Wyp meanyng to be here,
Of zeale, the whych in godly men
Ryght often dothe appere:

As when a wyse man doth
His seruantes fault rebuke,
Or moderatly punyshe hym,
His euell to confute.

Displeasure properly
This passyon we may call:
Whych yf we vse in discrete wyse,
We doo not synne at all.

As holy wrypt recordes,
This hath full oft bene sene,
In Prophets and in holy men,
That God dyd well esteme,

For Moses in this zeale,
The Tables brake of stone:
In whych God with hys fynger wrote,
His ten precepts eche one.

As Dauid ment when he,
Ryght holyly dyd saye:
Be angry, but doo not synne,
By no maner of way.

It was in Christe also,
(As holy wryt doth tell:)
When he out of the temple whyps
Those that dyd buye and sell.

Within his holy place,
Where nothyng els should be.
But prayer to the lyuyng God,
In secrete that doeth see.

And at an other tyme,
It shewde in hym agayne,
The hypocrites when he rebukt,
As Mathew telleth playne.

This symple song all ye,
That heare or doo it reade:
It is enough to cause you all,
Of wrathe to take good hede.

Of synfull wycked wrathe,
Beware in any wyse:
To all men that haue wyt in store,
Let this as nowe suffyse.

In

In hearyng of theyr faultes,
That they may mend them soone.
And after stand at Gods ryght hand,
When they receyue theyr doome.

An Inuectiue agaynst wrathe.

Dyng thys as, The lyuyng God our only Lorde, that. &c.

Salomon sayth, A foole his guyse,
Is to be wrath immediatly:
But he is to be counted wyse,
That well can hyde hys iniury,
Therfore sayne Paule doth say of trauth
Let not the sunne rest on your wrath.

And Plato beyng demaunded,
Wherby a wise man knowne should be:
Sayd, yf wyse men be rebuked,
Therwith they wyll not be angry.
Therfore saint Paule doth say of trauth
Let not the sonne rest on your wrath.

Pyas also dothe ryght well shewe,
Of wrath the discommoditie:
Saying that it in hygh and lowe,
To counsayle is chiefe enemye:
Therfore saint Paule doth say of trauth,
Let not the sonne rest on your wrathe.

The chiefest helpe agaynst the same,
Seneca dothe describe ryght playne:
Take Pacience that godly dame:
In her syght wrath can not remayne,

Therfore saint Paule doth saye of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on your wrath.

Of wrathfull men it is the wunt
To sowe discorde with eche estate:
But patience doth alwayes hunte
For to appease strife and debate.
Therfore saint Paule doth say of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on your wrath.

Therfore with men replete with ire
Vse no familiaritie,
And those whom wrath sone settes on fyre,
Byde thou not in their company:
But as saint Paule doth saye of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on thy wrath.

As sayth saint James be swyft to heare
The thyng that may thee edifie,
Be slowe in speache in lyke maner,
But slowe to wrath especially:
For why saint Paule doth say of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on your wrath.

Wy wrath as sayth saint Gregory,
Wysdome is hid and out of syght,
And puts all out of memory
That should be done by wisdomes myght.
Therfore saynt Paule doth saye of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on your wrath.

Wy brethern here to make an ende,
I you commit to patience,
As seruantes true doe you intende

To

To serue hyr grace with diligence.
Because saynt Paule doth say of trauth,
Let not the sonne reste on your wrath.

¶. Against dronkennes and gluttony.

¶ Syng this as, Of Ielousy who so wyll heare. &c.

A Dronken workeman certeynly
By labour neuer getteth ought:
Iyttle he settes nothyng by,
But from a litle commes to nought.

For learned men howe may suffice,
Their wyne in litle quantitie:
Do in their reste and exercise,
It doth none incommoditie.

Wo be to those that early ryse
(The prophet sayth) to make great haste,
And drynke tyll nyght (as is their guyse)
Tyll reason banysht be at laste.

A dronkard (as saint Austen sayth)
Offendeth nature very sore,
Castyng asyde both grace and fayth,
He hedlong runnes to hell therfore.

The moderate vse of drynke and meate,
No wyse man hateth, this is true:
But luste inordinate and great,
Ought euery good man to eschue.

Saynt Jerome sayth, Cursed be they,
That in theyr meate haue suche delyte,
That reason can not cease nor stay
Theyr vyle and gredy appetite.

Saynt Ambrose playnly doth expresse,
A worse to serue can none inuent
Then glutton, that vil maystresse:
Desyryng styll, and nere content.

Nor nothyng more insaciate
Then glottons bellyes most lyke hell,
For that whych they receyued late,
Ryght early they agayne expell.

These starued panches aye abhorre,
Good continence and chastitie:
Before digestion they craue more,
Forsakyng vertue sythyly.

All Christians therfore I exhort,
Voluptuous excesse to forbeare:
To moderation now resorte,
And frugally lyue in gods feare.

Lecherie rebuked.

Syng this as, On tabrers to the Lorde. &c.

LIke as the fowler wyth hys bayte,
Soone bryngeth the byrd in snare,

So

So are mens soules through lechery,
Destroyde yet they be ware.

For lechery (Gods ennemy)
With vertue is not plaste:
Of present lust a fowle delyght,
And of substance a waste.

It blyndeth men, that they thynke not
On dreadfull pouertie:
Whych from great vse of lechery,
Long absent can not be.

To bryng a man to beggers state,
Of harlots is the trade:
Therfore absteyne from lechery,
Let it not thee inuade.

For yf we shall consyder well,
Mans nature excellent:
The hyghnes and the dygnitie,
That God therto hath lente.

It is a fowle and wycked synne,
To vse it wantonly:
Resoluyng it vnhonestly,
In fylthy lechery.

How honest and howe beautyfull
To lyue contrary wyse,
In continence and temperance,
Sobernes to deuyse.

For lechery and synfull luſt
In youth who ſo doth vſe:
Shall wythred be with feblenes,
In age for thys abuſe.

Take hede therfore, let not your hartes
In harlots ſnares be caught:
Abſteyne from them, frequent them not,
Theyr pathes be very naught.

The houſes of ſuche harlots are,
Of helle the very ſnare:
Theyr chambers vnto dredfull death,
Full well we may compare.

For grace therfore pray we to God,
And vnto wedlocke cleaue:
Of lechery and ſynfull luſt
That we may take our leaue.

CAn earneſt complaint agaynſte Idolatry. Syng this as, In my trouble and payne.

SOmetyme that I haue ſene,
To ſee agayne were ſtrange,
In place where I haue bene,
In hope no maze to range.

In wyckednes and ſynne,
And in Idolatrye:
Whyche who ſo vſe, ſhall wynne
Helle euerlaſtyngly.

For

For from the face of GOD
There can be nothyng hyd:
Who hath full oft forbod,
That we agaynst hym dyd,

To worshyp an Image,
The Lord dothe most abhorre:
But in our pylgremage,
We honoured great store.

That tyme I trust be past,
For custome made vs blynde:
And I am sore agast,
Lest worse be lefte behynde.

Beware whyle you haue space,
That Idoll of the harte:
Leste at the laste it chace,
Your soules in hell to smart.

Beware and take good hede:
Leste that er ye be ware,
Ye doo so farre procede,
That ye no more repayre.

Example ye may see:
As Salomon doth saye,
Take tyme whyle tyme may bee,
For tyme wyll soone away.

Repent therfore in space,
Whyle tyme to you is lent,
And call to God for grace,
With true heart and intent.

Leaſt when ye would ryght layne
There ſhall no grace be ſent,
As ſubiect to hȝll payne
In ſoȝowe to be ſhent.

¶ An inuectiue againſt ſclanderous tongues.

¶ Syng this as, Ie truthe may take no truſty hold. &c.

IN ſadnes ſet with ſwo oppreſt,
Oft did I ſighe by my conſtraynt:
From depnes of a penſiue breſt,
Thus carefully came forth my playnt.

O ſclander vyle and tongues vntrue,
Vnbridled ſo thus ye procede,
And cauſe the carefull harte to rue,
That did no faulte by worde or dede.

Not all for nought (I well perceyue,)
Kyng Dauid did on you complayne:
Sythe nought may let you to deceyue,
And vtter frutes of your diſdayne.

Deliuer lorde my ſoule ſayeth he,
From lyps that lye for me in weyght:
And from ſuche tongues as euer be,
In vſe with falſhod and deceyt.

What rewarde then may we deuyſe,
For tongues quod he that ſpeake vnright.
The whotteſt coles in burnyng wyſe,
With arrowes ſharpe and full of myght.

Among

Among men moztall on this mould,
I thynke there is no vyce noz cryme,
So wycked by a thoufand fould:
As ill tongues are this pzefent tyme.

Whiche ernestly hath geuen me cause,
If Dauid ment not fyze of hell,
That I may ad therto this clause,
With lucifer that they may dwell.

Foz nothyng in this lyfe certayne,
We may so well to hell compare,
As enuious tongues that not refrayne,
To gender styll both stryfe and care.

Foz as they are a punyshment,
A hell to good men and a stryfe:
So may in hell be their tozment,
When they departe out of this lyfe.

And as they burne till they burst out
In wicked wozdes and sclander vyle:
In hell so may they beare a route,
From heauen hauing their exile.

¶ A complaint againſt euel tunges

¶ Syng this as. I am the man whom God. &c.

WEll may the wyſe deteſte
The frutes of tongues vntrue:
Whiche neuer ceaſe but ſtyll pzouyde
Their malyce to renewe

There

There is no tyme nor place,
That may them ones restrayne,
No vertuous mynde nor exercise,
That may their vice restrayne.

To sclaunder and detract
And blab the same about:
Wycked thyng when they conceyue,
They streyght waye put it out.

As Socrates hath sayd,
No worse thyng can be found,
Then wycked tongues, from whō deceyt
And falshode doth redound.

What wyckednes is there,
That maye compared bee:
Unto the false and fylthy tongue,
In any one degree?

For where all other hurtes
By death are vanquisht quite:
Euen after death the wycked tongues
Doo vtter theyr despite:

Whych causeth me to thynke
As Chilon dyd per whyle:
No sworde that cutteth halfe so keene,
As wycked tongues and vyle.

Of which most wycked vyce,
I neuer yet could fynd:
Not halfe so naughty in any wyght,
As in the feuiale kynde.

In

In whom it doth abounde,
With deteſtable rage:
That no deuice nor yet conſtraynte
May cauſe it to aſwage.

O deteſtable tongues,
O ſylthy ſinkes of hell,
O wycked vyce whoſe hatefulnes
All other doth excell.

Ryght aptly was it calde,
A world of wickednes:
Syth nothyng in this lyfe ſo muche
Doth innocentes oppres.

By paynfull proke I founde
Suche frute, that wrought me wo:
For wycked tongues haue cauſed me
My playnt to vtter ſo.

Do me not blame therefore,
That I on them complayne:
The ſimple wormе when ye him treade,
Will turne his tayle agayne.

¶ A ditie made in the tyme of the the ſweatyng plague. Anno. 1552.

O Plague poſſeſt with mortall myght,
(ſo farre as god doth geue preeinct)
Well mayſt thou moue the chriſtian right
Upon his lorde and God to thinke:
And ſhew him well by tokens playne,
How that he ſhall from ſinne refrayne.

My

Why flesh is frayle and shakes for feare;
My soule is strange and hath no doubt,
And hopes for health, and seketh where
It may be had, to fynde it out,
The scripture saith be strong in fayth:
And then be not afrayd of death.

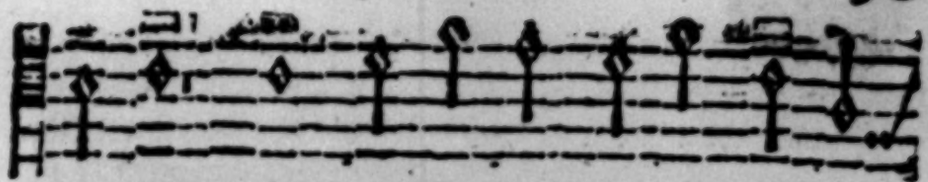
In this my nede thy helpe to haue
To thee O god I crye and call,
I thee beseche my soule to saue,
From Satan synne and hell and all,
Though I O god haue done amysse:
Thy death shall me directe to blysse.

Then welcom plague the guide to helth
And death also the porte of lyfe.
Sythe that this change is perfect welth,
Out of this vale of moste vyle stryfe:
Why should we then thus feare to dye,
And end our fatall destenie.

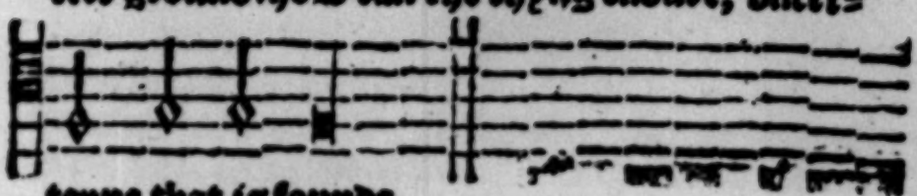
Oh folysh flesh so fonde and frayle
To rage against all ryghteousnes,
I wyll that thou shalt not pervayle,
To folow thyne owen filthynes:
For I wyll set my whole delyght,
To fight against thee with my sprite.

That vertue excelleth both ryches and beautie.

Ith nothyng can be sure, that hath no per-



fect ground: how can the thyng endure, vncer=



teyne that is founde.

What so begynning had
Must haue his fatall ende:
And nothyng good or bad
Hath other waye to bende.

All those that buylders be
Upon vncerteyne stayé:
Their worckes as we may se,
Doe vanyth sone awaye.

And those contrary wyse
That grounde their matter well:
Their worke shall well aryse.
And perfectly excell.

When mariage then is made
For ryches or for gouine:
If goodes and eyches fade,
The loue doth lose his houlde.

If beautie eke so gaye
The cause be of thy loue:
When beautie fades away,
Thy fantsye,soyll remoue.

For

For if the cause doe quayle
Where one the mynde is bent:
The effect then must fayle,
What so therin is ment.

Then vertue shall be best,
Who so wyll it retayne:
All other beyng cest,
She euer doth remayne.

For beauty beyng gone,
Whose dwellyng is not sure:
Dame vertue styll alone
For euer wyll endure.

And when gould hath his ende
The causer of muche strife:
Yet vertue shall extende,
And garnysh well the lyfe.

A good reward also
To louers doth she gyue:
In keppng them from wo,
A quiet lyfe to lyue.

If mariage then be wrought,
On vertue buylding loue:
No suche thing can be sought
To stande without remoue.

Ye that wyll wed therfore,
On vertue set your cure:
All contraries abhorre,
So shall your loue be pure.

For bitter were the tyme
Of death, and of the graue:
Then otherwyse to clyme,
A wedded loue to haue.

For gouide doth cause and gayne
Contention and vnreste:
He that hath most, wyll fayne
Hym selfe to be the beste.

And beautie ofte doth brede
Mistruste and ielousy:
But vertue hath no seede
Of suche iniquitie.

Then happy is the loue
On vertue whiche is knytte,
That styll without remoue
Continue wyll and syste.

Whiche in this lyke cause is
Of prayse and godly fame,
And also after this
Of heauen for the same.

Nomen Authoris.

6

IN hope I doe endure
Of that whiche I intende,
Hauing my fantsy sure
No false thyng to pretende.

John

Hope styll dothe me allure,
At theyr handes whom I serue,
Lyke goodnes to procure,
To as I doo deserue.

Hall.

A godly warnynge to put all men in remembrance of theyr myserable estate, and that they are subiecte to death and corruption. Dyng this as. If truthe may take no trustye holde. &c.

Remember well ye men mortall,
From whence ye came, & go ye shall,
Of earth god made thy shape & forme
And vnto earth thou shalt returne.

Remember well, O man I say,
Thou art wormes meate, and very clay:
Thou art none other thys is tust,
But earth and ashes dung and dust.

Remember well though thou be young,
Thou art nought but a sacke of doung:
Deferre no tyme tyll thou be old,
For of long lyfe thou hast no hold.

Remember well though now thou seme
As beautyfull as kyng or quene,
That when thou shalt departe and dye,
Thou shalt rot, stynke, and putrefye.

Remember well thou dounghyll, dyght
With garments gay to please mens syght.

Remem-

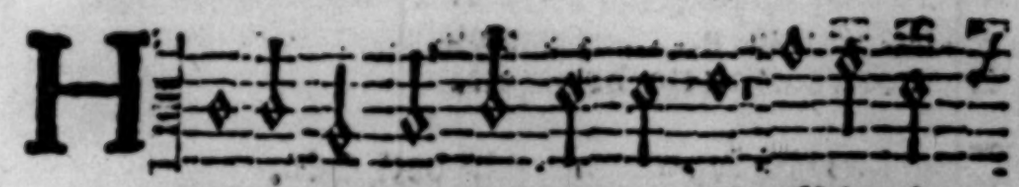
Remember earth thy first estate,
Thy lyons harte it wyll abate.

Remember well that thou shalt come
At the last day vnto thy dome:
Wher if thou doe thy selfe exalt,
In extreme payne remayne thou shalt,

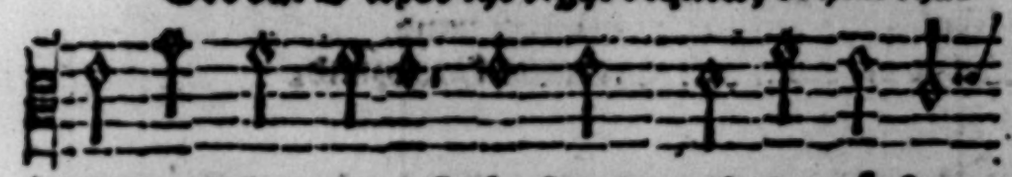
Remember well I saye aloude,
Thou earth and ashes be not proude,
Suche coste on earth why doste bestowe?
Leue of thy pryde be meke and lowe.

Remember and in fyne marke this,
Who so of hym selfe humble is,
The lorde wyll hym exalte on hye,
In heauen aboue the sterry skye.

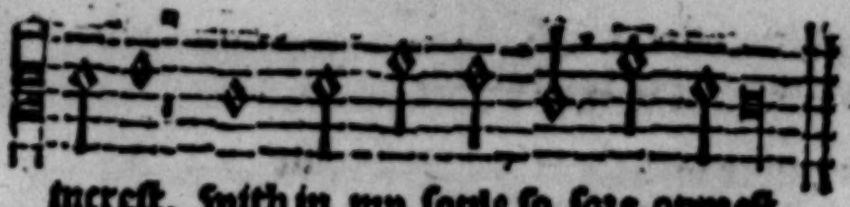
The faithfull souldiour of Christe, desireth assistance of God against his ghostly enemies.



Ere out O lorde the right request, of him that



faine would haue redrest the wronges that are so sore



increſt, with in my ſoule ſo ſore oppreſt.

O lord to thee with wofull crys
I call for grace and for mercy:
And if thou helpe not, then truly
In deadly wo remayn muſt I.

The world, the diuell death and hell,
With great aſſaultes againſt me ſwell:
Lorde let thy grace in me excell,
Againſt their fury fierce and fell.

O lorde my God to the I praye
Suffer me not to goe aſtraye:
And haue in mynde the price and day,
Wherewith thou didſte my ranſome pay.

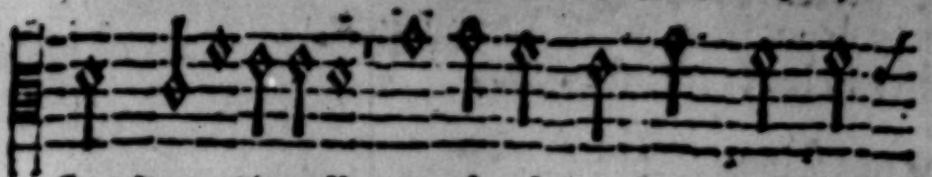
Oh haue in mynde thine owen great coſt
And let not this thy payne be loſt.
In the O lorde my truſt is moſt,
To dwell among thy holy hoſt.

Thou knowſt wherin my help doth ſtand.
Whereuer I be on ſea or lande:
Good lorde put to thy helping hand,
Saue me from hell that fierce fyre brand.

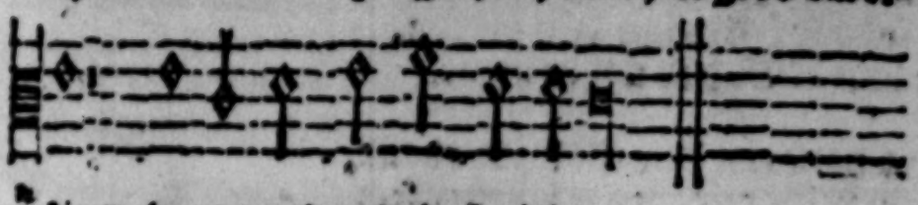
¶ An exhortacion to brotherly loue and vnitie.

Beholde

Beholde it is a ioyfull thyng, that brethern



should continually together haue their good dwel-



ling, in concord and in vnitie.

This godly loue Dauid lykned
Vnto that precious vnction,
Which descended vpon the head,
And into the beard of Aaron:

Whiche being powred on his crowne,
Was euer more styll descendyng:
And from his beard it dropped downe,
Into the skirtes of his clothing.

And as this precious oyntment swete,
Did smell all of one swete sauour:
For Christen brethern it is mete,
To be all of one behauiour.

He that loues God aboue all thyng,
His neighbour as him selfe lyke wyse,

Fulfyls the lawe in so doyng:
Whiche Chriſte would haue vs exercyſe.

For where this godly loue doth byde,
There preſent is the lorde Ieſus:
Whiche neuer from his flock wyll flyde,
If they in loue continue thus.

Loue not ỹ world (thus ſaith S. Iohn)
Ne any thing conteynde therin:
For who ſo ſettes his loue theron,
The loue of God is not in hym.

And none can loue the lorde aboue,
Whom with our eyes we neuer ſee:
If we our brethern doe not loue,
That alway preſent with vs be.

Let loue therfore be among vs,
And from it let vs neuer ſwarue:
As we are lovde of Chriſt Ieſus,
Whiche more then euer we deſerue.

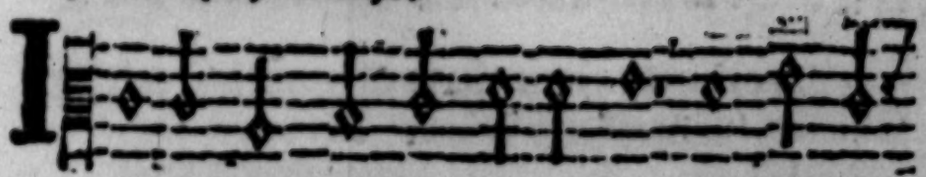
The dewe that fell on Hyon hyll,
The whiche deſcended pleſantly,
Is nothyng lyke this loue vntill,
Belovde of god eternally.

For god from tyme to tyme doth geue
To this loue his holy bleſſyng:
For all that doe with loue beleue,
Shall reigne in ioye without ending.

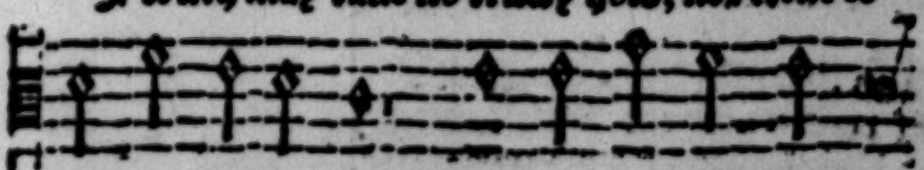
He (sayth the lorde) that loueth me,
Doth kepe my lawe and holy lore,
And vnto him geuen shall be,
A crowne to reigne for euer more.

Lorde in this loue we thee beseke,
To set vs in a quiet staye:
That we beyng lowyng and meke,
May reigne with thee in blys for aye.

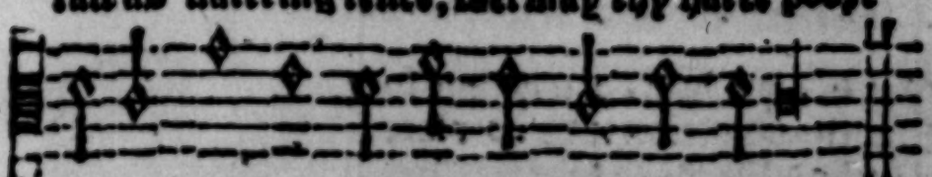
The iust and true mã complaineth, that flattery and falshod is more regarded then truthe, and reioyseth that he is hated for the truthe.



F truth may take no trusty hold, nor cleue so



fast as flattring sence, wel may thy harte poore



man be colde: for then is gone all sure defense.

The Nyghtyngale must change her note,
And of the Cuckow learne to syng:
The modest mynde must learne to dote,
Or comme some other fayned thyng.

If meanyng well may take no place,
Nor dealyng iust haue no regarde:
Thou must deuyse an other space,
To fayne suche thyngs as may be heard.

Shall vertue dwell in such disdayne,
And honestie be had in hate?
Then must we learne to glose and fayne,
Or els remayne in vyle estate.

But yf there be none other way,
To purchase fauor and good wyll:
Better it were I dare well saye,
In vyle estate to tary styll.

What call ye then the vyle estate?
As some doo iudge this is the thyng:
If my superior doo me hate,
And would me to displeasure bryng.

And that also without desert:
(If reason may the cause decerne)
And haue disdeyn for my true heart.
Wherfore to please I am to lerne.

Yet is myn heart determind sure,
If truth and reason take no place:
Of suche disdeyne to take no cure,
But wyse men rather wyll imbrace.

For yf wysedome were noblenes,
As noble byrthe and ryches is:
Then should not truth be in dystres,
And flattrye should of fauor mis.

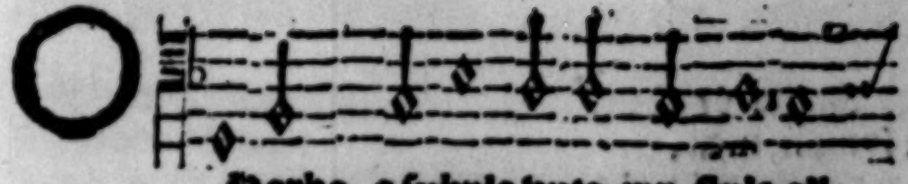
So

So flattrye and bland eloquence,
Should (as they are) be compted vyle,
And truth should then make none offence
Nor vertue reigne in suche exyle.

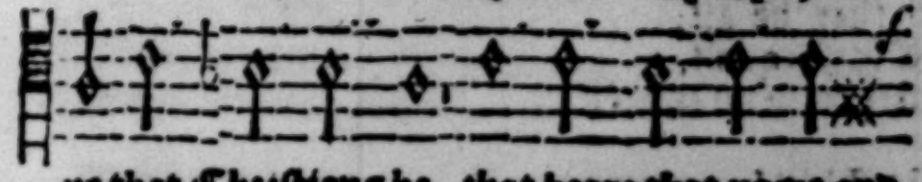
Blamd, but not shamd, the prouerbe is
And truth can haue none other wrong:
So may they hap theyr marke to mys:
That thinke them selues in falshod strōg.

Then hated so I must reioyce,
And fonde regarde despyse as vayne:
Closing my mouth stoppyng my voyce,
From speache in presence of disdayne.

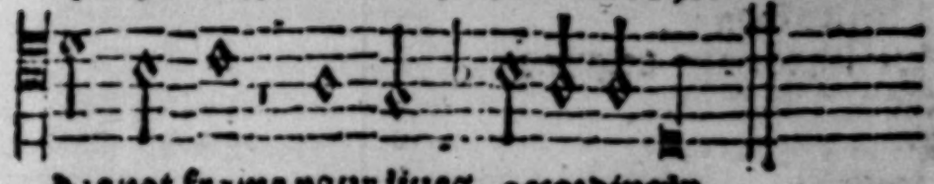
¶ An holsome warning for all men that beare the name of Christians, to lyue Christianly.



Harke a whyle vnto my style, all



ye that Christians be, that beare that name and



doe not frame your liues accordingly.

Is Fayth in syche,
As deyng ryche,
(Though they doo Chrift profeſſe)
That euery houre
Do Chriſte deuoure,
And his poore flocke oppreſſe.

For we are all,
As ſayth ſayng Paule,
Membres of one body:
Of Chriſte Jeſu,
Ground of vertue,
And of all veritie.

Then the poore man,
(As proue I can)
Is Chriſt his member true,
As well as he,
What ſo he be,
That ryches doth endue.

Why ſhould ye then,
To ſymple men,
Beare ſuche deſpight and hate:
Syth they be all,
In Chriſt equall,
With you in all eſtate.

Chriſt his kyngdome,
Was neuer wonne,
By wealth or high degree:
Al though that here,
Some doo appere,
To reygne in dignitie.

Then

Then let none thynke,
That Chriſt wyll thynke,
When he ſhall iudge vs all:
Of all your wealth
So got by ſtelthe,
You to accompt to call.

When yͤ he ſynde,
Ye were vnkynde,
To your pooze bzethern dere:
Then wyll he ſay,
Go from me aye
Into eternall fyze.

When I lackt meate,
And fayne would eate,
In ſyckneſs thyzſt and colde:
In all my nede,
Not one good dede
That you to me doo wold.

Then wyll ye ſay,
Wythout delay:
Lozd when dyd we thee ſee
Lacke any foode,
To doo thee good,
And dyd it not to thee?

And he agayne,
Shall anſwer playne,
I truely ſay to you:
Ye ſtyll oppzeſſe,
And muche deteſt
The pooze my members true.

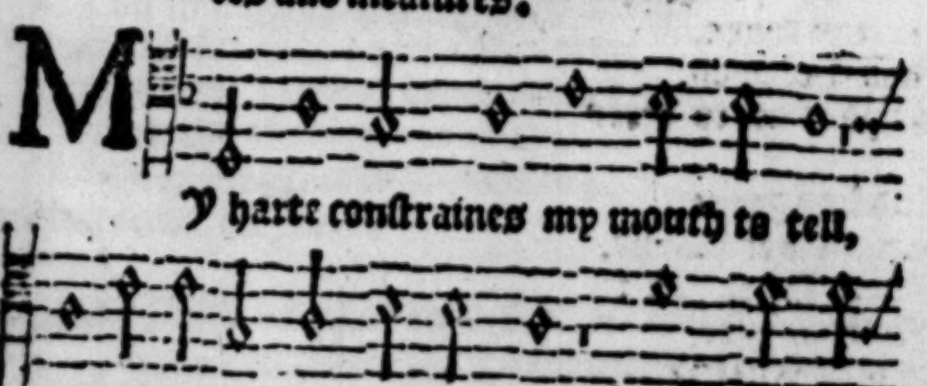
When

When ye therfore
Did them abhorre
That are of lowe degree:
To me alone
And other none
Ye did that iniury.

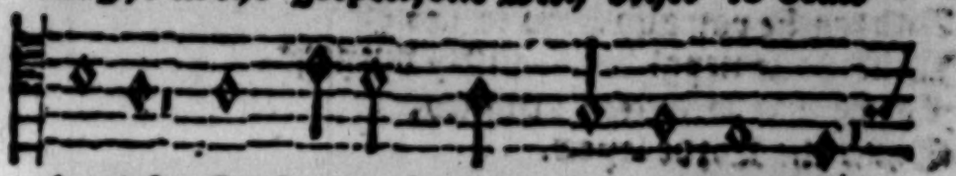
Saint John doth proue,
We can not loue
God whom we doe not see
If we doe hate
Our brethern, that
Are present to our eye.

Nowe call for grace,
Whyle ye haue space,
Your wycked liues amende:
And so procede
In worde and dede,
True Christians to the ende.

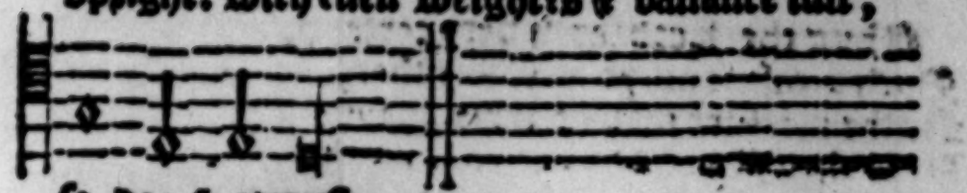
¶ A short song exhorting all men to abstayne from the vse of false weyghtes and measures.



taught in the gospell, one with other to deale



vpright: with euen weightes & ballance iust,



so doe we must.

So doe we must, this is no naye,
Also with measure iust and true:
Who so doth not at the last day,
Ryght sore are lyke for it to rue:
When he shall goe for wante of breath
Vnto his death.

Vnto his death when he must goe
With painful pangs and torment strong:
Then is he lyke to suffer wo,
For that his dealyng false and wrong.
Suche one is lyke, in extreme payne
For to remayne.

For to remayne, wo worth the whyle
That any man so fond should fare,
With others his neighbour to beguyle,
When he should truly sell his ware.

Wherfore then doo ye vnwyse,
Prudence despyse?

Prudence despyse? that should so well
Lade you in Godly wayes and ryght:
And teache you also how to deale:
With your neyghbours iustly vpryght.
For he that to amend dyuers,
Thus the Lorde sayes.

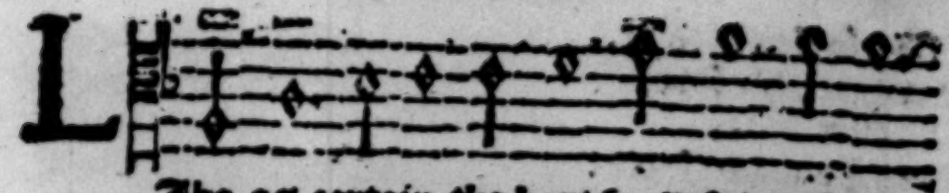
Thus the Lord sayth very certayn,
Such measure as ye mete to other,
Suche measure shall ye haue agayn:
How then yt you deceyue your brother?
Thynk you that God wyll forget thys?
No no I wys.

No no I wys ye may be sure,
For heauen and earth shall soyntly sayle.
But Gods word shall for euer dure,
In force and strength shyll to preuayle,
All false dealers for to expell
Downe in to hell.

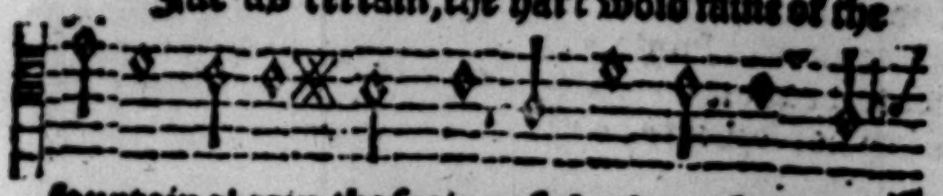
Down in to hell, therfore take hede,
And call for gods grace and mercy:
Amend your wycked lyues with spede,
Lamentyng them repentantly.
God graue vs grace so to intende,
And there an ende.

A Litle declarynge the stedfast hope and trust that the faythfull afflicted soule hath in Christ Jesu.

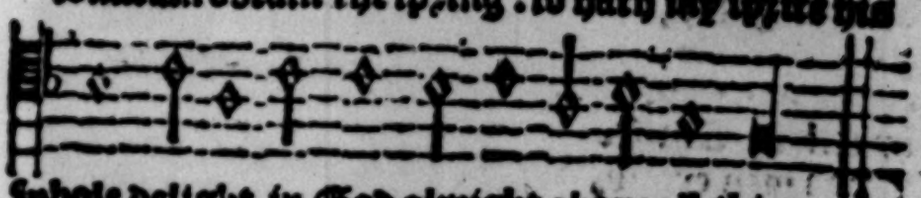
Lyke



Like as certain, the hart wold faine of the



fountain obtain the spring: so hath my spyte his



whole delight, in God almight above all thing.

Myne ennmies strong.
All the daye long,
To doe me wrong
Is their intent:
Euery howre
On me they loure,
Me to deuoure
They doe inuent.

This doe I see.
For to myne eye
It is truly
Alwayes obiect.
With might and mayne,
Them selues they straine,
My soule to gayne
And to infect.

My

My soule therfore,
Doth tremble sore,
And euermore,
Doth stande in feare:
And all the whyle,
Myne enmies smyle.
Me to beguyle
They not forbeare.

Therfore I say,
My soule alway,
Reioyce and stay,
Thy selfe in Christ.
Though men extold,
Gaynst thee hold,
In Christ be bold,
Them to resyst.

Who is alyue,
That dareth stryue,
(Strong dyuels fyue)
Although they were:
Thys can I proue
O Lorde aboue,
If thou me loue,
I nede not feare.

O God of myght,
Strengthen my spryte,
That doth delyght
Only in thee.
O holy Lord,
Let thy swete word,
Wyth one accord,
Styll be wyth me.

O Christ

O Christ Jesu,
Ground of vertue,
Messias true,
As sayth Scripture:
To thee I pray,
Graunt that I may,
In heauen aye,
With thee indure.

¶ A song shewing that no commoditie is without a discommoditie.

¶ Syng this as, I am the man whome God. &c.

AND I dyd sytte and muse
Once by my selfe alone,
The wretched state of worldly (wights
The mind was fixed on:

Howe no commoditie
May here with man indure,
Without some discommoditie,
To shewe it selfe vnpure.

By fyre we haue great ayde
In colde vs for to warme:
Whiche in an houre somtime doth burne,
Rewarding vs with harme.

We may lyue certayne dayes,
Without both drinke and meate:
But without ayre not one moment,
The lack would be so great.

Yet somtyme by his rage
We mortall men doe fynde,
That trees houses and cattell eke
Are ouerthrowne with wynde.

The water who can lack,
That in this worlde doth byde?
Yet many one therin is drowned,
By great aboundyng tyde.

The earth wheron we dwell,
And seke great welth to fynde,
In seking to possesse the same,
With iudgement vayne and blynde.

When we thynke to possesse
This earth that we attende,
Behold the same possessith vs,
In it we take our ende.

The Sommer whiche doth repe
Our sede, both corne and frute,
Alas to hot, this heate to hot,
With men thus goeth the brute.

And as with sommers heate
We doe complayne and scoulde:
So do we wayle on wynters chere,
And blame hym for his coulde.

No welth without some wo,
No Joy without some care,
No blysse without his dolefull bale:
Thus wretched men doe fare.

We seke for sugred welth,
As we should aye dwell here,
The bytter galle of mysery,
Therfore doth straytc appere.

The wyne that cheres the hearte,
Doth ofte tymes vexe the brayne:
And woman made was for mans helpe,
Who doth hym ofte great payne.

Sometyme we call for dryth,
Some tyme we aske for rayne:
Some tyme we saye we haue to much,
Of eche thus we complayne.

In musyke we delyght,
And calle for it some tyme:
Wherof we sone be wery to,
And blame our selues of cryme.

And iudge our selues to be
Both vayne, fonde, and vnpure:
Because our myrth without sorowe,
No long tyme doth indure.

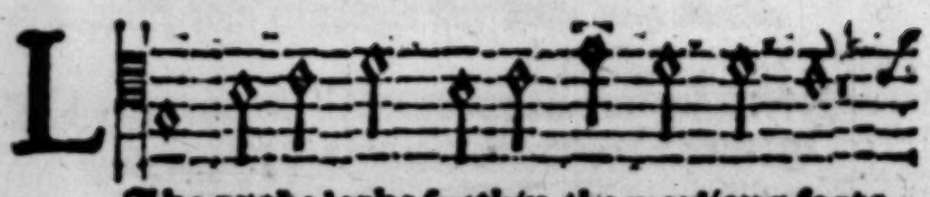
And whyle this dredfull care
Had fraughted thus my breste,
I me bethought what myght be founde,
To purchase here moste rest.

And that we myght let passe,
With lesse disease of mynde:
These contraries that vs assaulte,
Of so repugnant kynde.

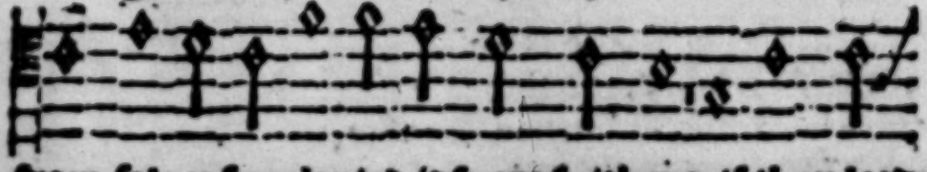
And temperance was the thyng.
That then came to my thought:
A better ayde in suche a case,
Is no where to be sought.

And therin seke to fynde
The wyll of God aboue:
And doe the dedes prescribed vs,
Within the lawe of loue.

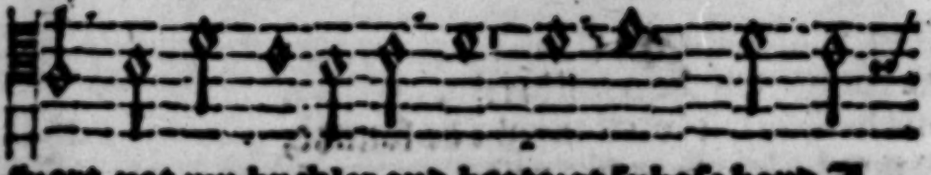
¶ The iust innocent complayneth on sclanderous tongues.



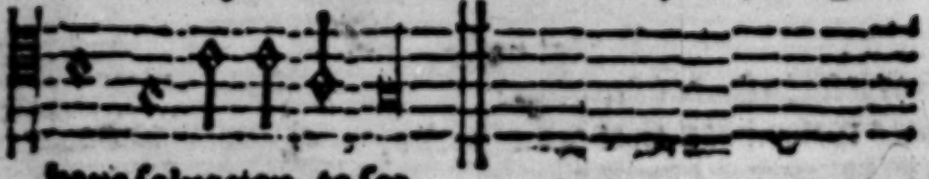
Like as the larke within the marlions foote



from solace supplanted it were with me, if thou lord



wert not my buckler and boote: at whose hand I



hope saluacion to ser.

My hope and helth lord is only in thee,
My caſtell of comfort my ſhylde and defence:
From ſclanderous tongues Lorde deliuer me,
That thei no iuſt cauſe haue thzough myne offence.

So ſhall their deceites turne to their own ſhame
Although for a tyme they chance to pzeuayle:
When truthe ſhall be tryde, and vtred by fame,
Their falſhod may fayne and vtterly quayle.

For they doe repozte that I neuer did,
My iudgement and cauſe I yelde vnto thee,
That out of this woo ryght fayne would be ryd,
And neuer did why ſo ſclandzed to be.

Oh mercifull lozd creatoz of all,
I doe remember men ſclandered thee:
Great diuell and Welzebub they did the call,
Thy myzacles dayly though they did ſee.

If thou ſe it good thy ſeruant to trie
By ſclander of tongues and vntrue repozte:
For pacience thy gyfte, to ſuffer I crye,
Rememberyng thee, my ſelfe to comfozte.

For helpe at thy hande I only reſozte,
Reſolue their harde hartes and cauſe them relent:
For they that loue euell doe alwayes ſupozte
All ſuche as to lyes and ſclaunder are bent.

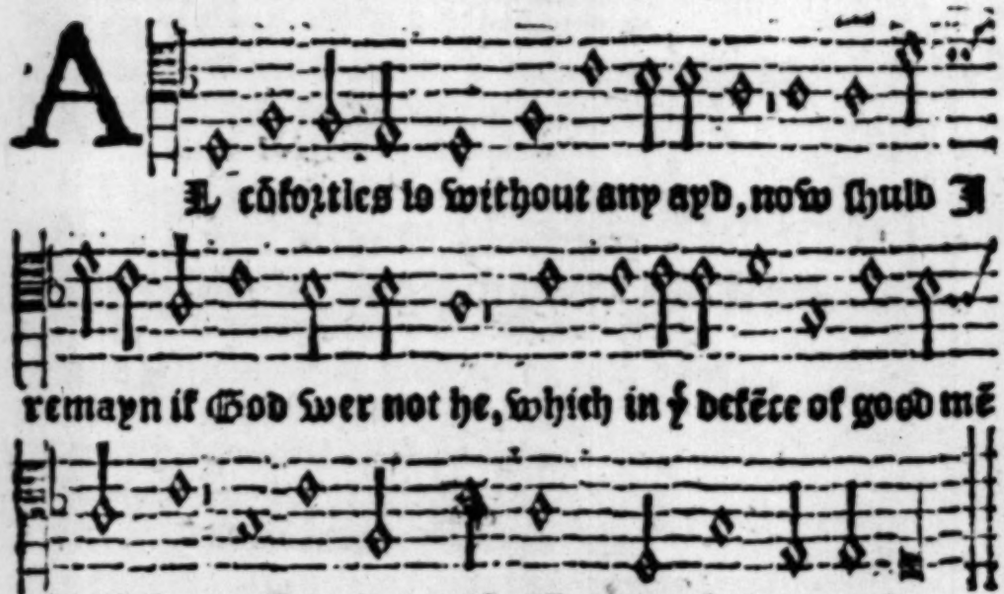
Yet if thy will weare that they myght repent
Confeſſing their fault, their falſhod and guple:
To comfozt ſomwhat the pooze innocent,
That falſhod and lyes hath put in exyle.

Thy glory so should we largely expresse
And teache it to men, and cause them to feare,
Whiche were for this crime a perfect redresse
For nothyng so much could make thē forbeare.

Thus all my whole cause to thee I commit,
My matters with thee I alway devyse:
Justly in judgement because thou doest syt,
And ryghtcousnes is thy whole exercyse.

O lord gene thē grace, to leaue ther great crime,
And me for to suffer, & walke without blame:
So wyll I endeuor from tyme to tyme,
To blesse and to prayse thy most holy name.

The innocent sclaundered complaineth praying for the conuertion of his enemies.



Myne

My hope is therfore sure fixed O lorde,
That thou dost abhorre all vntrue reporte:
And as thou dost byd in thy holy worde,
All only for helpe to thee I resorte.

From thee O good lord ther is nothyng hyd,
Prouoke them by force their lyke to refrayne:
For they doe reporte that I neuer dyd,
Accepted of suche as lyes doe mayntayne.

Good lord let not them their purpose obteyn,
Which in these my days wold turn me to shame
Not that I refuse to suffer the peyne,
But only that it turne not to their blame.

My harmes be heinous whē they me defame
But yet the moste harme to them doth returne,
When they vpon me doe reporte the same,
That they can not proue, it maketh me morne.

Lo thus am I bent in good part to take,
The sclander of tongues, remembryng thee,
Contented to suffer all thynges for thy sake,
For vengeance only belongeth to thee.

Oh mercifull Lord I render therfore
To thee condygne thāks, which art my defence
O strengthen me then good lorde euer more,
That I may styll suffer with pure pacience:

And finally graunt oh mercifull lorde,
That these false lyers may turne and conuert
And being instructed by thy swete worde,
They may be ryght sad and sory in heart.

To God our Creator and lord omnipotent,
The Father, the Sonne, and the holy ghost,
Thre persons and one God most excellent,
Be all prayse and honour as worthy most.

¶ The complaint of Christ our sauiour agaynst the Ingratitude of mankynde.

Thys of the Lord is the complaynt,
Of man, how he was sold and bought:
And thus he sayd hym to attaynt,
Myne own people what haue I wroght?
For towards me thou art so faynt,
And I thy loue so dere haue bought.
Thy answer loke thou nothyng paynt
To me, for why I knowe thy thought:
Haue not I done all that I ought?
Or els what haue I left behynd?
Thou sterst my wrathe, I hurt thee nought,
Why art thou to thy frend vnkynd?

I sought thy loue it was well sene,
When I thee made so lyke to me,
Myne earthly workes both quicke and grene,
To thee I gaue bothe fruite and tree:
From Pharao that was fierce and kene,
Out of Egypt delyueryng thee,
I kylled hym and all hys men,
And the redde sea in twayne dyd flee:
Which I commaunded drye to bee.
The water scrude thee and the wynde,
From bondage so I made thee free.
Why art thou to thy frend vnkynd?

Full

Full forty yeares in wylderned,
To wyn thy loue I dyd the lead,
Toward a land of great ryches,
With Manna also I thee fed:
To thee to shewe my great kyndnes,
Thy kynde to take I had no drede.
I left my myght, and toke mekenes,
Myne owne heart bloud for thee I bled:
To buy thy soule my selfe I led,
And bound my selfe thee to vnbynde.
Thus with great payne thy turne I sped.
Why art thou then to me vnkynde?

For thee I ordeynd Paradyse,
And shewde to thee my Testament,
And thou agayne dydst me despyse,
In breakyng my commaundement.
Thy synnes were great in dyuers wyse,
For to my foes thou dydst consent:
Downe I thee thrust, thou couldst not ryse,
Thy wyts from thee away they went,
A naked wretche poore, shamd, and shent:
And as for frendes: thou couldest none fynd,
But I whych on a crosse was rent,
Why art thou to thy frend vnkynd?

Thus I lovde thee, but whom lovst thou?
I am thy frend, why wylt thou kayn?
I gaue thee lyfe, and thou me slew.
Who parted thus our loue in twayn?
Turne thee to me, bethynke thee how
Thou hast done yll, come home agayne.
And thou shalt be as welcome now,
As he that free from synne dyd raigne,
Thynke howe dyd Mary Magdaleyn.

What

What sayd I to Thomas of Inde?
I grant the bysse, why wylt thou payne?
And art thus to thy frend vnkynde.

Of frends I am the beste and chiefe,
Thou wylt me neyther dreade nor please,
Of thy true loue to se a preue,
Wyl loue to thee would much increase.
For thy mysdedes I suffred greue,
And thou dydst me that same disease,
Hanged I was most lyke a theefe.
I suffred death thy payne to cease:
Yet to loue me thou dost not prease,
Nor bearest not my payn in mynde:
But seekst Idols in thy dysease.
To me why art thou so vnkynde?

Unkynd, for thou hast slayn thy Lord,
And euery day dost wound hym newe:
If thou be brought vnto accord,
Of couenant made, thou art vntrue:
To thy old synne thou dost resorte,
Thou louest vyce hatyng vertue.
All false Idols that I abborde
To honour thou wylt not eschue:
But to my lyuely Image true,
The poore, the halt, the lame and blynd,
To offer thou wylt not insue.
But rather art to them vnkynd.

Thyrse dyd the fiend tempt me truly,
And thou doste tempt me day by day,
Wyth synne and vyce most wyckedly,

Thou

To stirre my wrath thou wylt assay.
Thou dost as who so would me buye,
As false Judas dyd me betraye:
For at my workes thou hast enuye.
There is nothyng that would thee stay,
If thou on me myghtst as I may.
Full cruelly thou wouldest me bynd:
If I forgyue thee thou sayste nay,
Why art thou to thy frend vnkynd.

¶ A Ditie warnyng all townes and liberties to chose theyr gouernours for vertue wysedom and lernyng: and by all meanes laudable, to kepe from rule the proude enuious and wylfull wycked men: lest the prince be dishonored, and they them selues abused and oppressed.

¶ Dyng this as, If truth may take no trusty hold, &c.

VAher pride doth hold the helme in hand
The shyp to rule by wylfull wyll,
Oft tymes we see on rocke or sand,
Both shyp and goods do ioyntly spyll

As Phaeton prowde, most wylfully.
Hys father Phebus charyot,
Would prease to rule, tyll foolyshly
He nygh spylde all, suche was hys lot.

Wherby

Wher by as Ouide playne doth tell,
The wrathe of Ioue he did prouoke,
In floud of Po hym downe to fell,
Wyth dreadfull dynt of thunder stroke.

The lyke thyng may be sene ethe day,
In shyp of publike gouernance,
Where onely pryde and wyll beare sway,
Seekyng all discorde to aduance.

For reason there is cauttuate,
Reiect and cast out as a slaue,
Tyll theyr owne swynge doth bring the quade
Whose end doth shew how much they raue.

Wherfore yf I myght counsell geue,
When as the matter lyes in choyce,
Blynde ignorance should not acheue,
To wyn to rule by common voyce.

For by theyr rude and fonde abuse,
The prince they doo dishonor muche,
And subiectes poore they muche mysuse,
Of pryde and wyll the fruites are suche.

Then best it is for to reiect,
The blynde the ignorant and rude,
And vertues chiefly to respect,
And wysely so your choyce conclude.

If that ye knewe the difference,
Betwene the wyse and learned men,
And rude vnlearned negligence,
Muche more respect ye would haue then.

For

For loke howe farre a lusty wyght,
That can doo all actiuitie,
As go, runne, wrestle, playe and fyght,
Dothe styll surmount in eche degree

The infant yong that can not go,
But muste of force be led or borne,
So farre extendeth learnyng lo,
The rude and ignorant forlorne.

Ye that in all his lyfe and dayes,
His owne affections can not rule,
But beastly is in all his wayes,
As any saluage horse or mule.

Or he that hys house howe to guyde
Or household yet coulde neuer tell,
Can such be mete at any tyde,
A towne of folke to gouerne well?

Haue this therfore before your eyes,
Whom hencefoorth ye doo chose or take,
Vertue imbrace, and vyce despyse,
A ryght good choyce so shall ye make.

Esteme hym euer as moste yll,
Whiche by his froward myinde vniust,
Despysyng lawe wyll mayntayne wyll,
To lay good order in the dust.

If any man perceaue this case,
Or haue experience of this cryme,
Vertue hencefoorth let hym imbrace,
And take more heede an other tyme.

The

A brieſe deſcription of wyſedom and folly in gouernance.

VVHere wyſedome beareth ſayle,
In ſhyp of common wealth,
Lyke are they not to fayle,
Lawe, loue, good hope and health,
Juſtyce ſhall there auayle,
All wrong to ouerthrowe,
Wen dyng both hygh and lowe.

In lyke wyſe and maner,
Of folly to deſyne,
Ryght may no rule beare there,
Debate ſo doth enclyne:
And peace can there be none,
Ye may therof be ſure:
Nothyng but payne and mone.
Euer doo fooles procure.

A brieſe Deſcription of truthe and falſehode.

TRuthe ſhall triumphe and falſhode fayle,
Hope in the Lord ſo hath vs taught:
Of falſhode ſhall the cunnyng quayle,
Moſt, when ſhe hath her malice wrought:
As of the truth it is the guyſe,
Suppreſſyng wrong, and then to ryſe.

Why then doth falſhode make her boſt,
Of her dedes as they ſhould endure:
Only a whyle they rule the roſt,
Doubtles theyr buyldynges are not ſure.
Wyſchiek to doo they men allure:

And

And yet is all that they inuent,
Nothyng stable ne permanent.

¶ An exhortation to truthe, fayth and vertue.

EXamyn well thyne inward spryte,
Directe thy wayes with perfectnes:
Make streyght the thynges that are not right
Vere not thy frend with vnkyndnes.
No lye for gayne see that thou make,
Do nothyng yll for frendshyp sake.

Haue styll in mynde the truth, which sayth,
All thynges are vayne that haue an ende.
Let all thy workes be done in fayth,
Lyke that whych Christ doth most commend.

¶ A description of mans lyfe both in his owne affections and vertues.

WE may by profe behold and see,
In thys world what is mans delyghte,
Lewde is our lyfe naturally,
Lacke yf we doo gods holy spryte,
Iniurie, hate, wrath, and despyghte.
All that to payne shall vs procure,
Most we frequent and put in vre.

In vertue yet those that doo dwell.
Occasyons yll they wyll eschue,
Remembryng that suche as doo well,
Doubtles the Lorde wyll them endue,
All goodnes that they may ensue.

Ye

yea and them kepe so safe and sound.
None till shall them hurte or embrace,
Endeuoryng styll iust to be found.

A frendly aduertisement.

REioyce in him that did thee make,
In welth and wo haue him in mynde,
Conceaue none ill, all vyce forsake:
Within thy soule so shalt thou fynde.
And where thou art a louyng fryende,
Reuoke it not, but stay thee there,
Decaye no loue but hate forbere.

To proued frendes commit thy trust,
And flee from suche as fayne and glose,
Note one thing well, and kepe it iuste,
No secret of thy frende disclose,
Except counsell disdaine it not,
Repent thou mayst els well I wot.

That selfe loue and auarice, weare neuer true frendes.

MArueil not, though the faumyng tongue
All other doth excede in guile,
Rather thinke howe the foulers song
Into the net doth byrdes bewyle.

In couetise or in self loue,
Se that ye put no stedfast trust:
Leste confused your fansie moue,
Euer complainyng of thyne vniust.

That

A deſcription of frendſhip.

IN frendſhip true there ſurely is
Of nothyng lacke, or ſcarcetie,
Ye whiche is frendly doth not myſs,
No tyme his frende to greatefye.

Neuer therfore was frendſhyp found,
In ſelfe loue, or in auarice:
Contrarily it doth abound,
Occaſion ſhewde in exercife,
Loue neuer doth his frende deſpyſe,
Sure frendſhyp knoweth not hir owne.
Of this deſcription to the wyſe,
Now hereafterth may frēdſhip be knowne.

An opening of the rude peoples inconſtancie.

READe who ſo wyll in wyſe wryting,
It ſhall be eaſy to conclude,
Commonly how the raſhe doynges,
Haue of the moſte fonde multitude
Alwayes bene vayne and very rude.
Rauyng they doe reuers certayne,
Deuiſe of wyſe men to diſdayne.

Haue in their mynd therfore this feare,
Of their dedes be ſuſpicious:
Out of all doubt theyr fond maner
Can not be but pernicious.
At all tymes therfore let the wyſe
Reuoke their wayes and enterpryſe.

That flattery and sclaunder are of all wyse men to be taken hede of.

RIfe in this life is rude reporte,
Of suche as order doe disdaine:
But who so wyll to blysse resort,
Anoyde must all their scouldinges vayne:
Regardyng in his mynde all whole,
To runne a pace and wynne the gole.

Trust not to much the faynt frendshyp
In suche as flatter for a gayn,
Ne yet the leude and lying lyp,
Lyke one lyke other is certayn.
Ye therfore ought him well to proue,
Endeuor that ye doe to loue.

That a cõstant mynde is a great pyller of bodily health.

HEalth of body for to procure
Expediente a constant mynde:
Nothyng doth better be you sure,
Direct you helth and weith to fynde:
Remember that the lyfe vnstable,
Is founde in no man commendable.

For custome (Aristotle sayth)
Is lyke to an other nature,
So that he whiche him therin staith:
Hath good assurance long to dure,
And who the same to rente is ryfe,
Regardeth neither helth nor lyfe.

Respect

Respect euer and haue regarde,
Ill men from good for to deuide,
Constantly kepe both watche and warde
Hate ill mens dedes on euery syde.
Agayne with iust men at eche tyde,
Regarde to dwell, and them frequent,
Decyse with them your whole intent.

Beneuolence se you bestowe
Alwayes on suche as loue vertue,
Regarde also to ouerthrowe
Hatefull synners, who vice ensue,
And alwayes company the wyse:
Make spede from vyce and fooles despise.

A commendacion of vertuous exercise.

Inuention of the mynd ingenious
Of godly thyngs and of humane science,
Hath & shall be w men good & righteous,
Noted styll as a poynt of excellence.

Continue styll then in thy diligence.
Let not the worid pluck back thy good intent,
And sure god wyll alwayes be thy defence
Regardyng thee and thy doynges decente.
Knowe that the lord is styl the good mās guide,
Enuyronyng his ways on euery syde.

Against vndecēt busy medlers in other mens vocation neglecting their owne.

Reason would that in the publique estate,
Of euyry realme, where order would be had,

Becauſe therby the better to voyde hate,
All ſuche ſhould be eſtemed to be mad,
Rudly that wyll his owen calling forſake,
To vſe others, hym ſelf a fole to make.

Better it were that eche in their degree,
Endeuour would to folow their own art,
Then fondly as experience we may ſe,
In breaking order cauſe the ſelues to ſmarte.
Nothing on earth, the which hath vndone mo,
God for their plage hath wylde it to be ſo.

For certenly the vncontented mynde,
Extreamly doth hym ſelfe therby torment,
Lyuing to get they do many fetes fynde,
Dotyng in all that euer they inuent,
Euer therfore to conſtancie be bent.

Of fortune.

WHo ſo would know what fortune is
To Chilons anſwer take goo heede.
When lyke demande as nowe is this
To hym was put, he ſayde in dede:
A leche right lande, they did hir fynde
That truſted hyr: ſhe made them blynde.

Or thus out of *Iuſtinus*.

EXamples great were without ende,
Vneth poſſible to be tolde,
I myght vnto the mynde commend,
Therin to ſtay if now I ſhould:
How vnchangeable howe fraple and fond
Is fortune for to vnderſtonde.

Whiche

Whiche neuer yet made any ioye
But sorowe strayght ensude the same,
And doth hir selfe prepare to noye
Moste when she semes to noryshe fame:
Nor neuer strake the sorow stroke,
But where she first with ioye did mocke.

Of honor out of Tully.

HOnor as Tully doth wysly repete
In wyse men doth norysh both wisdom & skill,
And prayse in the wyttes doth kyndle a heate,
And also to study doth sturre vp the wyll.

Of glory.

IN thre thinges it doth well appeare
Where perfect glory doth remayne.
The first is where as far and nere
The multitude in loue doth reygne,
The second is as I perceaue,
Where they to good opinion cleaue.

The thyrd is where they maruel much
At vs, and doe vs well esteme,
And thynke vs able to be suche
As they of worshyp worthy deme:
And so with loue and good pretence
Doe gladly geue vs reuerence.

Of vain glory.

OF this vyle worlde the vayn glory
Is a swetnes full of deceit,

A feare fyxed continually,
Advancement bydyng dangers bayte:
A thyng begon without forelyght,
And endes without repentance quight.

For thus.

By clymyng hyghe did neuer ioye
So swyftly yet ensue,
As (in the fallyng downe to wo)
Our sorowes doe vs rue.
Nor yet renoume by victory,
Doth not so muche inflame:
As doth in ruyne byte reproche
Of follye, vs to shame.

Of grace out of S. Bernarde.

In three thinges so consisteth grace)
Right well to knowe as I doe thynke,
Of faultes nowe paste abhor the trace,
And present ioyes despyse and shrynke:
Desyryng only thynges to come,
Prepared for vs all and some.

Of temperance out of Plutarche.

WHat may we thynke that mā to lack
In any one degree,
To lyue in ioye and perfect welth,
And pure felicitie.
Whose vertue so doth hym discharge
From sorowe and from feare,
His temperance constreigneth hym

All

All extremes to forbeare:
And calleth hym from carnall luste,
In thoughte, in worde and dede,
That in reioycing folyshly
He neuer doth excede.

Of talebearers out of saynt Hierome.

The tale bearer that wicked man
Whiche by his synfull sleyght,
Doth mynysh loue betwene true frendes,
Through his most vyle deceyte,
Offendeth in muche worse degree,
Then he that would constrayne
The meate out of the beggers mouth,
Whom hunger sore doth payne,
For loke howe muche the soule excedes
This mortall body here:
So is the foode that fedes the soule
More precious and more dere,
And much more ought estemde to be,
Then that whiche here doth fede
Oure carein vyle, that dayly doth
Offende in worde and dede.

Of virginitie.

The holy man saynt Ciprian
In praysing of virginitie,
Syster of angels cald it than,
To vanquysh lustes valiently:
Of vertues lo she is prynces
All good thinges eke she doth possesse.

A maydens speache should be therfore,
In sobernes ryght circumspect.
Let bashfulnes also be more
Then eloquence in all respect,
Apperyng seld, few tymes and rare,
Use well the eares, the tongue to spare.

When that ye speake, speake so that men,
May wonder at your shamfastnesse,
When ye speake not prouyd that then,
They may lykewyse your sobernesse.
Lo these fewe thyngs that I haue layd,
Should be the garments of a mayd.

¶ Of Arrogancie in students.

ALl arrogancie from study seclude,
Lest thou remayn styll vnlerned and rude.
For all that the best learned man doth know,
Would make a baren and very bare showe,
His knowyng & vnknowing, if wer in sight,
For why hys ignorance is infinit,
Wherfore the cumbrance of arrogancy,
The greatest hyndrance is vnto study.
For many myght haue come to wysdoms lore,
If they had not thought themselues there before

¶ Of reuerence to age.

AGe and discretion in any wyse,
Loke that thou reuerence, and therto arise:
Geue place and hede therto with diligence.
For therin consysteth great experience.

For

For if thou wilt here an vpryght lyfe lyue,
At theyr handes thou shalt that knowlege atchiue:
Wyth godly lyfe, and true felicitie,
In graue iudgement and worldly policy.

¶ Of truth and falshode.

Truthe doth wyth truth for euer consent,
But falshode with falshode nor truth not content.

¶ Of Inhumanitie.

Of great rudenes it is an argument,
And that he is both proude and insolent,
In stout disdeyn that wyll styll remayn mute,
To those that gently hym greete and salute.

Or yf that we should not agayne for our part,
Shew the ryght fruite of a gentyll heart,
To wyshe well to them that wyshe well to vs:
We might wel be thought beastly and barbarous.

¶ Of constant temperance.

Though fortune her face turne from the & fayle,
Be of good chere, let not thy hearte quayle,
For oft after mornyngs carefull and sad,
Succedeth euenyngs both mery and glad.

Of truth and lying.

As profyt by lying is vncertayne gayne,
Which can not long dure, nor stedfast remayn:
So damage that men by truth get among:
Such trouble I say can not hynder long.

Of the errors of the common rude multitude.

Lodo-

LOdouicus Viues in sentence playn,
With wordes that be wyse affirmeth certayn,
That thopinions of people tumultous,
Is commonly hurtfull and pernicious.
Theyr brayns and heads so grossly vnderstond,
That all theyr iudgements are foolysh and fond.
For truly the vulgar people ay is,
Scholemaister of errores, and thynges amys.
There is nothyng vpon this earth therfore,
That in our study we should seke for more,
Then hym to bryng that knowlege would obteyn,
By wyledomes rule, in which he taketh peyn,
That he eschewe the iudgement vayn and rude
Of the most wayward waurying multitude.
Fyrst therfore that he then be not infect,
It doth behoue hym styll for to suspect,
What so the multitude with great assent,
Seme to allow with theyr common consent:
By suche wyse mens rules tyll he them well try
Whose measure is vertue, to proue matters by.

Agaynst vayne apparell, out of Lodouicus Viues.

GArmentes of profyt to couer the body,
Were fyrst inuented by necessitie,
Ryches and ryot found garments precious,
Which vanitie formde with tryckes superfluous.
Thus in vestures the dyuers inuention,
Hath drawne folke to prowd and foolish contention
And brought them to types hurtfull and vayne:
For eche one would now great honor attayne,
By that whych sheweth most our infirmitie,
Our folly weaknes and great miserie.

Agaynst

¶ Agaynst anger out of the same Author.

The angry man for his countenance fell,
His sharpe words and his dedes fierce & cruell,
Doth eke lose much of his authoritie,
When from hym withdraw benevolencie,
His frends him forsake, and no man therfore
Will gladly him mete, but all hym abhorre:
Wherfore all wyse men of graue experience,
Eschue nothyng more, nor more diligence
Do vse in ought, then theyr anger to cloke,
And all workes of yre to shunne and reuoke,
In so much that they warrie not only,
Agaynst theyr nature and infirmitie,
But spyght of her beard they put her to flyght,
Ye gyue her the fall, and banyshe her quyght.

¶ Of frendes, out of the same Author.

Chose them for no frendes in dede nor in wourd,
That wyll at thy lyfe styll geste mocke or bourd,
And suche as passe lyttle to scoffe at eche tyde,
At that which most secrete thou woldest hyde:
But yet most of all auoyde shun and flee
The frendshyp of suche as quyckly wyll bee,
For thynges of naught streyght at defyance,
With theyr best frendes, kyndred and alyance,
Reuengyng also them selues muche more
Upon suche as they haue loued before,
Then on those foes whych they alwayes dyd hate,
And with whome they styll haue ben at debate,
Perswadyng them selues most barbarously,
That of theyr most frend the small iniury.

It is

It is to be forborne or suffred lesse,
Then of theyr chiefe foe the most wickednes,
Which vayne & vile wordes do shew forth & mone
Declaryng most playn they neuer dyd loue,
Sure yf they had, loue would haue extended,
That they could not so much haue ben offended
Make neuer no frendes of suche as be those,
For better it were to haue them for foes.

Dulce bellum inexpertis.

As flyes oft tymes in candle flame.
Doo play tyll they be burnt and dye:
So many thynke the warres but game,
Wyth danger tyll the truth they trye.

Or thus.

As flyes delyght is oft to play,
In candell flame tyll death they tast,
So many wyll the warres assay,
That after soone repent theyr hast.

That the riche and myghtie should not hate the poore and lowly.

AS the grape bearyng vyne lyuely,
The lyttle tree doth not despyse
That doth hym beare, so should perdye,
No great estate yf they be wyse,
Dyldeyn the subiect or seruant,
Whose ayde of force they may not want.

Or thus.

Lyke as the vyne that flourysheth,
With lyuely grapes and leaues moste greet
The small tree neuer despyseth:
That beares hym by as it is seene.

As

So ought no ryche nor hygh estate,
The poore or symple wyght to hate.

¶ Of formed fyllets and disformed forheds.

A Lady had a forhed fayre,
Formed very feateously.
For in the mydst a typ of heare
Came downe before ryght properly.

Bothe sydes were bare and cowlyckt hye,
Wherfore she dyd in hast devyse,
As in her glasse she late dyd prye.
To forme her geare after that guyse.

Her forhead clothes and other tyre,
Were altred streyght vnto that lyke,
On both sydes crokyng lyke a wyre,
And downe before a prety pyke.

All other women great and small,
That dyd this trym newe tricke behold,
Wide, yong, yea ryche and poore and all,
Theyr forhed clothes so cut and fold.

But some that fayne would so be drest,
Dame Nature streyght denyd them that,
They could not be trym lyke the rest,
Theyr forheds lowe weare lyke a cat.

To that whiche was to some decent,
To others dyd as muche disgrace:
Whiche caused them streyght to invent,
To plucke the heare of from theyr face.

Wher

Wherfore fyrſt as the fayre lady,
Her fyllet lyke her forhead formde,
Some worked the cleane contrary,
Theyr forheds lyke fyllets deformde.

Sentences of the wyſe

Plato.

Of all thynges the newest is beſt for behoue,
Saue only of frendſhyp and of frendly loue,
Whych euer the elder and longer it dure,
Is ſo muche the better more perfect and ſure,

Seneca.

Wel may he be counted right valient in dede
In ioye nor in ſorow that doth not excede:
The temperate man poſſeſſeth this treaſure,
Whoſe modeſty moues hym ſtyl to wynd meaſure.

Socrates.

Socrates calles it a great poynt of madnes,
To be without meaſure in ioy or in ſadnes.

Plato.

Idlenes doth ignorance as her fruite render.
And ignorance euer doth error ingender.

Ariſtoteles.

Auarice doth gentilneſſe ſtyll away chaſe,
Whiche good liberalitie ay doth purchaſe.

Bias.

Of Flatterers Byas dothe byd vs beware,
And ſayth that theyr ſpeach is a hony ſwete ſnare.

Salo=

Salomon.

As vnmete is honor fooles to aſſayle,
As ſnowe in the ſommer, or in harueſt hayle

Plato.

Small errors not ſtayd at the fyrſt but proceed.
Wyl grow to great and huge miſchefes in dee

Plutarchus.

The wyts which in age wyll excellent byde,
By honeſt delyghtes in youth wyll be ſpyde.

Chilon.

Who can deny that man enuious to be,
That ſorry is at good mens proſperitie,

Socrates.

An ignorant foole he is without mys,
By counſell of women that gouerned is.

Ariſtippus.

He is without doubt a ryche man in dede,
To borow or flatter that neuer had nede.

Cicero.

Wyſdome as Tully doth wyſely defyne,
Is knowlege in thynges humane and deuine.

Xenophon.

For worldly ryches be not to ſtudient,
Syth God hath prouided for eche man ſufficient.

Pin-

Plutarche.

For sufficient thynges ought no man to pray,
For that doth God geue vnasked alway:
But praye that thy selfe mayst alwayes be bent,
With that whiche God geueth to be styll content.

Pithagoras.

Do right in your dedes to serue God if you lyst,
In workes not in words doth Gods worshyp cõsist

Socrates.

Speake euer of God whyle talke doth endure,
And God in thy mouth wyll good wordes procure.

Solon.

The soule that is iust, and purely doth meane,
Doth neuer delyght in matters vncleane.

Seneca.

The good soules plant goodnes whose frute is saluatiõ
The wicked plante vices, their fruite is damnation.

Truste not this worlde I saye in no wyse,
Whiche neuer doth paye that it doth promyse.

Pithagoras

True frendshyp and frendes, ye surely shal finde:
Where many pure hartes are made in one mynde.

Xenophon.

There neuer was frendshyp nor iustice certayne,
Where nothyng among them in cõmon doth rayne.

To lyue

To lyue without frendes would no man be glad,
Of all kynd of welthe though plenty he had.
Theyr frendshyp was neuer yet perfect and sure,
That did become frendes for profite or pleasure.

Socrates.

Let wyse men aske counsell for that is good skyll,
Lest somtyme theyr wits be myxed with wyll.
To the wrathfull man or dronkard infect,
Or he that is to a woman subiect,
Commyt no secretes to any of those.
For surely they can no counsell kepe close,

Isocrates.

He which to others good councell doth geue,
Hym self to profyt begyns to atchieue.

Seneca.

He (sayth Seneca) is ryche and welthy,
Which is contented with his pouertie.
None in this lyfe lyue more certayn and sure,
Then those that doo lacke ryches and treasure.

Hermes.

Receyue with patience the wordes of correction,
Though they seme grenous in thyne intellection.
Discipline my sonne see thou apprehend,
To grace and vertue so shalt thou extend.

Plutarchus.

Forget sone thy wrath, quench quickly that fyre,
And to be reuenged haue no desyre.

Socrates.

A man well brought vp that doth so procede,

Incre-

Increasyng mo vertues, is perfect in dede.

Shame and dyshonour, yll end, and damnation
Doth ryght vpon lacherous abhomination.

Socrates.

A ryght good gyft is eloquence,
Whyche doth in truthe shyne bryghtly styll:
But vsed in falshodes defence:
It doth corrupt and worke muche yll.

Pythagoras.

They which to slander or to rob
The dead haue theyr delyghte:
Are lyke such dogges in fury that
At stones do barke and byte.

Plutarchus.

Nothyng so muche dysprayseth one
as dothe a mans owne prayse,
And chiefly when he bosteth of
His owne good deedes and swayes.

Hermes.

He that dothe good vnto hys frendes,
Is counted wyse therfore:
But who so dothe his enmy good,
He is a man and more.

As well men ought that benefytes
In mynde shoulde euer cleane,

As they are glad in tyme of nede,
Wyth handes them to receaue.

The gyftes of a frynde,
Whose loue is not colde,
Ought neuer in mynde
To weare or waxe olde.

The good wyll of the geuer ought
To be regarded more,
Then ys the value of the gyft
Though it be great and store.

Seneca.

Of welth he shall haue no,
That can not suffer wo.

Smalle knowledge is in suche
As vse to babble muche.

Seneca.

The wyse in deede,
Dothe nothyng neede.

Hermes.

Beware well of spyes,
And tellers of lyes.

Aristoteles.

To delyght in treasure,
Is a dangerous pleasure.

Seneca.

In a lyer doubtleſſe,
There neuer was goodneſſe.

¶ A deſcription of dignitie or true Nobleneſſe.

IF thou a noble man wylt knowe,
A great eſtate and honorable,
Hye is (as Chryſoſtome doth ſhowe)
To vices nothyng ſeruiſable:
But dothe deteſt and muche diſdayne,
Subiect to be, to vyces vayne.

If thou (as Seneca doth tell)
A man wylt in ſure wyſe eſteme,
Or knowe hym perfectly and well,
What he is, and ſo truely deme:
Thou muſt hym ſee in faſhyon rare,
That is to ſay naked and bare.

Poſſeſſions let hym laye aſyde,
And put from hym authoritie:
And let nothyng wyth hym abyde,
But natures gyft and propretie:
All fortunes fables in lykewyſe
Thou muſt in this thy ſerche deſpyſe.

In fyne and laſt of all the reſt,
Let hym put of hys owne body:
And then beholde wythin his breſt
His ſoule, and newe it certaynly:
For ſo ſhall it be truely knowne,
What he hath of his very owne.

For

For it in me deserues no prayse,
That I of others do receiue,
For looke what nature me denayes,
I can not haue, but vdo deceiue,
As wyth a false and fayned synne,
Bragging with that which is not mine.

He that can vices ouercome,
Is then the chiefest conquerour.
He that wyth vertue beareth roome,
He is a man of great honour.
He is noble and of great myght,
That shunnyng wrong imbraceth ryght.

¶ The anotomy or particular description of a byrchē broome or besome: In the composition or makyng wherof, are conteyned, iii. notable Iustices or purgers of vices.

A Byrchen besome that ye a broome calle,
Is made of a wyth, a stalke, and twygs smalle:
By whych all folke of eche age and estate,
May gouerned be, yf nourture they hate,
As fyrst the smalle twygges do serue a good thyng,
The buttockes of boyes to hoyse vp or lyft.
From which it is sometymes nedefull to draw,
Abundance of bloud to kepe them in awe.
The hast of the broome lyke purpose shall serue,
To shrub well theyr backs that strypes do deserue
And namely such knaues that are growne so bygge
That they nothyng set by any small twygge.
Therfore is the stalke a toole for the nones,
To cantys theyr backes, or kydgell theyr bones.

Then thyrdly the wyth wyll hang by the necke
Such theues as feare not the strype nor the checke.
Thus in euery house.iii. Justices reigne,
Whyche the byrchen besom well doth conteyne:

The hygh and the meane, and also the lowe,
Thyr offices all, ought eche man to knowe:
By whom al such men must nedes passe theyr way
The rules of reason that wyll dysobaye,

The highest Justice the necke wyll out stretche,
The low from buttockes wyl skyn & bloud fetche,
The meane must nedes throbbin the shoulders stout
Of eche stubborn variet lubber or loute,

The lowe Justyce nowe he that wyll reiect,
Nor his lyfe by rule and compas direct,
Neglectyng the small, he stireth the great,
The hakke of the broome the shoulders must beat,

By which back beatyng yf he wyll not mend
The wyth must hym hang, and so hys lyfe end.
Lo thus may they see that wisely behold,
The besome hath vses many a folde,

Besides that for which most men do them kepe,
Namely theyr kitchyns or houses to swepe:
For he hath office mens vices to purge,
By thre Justice rules, that sharply wyll scurge.

For who so euer they doo in hand take,
Either good or dead they wyll hym sure make:
Good, if by vertue from vyce they wyll varye,
Dead, yf by vyces they doo the contrary.

¶ The description & declaration of a monstrous chyld, borne in the towne of Maydston in the Countie of Kent, in the yeare of oure Saluation. 1561. the. xxix. daye of September, beynge Sayncte Mychaell the Archangels day, betwene two & thre of the clock in the mornyng,

SIth monsters as some lerned men declare,
Doo demonstrate, to vs oure monstrous lyfe,
Repentantly let vs our hartes prepare,
Synne to aduoyde, wherin our fete be fryfe:
For why we walke denoyde of loue in stryfe,
And for the most part councell men doo scorne,
Which mõstrous ways cause monsters to be borne

Behold those eyes which monstrously strout out
Which typpeth foorth our boldnes to doo yll,
And where it hath no forhead without doubt,
The lacke of shame ryght playnly shew it wyll:
Suche shameles grace we se frequented styll,
Whyles we stoutly our naughty ways defend,
And seme gods word to mocke and reprehend.

It hath no necke, whych may also expresse,
That lacke of loue doth reigne in euery wyght.
No paps nor teats whiche signifieth no lesse.
But that we doo regard no truth nor ryght:
To nourysshe vertue few haue nowe delyght,
But pryde, and fooly she fondeand vayn attyre.
Of women chiefely nowe is the desyre,

Such ruffes, such rolles, such folysh tricks beside,
Woze heathenlyke then any Turke doth vse:
In wycked waies thus boldly do we glyde,
And holsom counsell most folke do refuse,
Thus monstrously we walke in great abuse,
As God by tokens dothe to vs declare,
That paynfull plagues he doth foz vs prepare.

A hole it hath depe in the head behynd,
Couered ouer with a fleshy flappe,
Thus were these partes contrary vnto kynde:
Which may declare and signify perhap,
With feigned maners how we do vs wrap,
Appearyng outwarde honest fayre and gay,
Corrupted inward with most wycked way.

The buttockes also ioyned are in one,
Without a clyft the same foz to deuyde,
Yet some there were that looked it vpon,
That toke great payne the matter foz to hyde,
Astribyng it to chaunce that myght betyde
Unto the woman, whyle she therwith went,
As hurt oz bruse, so vayn heads dyd inuent.

But who that wyll discretely the same vewe,
Shal fynd that God therin hath wrought his will
And their surmyse to be false and vntrue,
With lies that would our eares and wyt so fyll,
That we shoulde not repent vs of the yll,
That caused God therby vs to amend,
Thys token great before our eyes to sende.

Presumpteous boldnes in vnshamfast wayes,
Is termed courage oz audacitie,

But

But shame to sinne is counted now a dayes
Great holyshnes, and doltysh dastardy.
So ryfe so rype is nowe iniquitie,
That fearful signes must faine be vs to teache,
That no man els can loe although he preache.

Let vs therfore haue sufficient regarde
To these great workes of God shewed to vs:
Least death and hell doe shortly vs rewarde,
For these our sinnes that we committed thus,
Let learned wits now more at large discusse,
By these great mōstrous tokens what is ment
But in the meane space let vs all repent.

¶ An exhortation to al preachers of the Gospell, that they ought to preache as well in workes as with wordes: if they wyll preache profitably, namely to the conuertiō of soules to the truthe.

The first mouer from easte to weste,
That turnes the starry sphere,
Under the whyche the seuerall orbes
The wandryng lyghts doe beare.

By endles turnyng in that course
That all men doe perceyue,
Contrary to their streyning waye,
Whyche few folke can conceaue.

Twelue thousand tymes hath borne the sonne
This endles balle about,

We shyning all our hemisphere
With beames moste clere and stoute.

(Which cutting crosse our horizon
The night away did dryue,
And frō this arke by glistryng light,
Dyd darkenes styll depryue.)

Synce parentes procreation
My lyfe did fyrst beginne,
And nutriment pertormyng it,
Tyll that I breth did wynne.

And yet in this number of dayes
I neuer could espie,
Or on that wyght once fyx my looke,
Or sce hym with myne eye,

That cary could a good report
Vnto his finall graue,
Whiche in this lyfe dyd not subdue
The flesche when it dyd raue:

Or could not with a moste sharp byt
The heady synnes refrayne,
Subduyng frayle affections,
As with a brydle rayne.

No though he could well prophesie
And profitably preache:
And as a heauenly messenger,
The gospell purely teache,

If

If lyfe and conuerſation
Doth not therto accorde,
His labours are abandoned,
His preaching is adhorde.

For in bare wordes doth not cõſiſt
The pure ſinceritie:
But perfect workes doth chiefly ſhew
The Chriſtian veritie.

And only wyt in ſpeakyng well,
Doth ſhewe his force and myght:
But wyſdome euer is exprelt,
In dealyng iuſt and ryght.

Thus wyt can ſay, but wiſdõ doth
All thynges godly and iuſt.
Wit in good words, wiſdom in dedes
Is knowne and well diſcuſt.

As workes then doe all wordes excede,
And doyng ſpeache excell:
Though wit may make a glorious ſhew,
Yet wyſdom beares the bell.

How many preachers haue ben ſtaynde
That ſpake eloquently,
Which wanting wiſdom, could not worke
Therwith accordingly.

Wherfore the wyſe philoſopher
Unhappy dyd them call,
Whiche had a wyt, and neuer could
Attayne wiſdom withall.

For

For wytte doth serue wisdom to learne,
In eche reasnable wyght:
Wherfore they are but beastes, who not
In wisdoms schole delyght,

If wysdoms worke then folowe not
Of wyt what is theffecte?
To what ende are these goodly wordes,
If good workes be reiect.

What are the frutes of lyvly fayth?
Whiche are the tokens true,
Of those whom God in Christ our helth
With grace doth styll reuewe?

Is it not lyfe agreable
To that ye teache and saye?
Howe can ye otherwyse with glose
These verities denaye?

To what end speake ye all these wordes
Wherin ye so glory?
Ist not as good of godly dedes
To tell an history?

Who best think you should me perswade
Their churche and fayth to loue?
Or who to folow or beleue
Should the moste mens hartes moue?

Of him that sayde, and no good dyd,
Or he that helde his peace,
Walkyng a good and Christian lyfe
Among the peoples prease?

Though

Though faith by hearing come in dede,
Whiche I will not denye:
Wordes voyde of workes did neuer yet
Worke halfe effectually.

It is but lyke the flowers gaye
That flourylhe fayre and greene,
And wyther streyght as sone as sonne
Doth whot vpon them shyne.

Lyke wytherd haye vpon house tops,
That many tymes doth growe:
Whiche lodeynly doth spring and spreade,
Makyng a braggyng showe:

But streyght for lack of perfect roote
Or grounde wheron to staye,
It wytherd is, that no man can
His handfull beare away.

Wherfore vnles ye preach with workes
The frutes of wysdom pure,
Your wytty wordes are vanitie,
Your ground is nothyng sure.

Yowe some haue geuen vyle offence
I nede not here to name,
For wyse men wyll my meanyng see
And doe but reade this same.

And who so by an others fall
Can staye and take good hede,
That man to be wytty and wyse
We shall beleue in dede.

I buyl-

A buylder wyse vpon the rocke
Chriſt doth hym ryghtly call,
That doth the goſpell heare or reade,
And doe therafter ſhall.

Contrarywyſe the negligent
That gods worde vnderſtande,
Are lykned to the foiliſh man
That buylded on the lande.

Of whiche he fyrſt was able well
All ſtormes for to abyde:
Where as the laſt vnconſtant was
And ſubiect ſtyll to ſlyde.

Wherfore for Chriſtes bloud I ſaye,
Ye preachers all beware.
And that your lyfe make none offence
Be that ye ſet your care.

For curſed are ye, if ye doe
Gods worke negligently:
And here I ende ſyth ye do knowe
The ſame as well as I.

But he that knowes his maiſters will,
(Take this for your fare well)
And doth it not: with many ſtripes
Shall beaten be in hell.

¶ Againſt ỹ diſſimulacion, craft, vn conſtãcie, falſe dealing, gredy couetouſ= nes, vntemperate eatynge and dryn= kyng

kyng, and incontinencie of an old man, and the cause why the author & others forsoke & refused the societie of suche one.

O Monstrous satyre
Of insaciat mynde,
Whose fylthy desyre
All vertue doth blynde.

Can neyther thyne age
Nor experience,
The vyle lust asswage
Of concupicence:

Can not the balde hed,
With bearde and heare whyte,
Once stande thee in sted
To bydle delight?

Can not the dimme eyes
And nere foure score yeres,
Once make the despyse
That in thee apperes?

How shall the young man
His wayes reforme then,
As Dauid doth scan:
When suche are ould men?

Learnyng nor tyme,
Nor number of dayes,
Can scoure away cryme,
The cause of dispraise?

For scripture studie
In suche a long space,
Made at hande redy
Assistance of grace?

How canst thou thy selfe
Gods messenger name?
Syth in this vyle pelfe,
Thou semest past shame?

But what man hath sens
As yet other frute,
In suche as haue bene
So beastly and brute?

With God and man to
Dissemblyng to lye:
Where all that they doe
Is Hipocrisye.

For he that wyll cloke
The enmies of God,
And saye they reuoke,
(That God hath forbod)

To shelde them from lawe,
And danger of cryme,
By crafte for to drawe
And detract the tyme:

How shall we hym thinke
The brydgroms true frende,
That fainly doth shrynke
From hym to the ende?

And that to make truse
Betwene wolues & shepe,
Good men to misuse
That dyd the flock kepe,

Betwene saynctes & dogs
What feloshyp is?
Betwene fylthy hogges
And chyldren of blis?

Betwene the elect.
And vyle reprobate?
Betwene the reiect,
And blessed estate.

Betwene good and bad,
Betwene heauen and hell?
Betwene subiect sad
And traytrous rebell?

Then those that proteste,
Suche vyce to forsake,
Howe can they requeste,
A peace for to make?

Making but one churche
Of vertue and vyce?
How falsly suche lurche,
Is knowne to the wyse:

If riotously
To lashe out and waste,
Moste prodigally
Of deynties to taste.

The redyest waye be,
To please God aryght,
And Gods face to se
And serue hym in spyryte.

If to be careles,
To burden ones frende,
And to make redres
Haue neuer in mynde,

Borowyng frankly,
No caryng to pay:
And somtyme faintly
To shyft so away:

If to be wandryng
So fugitiuly,
Leauyng the lyuyng
Sure and constantly.

Intendyng therby
With slayghtes to deceaue,
With subtiltie slye,
Both to take and leaue.

If bybbyng of wyne
Tyll belkyng boyle out,
Be the true ryght lyne,
To fynde heauen out.

If lasciuious talke,
Prouokyng to synne,
Be the way to walke
Heuen blysse for to wynne.

Then

Then fare well saye I
All workes and vertue,
We may well dese
All good dealyng true.

But wo worth that suche
Had euer the place,
That so and so muche
The truthe doe disgrace.

Why takste in thy mouthe
My worde sayth the lorde
That hast from thy youth
All vertue abhorde.

Thy lyfe to accorde,
Doste also despyse:
Myxyng with my worde,
Papystry and lyes.

If these causes nowe,
Be full sufficient,
Suche to dysallowe,
And from hym dissent.

Also to abstayne
Hym to hyde or cloke,
Hys doynges refrayne,
And also reuoke:

Hy frendes I defye,
That they beare wyth me,
Though I doo retyre,
And from suche one flee.

For I thynke the not
Scant whole wyll appere,
Nor from hythy spots
The water be clere.

And rather I sure
Had lyke to forgo,
Then with mynde vnpure,
Affectionat so.

With suche one to beare,
In suche confusion,
That can not forbeare
His frayle affection.

¶ A song against the sinful time wherin all thynges are out of order, and synne groweth nere vnto rypnes.

IT is not tyme
That synne and cryme,
Wyght cease that ye might mend?
Can plague nor payne
Make you refrayne,
Nor from wickednes wende?

Shall eche brother
Malyce other?
Can nothyng you perswade,
Once to tender
Eche good member
Whom Christ hath bought & made?

Syth

Wyth ye profesſe
Of fayth no leſſe
Then the Apoſtles all:
Should you diſpyſe
Thus eche good guyſe,
With lyues moſt ſinſuall?

Can one veſſell
At once expell
From hym both ſwete and ſowre?
Or can a man
Any tyme whan
At once both laughe and lourt?

As wolues wroth
your ſelues ye cloth
In lambe ſkinnes to ſeme good,
Hipocrites ſubtill
Haue hartes ſtyll brittle,
Two facis in one whoode.

Commend they wyll
Gods ſwete worde ſtyll,
As though they lovd it well:
Yet they vary
Moſt contrary
Vnto that pure goſpell.

In plaimes saying
And in praying
They ſeme to haue perfection:
Yet their delyght,
Is all in ſpyght,
Whiche is a great infection.

In wrathe and pryde,
From grace they slyde,
Wyth fylthy fornication:
Enuy and hate,
Excesse, debate,
And all abhomination.

In auarice,
Beyond all cyse,
And arrogant ambition,
Although they feyne,
In other veyne,
They maynteyne superstition.

And he is well,
That can excell,
In vice and fylthyness:
Suche stryke to wynne
The price of synne,
Was neuer sene I gesse.

Fylthy lucur,
Dothe them procure,
To partialytie:
For worldly gayne,
They all are fayne,
To worke iniquitie.

They prate and pray,
And well can say,
To purchas them promotion,
The worlde to wynne,
They sustayne synne,
So vayne is theyr deuotion.

Flat-

Flattryng they fleare,
Eche other in theare,
To worke theyr wycked mynd.
They sclandrynge slay,
Good men eche day.
As beastes that passe theyr kynd.

They fayne a face,
To runne the race,
As men of Christ elect:
And yet in deede,
They do procede
Wyth synnes synfull infect,

They flatter can,
With every man,
Where gayne may so be wonne:
Longer then gayne,
They not remayne,
Their frēdshyp streight is done.

They wyll be meke,
And humbly crepe,
Where they no frendshyp beare:
Tyll theyr purpose,
They may vp close,
And thēstreight ways they leare

Unpromyse they,
No farther stay,
Then lucre doth extende:
No fayth nor truthe,
In age nor youth,
But falshode all attende.

Wuche they pretende,
Faultes to amende,
And doe for common welth:
Wher in the end
They nought intend,
But priuate gayne and helth.

Ta me ca thee,
This styll we see,
They wynke at wyckednes:
None but the poore
Doth wrynge therfore,
And suffer the distres.

With hartes moste stout,
They snuffe the snout,
Lyke swyne ẏ smell their swyll.
With haulty harte,
And mynde peruarte,
To worke their wicked wyll.

Wuche they oppresse
As in distresse,
Do wante both helpe and ayde:
Their cruell myndes,
As fierce as hyndes,
By no meanes can be stayde.

No fayth we see,
On earth to bee,
Nor yet iustice or ryght:
But bearyng out
Of falshod stout
By office poure and myght.

Wher-

Wherfore the day,
At hande I say,
Of force muste nedes appere,
This worlde to burne,
That thus dothe turne,
To worse from yere to yere.

¶ A mervaylous dreame of the Author: Anno. 1561.

WHen in the lyon Phebus had,
Obteynde the seuententh grade,
And on the bulles necke, Ione ridyng
The twyns for to invade.

And Saturne slow had in the Crab
Then entred one degree,
Mars from the waterman regrest,
The goate agayn to see.

And Venus by conjunction,
Wyth Phebus late had lyne,
By backward course as she returnde
In Leone the sygne.

And Mercury the messenger,
In May last past, was sent,
By myghty Ione, from out the bull,
And nowe in vyrgyn went.

Dyrectly walkyng through that sygne.
The balance to pervse,
And in September turne and shew
To Phebus all the newes.

¶ 5. Diana

Diana, rydyng on the ramme,
Dyd on her brother looke:
Wyth tryne aſpect, as wyth the lyke
Dame Venus late ſhe tooke.

Intollerable was the heate,
That Titans burnyng beames
Gaue on the earth when he put foorth
His bryght and ſhynyng leames,

Which parching heat, had made ye corne
Eche where to change hys hewe,
Wherby warning gaue, that husbandmen
Wyth ſythes and ſycles newe.

Should nowe prepare to cut and bynd,
And in theyr barnes preſerue,
Suche neceſſary foode as myght,
For wynters nede well ſeruc.

What was the cauſe I leaue to ſay
But ſodeynly that nyght,
Suche tempeſt roſe of wynd and rayne,
And lyghtenyng in ſyght.

With thunder ſtrokes moſt terrible,
And haſty ſtormes of hayle,
As though God wyth deſtruction,
Would then the world aſſayle.

When, till, long howres this ſturdy ſtorme
Had hys continuance,
It dyd aſſwage, and gan to go,
In farre other dyſtance.

And

And the drepe nyght approchyng fast,
From prayre to slepe I fell,
And suche a dreame to me apperde,
As strange is for to tell.

Me thought I stoode vpon a hyll
Where I hard & myght see,
In a lowe playne of all estates,
A multitude to bee.

Where euery sort and eche estate,
Dyd stryue and muche contend,
The gredy gayn of gold to wyn
Their hunger had none end.

So muche to gold their loue aperde,
That nought els myght be founde,
To wyn or please, or to haue fame,
Or in wealth to abounde.

There saw I kynges and rulers great
By tyranny to reigne:
Whcras the great consumde the small,
And wysedom dyd disdeyne.

Their subiects when they had oppressd
By heapyng of muche golde:
They straight became ambicious,
Yea arrogant and bolde.

Their owne realms could not thē cōtēt,
Their spendynges to discharge:
But they must conquere others ryght,
Dominions to enlarge.

And

And so wyth bloudy victory,
Great terrour and dystresse,
Of many poore, at last by force
They others lande possesse.

Which notwythstandyng of .iii. heyres
Was not inherited:
But was agayne wyth losse and shame
Forgone and home rendred.

And others as ready agayne,
Wyth lyke them to acquite,
As they before weare for to wynne,
And conquere others ryght.

There lawe Iudges in lyke case,
Whose mynde dyd whole depende,
For hym to doo that most would gene,
And plentyfully spende.

For bribes & giftes bare all the sway,
In matters of the lawe,
For gayne of golde, and for no ryght,
All matters dyd they drawe.

All officers I dyd beholde
From moste vnto the least:
Whych without bribes had no regard,
To any mans requist.

Yea offices were solde and bought
And not for vertue gaynde:
But all for gould, thus went the world,
For gould were all retaynde.

A whole

A foole as sone should haue to doo,
To rule a common weale:
As should the wyse: vnles by mede
He dyd his office steale.

Yet some desyre (I not denye)
Of gold was to this ende:
The glutton gutte of Epicure,
To fyll full and extende,

For in some place no dronkard can
So ofte yll rule repayre,
Nor yet frequent the tauerne more,
Then shryfe Iustyce or Mayre.

The spectacle of all excelle,
And mysrule to infect,
Was sene of them that ought of due,
Suche vyces to correct.

The ryche dyd poore men vndermynd,
To make them traueil sore:
And yet dyue backe benevolence,
And wages not the more.

But rather dyd wythdrawe the due,
They ought to haue of ryght:
For pyrpate gayne thus waded they,
Wyth all theyr power and myght.

To promyse or to counant made,
There no man had regarde:
For gayne of golde all thynges vndyd,
Theyr doynges swell declarde.

No

No leafe ſo good had any man,
Nor bonde ſo ſurely made:
But golde was able to vndoo,
And vtterly to quade.

Who had no gold, vnable was,
Hys owne ryght to retayne:
Me without gayne no kynde of force
Wyght permanent remayne.

Wyght many that good ſcience had
Vpryghtly wyth to lyue:
To tauerne and to typple fell,
Therto them ſelues to gyue.

Eſtemyng gayne therby to ryſe,
Muche more abundantly,
Then by the former trade they vſe,
With lyuyng dectntly.

And dyuers artes theyr trade did leaue,
Wyth hurt of common weale:
Foreſtallyng corne and victuals all,
Vyle gayne therby to ſteale.

The cobler, tynker, and the ſmyth,
Theyr labour gan to leaue:
More gold to gayne by philykes art,
And therwyth dyd deceaue.

So leapt forth Loy the loyterer,
That no man myght hym let,
To be a prieſt or myniſter,
In vyle gayne to get.

With

Wyth gold some bought theyr benefice
In hope more gold to reache:
Which to attayne is all theyr cure,
Or nothyng eis they preache.

Unlearned though they latine lappe
Before the symple folcke,
As yf a sowe should spyn and twyst
Of from a lynnen rocke.

The byshops once confirmde in see,
Regarded ideli thyrkt:
To preache or teache they toke no care,
For golde was all theyr dryft.

The superstitious hipocrite,
Styll holde antiquitie,
In hope to gayne if change may hap
To buylde iniquitie,

Eche variet in hys bravery,
Affyrme may what he lyste:
Yea openly agaynst the lawes,
They dayly doo resyst.

Thus gayn of gold hath made the lawes
Moyde, and of none effect,
The godly preachers rayled on,
And theyr doctrine reiect.

Thus is theyr golde or Mammon vile
Theyr onely lorde and God:
For it they onely seke and serue,
Though Christ haue it forbod.

The

The labozyng man ſwould loz his payn,
Be wagde with double hyze,
Oz elſe ſwould ioyter, and not ſwoyke
At any mans deſyze.

Foz whiche at laſt ſome did pzetend
To make a quick redzes:
But all their dedes did rather turne
Unto double diſtres.

Foz as the common ſaying went,
Who ſo a tree would fell,
Hard to the roote muſt put his axe,
Ik he wyll doe it well:

And not begyn ſmall toppes to ſhzed,
And let the ſtock alone:
Foz ſo mo twygs wyll groſwe agayne,
Lo thus dyd pooze men grone.

The pzyce of kermes muſt hyzſt fal doſwn
Unto their ancient rate,
Oz elſe ye ſhall reſozme to ryght
No degrie oz eſtate.

Ik ye meane right, firſt bate the pzyce
Of that whiche is your oſwne:
So hoſwe to mende after that rate
Shall eaſyly be knoſwne.

But ſwhyliſt your ſeines ſwil not debate
Your rentes and gredy gayne,
Your ſtudy of amendement
In others is but vayne.

Of

Of takers and commyssioners,
There myght one see a sort,
For gayne of gold begyle theyr prince
And his subiectes extort.

Of all thyngs would they double take,
And sell the residue:
Thus bothe to prince and people to,
These wretches were untrue.

In lyke sort bayliffes playd theyr part
In gettyng gold with wrong:
And somners whyche caulde many one
To syng a sory song.

These could make one wryte double serue
As many mo as nede:
And for a bribe the same discharge:
Thus falshode hath decrede.

All marchants ther me thought I sawe
Wyth many a subtyll shyfte,
The gredy gayne of gold to wyn,
By false and theuysh dryfte.

So saw I crafts men leaue theyr art,
And fall to husbandry:
Leases ouer theyr neyghbors head,
To that intent they buye.

Whiche made the rent of lands to ryse,
From fyue vnto a score:
Suche great enormitie as thys,
Euen Nature doth abhore.

Vnlawfull gayne and vsury
That execrable vse
I sawe frequented commonly:
Whyche was a great abuse.

Ryght many heyres full rychely left
Were therby cleane vndone,
By craft and guyle therin conteynd,
Wyth crafte thus haue they done.

Some gaping vp vpon the sterres,
Wyth vayne deludyng Japes,
Deceaued many symple folkes,
And mocked them lyke apes.

Theyr learnyng in Astronomye,
Was scarsely worth a myte:
Although of it was all theyr boste
To blynde the peoples syght.

The dyuels arte they do frequent,
And therwith tell muche newes:
The christen flocke thus they peruert,
Wyth moste hatefull abuse.

For chyldren now are scarsly borne
But streyght they wyll apply,
Theyr goodes to spend on such as bost
They can well domifye.

And calculate what shall become
Hereafter of that chylde:
Wyth vanitie for gayne of gould
Thus was that place defylde.

When

When things were lost or stolne by theues
These hypocrites dyd gase,
Upon the sterres, and sometymes told
That dyd the people mase.

For easy sure by suche deceyght,
Among the people rude
It is, with counterfeatyng face,
Them to mocke and delude.

And hatefull wytches euery where,
With hurtfull wordes and charme,
Both men and cattell dyd destroy,
Committyng endlesse harme.

And thys they dyd, that dayly men
Myght seke that trade vnto:
The grysly grefes by wytches done,
By wytche crafte to vndoo,

And in thys wyse some gayned so,
That nought were worthe of late,
That they could buy and trymly buylde,
At thys present estate.

And some for gayn wyth the lyke arts,
Diuyne and prophecie,
And promyse many thyngs to come
By suche fals trechery.

From crowned kyng to pesant poore,
No degree or estate,
Escape could, that they would not be,
With them bold to checke mate.

Nobie pꝛinces that diademe
And ſcepters iuſtly beare,
To Iudge theyꝛ endes moſt hatefully,
Theſe dyuels doo not feare.

Suche trayterous kynd of pꝛopheſies,
Wherin they cioſely meſl,
And dayly doo the ſame frequent,
A ſtrange thyng were to tell.

Foꝛ which cauſe ſome by conſuryng,
The wycked ſpirites rayſe,
And trouble all the elementes
In theſe moſte hateſull dayes.

Howe they doo offer ſacrifice
Vnto the fende of hell:
Sometyme of theyꝛ owne fleſh & bloud
Whyche therfoꝛe they doo queil.

And how they caſt theyꝛ ſoules away,
In moſt damnable wyſe,
By ſcioſwſhyp with damned ſpꝛites,
Is knowne vnto the wyſe.

I ſawe alſo lyke fugitiues,
Ryght many foꝛth dyd ſtraye,
With beaſtly gaudes & makyng ſhiftes,
With fonde and theuyſhe playe.

Of theſe many were Iuglers leawde,
And ſome had apes and beares,
And ſome had foꝛth the puppet playes,
And therby great gayne weares.

Some

Some thrown a bonye would trimly daunce,
And some with hoby nagge
For gayne of gold would play trim tricks,
With turne round kycke and wagg.

And many mynstrels there I sawe,
Whych money to attayne,
For eche mans fansy had a song,
Though they were naught and vayne.

Yea popysh songes for popyshe folke,
And eke for men demure,
They would haue songs that framed were
Out of the gospell pure.

And fylthy songes for fylthy folke,
That therin had delyght,
And gold to wyn they would not shunne
To doo all thyages vnryght.

And some agayn by palmestry,
Mens fortunes would disclose:
As beggers throng vnto a doie,
So many went to those.

And gaue them money liberally,
To tell them lying tales:
Of which these wyches haue great store
When they vndoo theyr nailes.

To these vayne women much resort,
The chiefe cause is to heare,
Howe many husbandes they shall haue
As it dothe oft appeare.

And robbe theyr husbondes on this sort
Suche lewde men to reward:
So muche to change and gayn thereby,
It semeth they regard.

These knaues would whysper in theyr eares
And would dysclose eche marke,
That on theyr bodyes these folkes had
In secrete place or darke.

O mystresse ye haue suche a mole
Or marke in suche a place:
And suche a wart I know it well
By lookyng on your face.

Upon your belly is a marke,
A wart vpon your brest,
And on your foote a lyttle mole,
(I know them most and lest.)

And more then thys I wys I know,
If all I should you tell:
Then would ye blushe and be abasht,
Therfore I wyll not mell.

But wyll be sylent in all thynges,
Saue that you do require,
In wyych I shall my mystresse layse,
Accomplyshe your desyre.

Lo streyght these folkes are mad in lust
And most beastly affection,
To heare these lyes of crafty theues,
O most hatefull infection.

How

Howe long shall suche consumyng mothes,
And hatefull caterpyllers,
We suffred thus to hurt and spyll,
The fruits of honest ivuers,

Howe longe shall they be mayntayned,
And scape all punyshment?
Suche theues I mean as gather gold,
By craftes that they invent.

From shyre to shyre, from towne to towne
And styll from place to place,
These theues dyd fierce vnpunyshed,
And none dyd them deface.

The rable rude of ruffyen roges,
Dyd furnyshe vp the trayne
Of such as lyude by robbery,
Gold to gette or obtayne.

Of these some cut the poore mans purse,
An other dothe conuaye:
And worse then this they cut mens throtes
To gette that wycked pray.

Some in a bushe would closely lurke
For thys most fylthy gaynes,
And with a club most murderously,
Knocke out the true mans braynes.

But others in more stronge order
In companyes would waylght,
Of suche as trauayle by the way,
To make theyr golden baylght.

Stand sayth the theefe, and streyght his mate
Sayth, Deliuer thy purse:
Lo thus they snatche that others get,
Among them to disburs.

There sawe I also rat catchers,
And suche as teethe dyd drawe,
Lyke fugitiues and vagabundes,
Contrary vnto lawe.

Cloke ouer many shyftyng mates,
That lyue by rape and spoyle.
Among that flocke I you assure,
They kept a shamefull coyle:

And many with a pedlers packe,
To sell bothe pynnes and lace,
Resorted to eche cockbeld kaye:
Onely but for a face.

To make folk thinke they come to sell,
Where they come but to steale:
What nede I say, how hurtfull these
Be to a common weale:

When some of these were spyde & take
And before Justyce brought:
Then theyr moste wonder was of all,
What wyckednes gold wrought.

For golden bybes there myght a man
See false theues lette slyp go:
And where no gold was, pickery
Enough was them to slo.

Where

Where golde dare rule wylfull murder
Was made but chaunce medlye,
And chaunce medlye was murder made:
Where golde was but shantye.

Thus lyfe & death, yea payne and ease,
Hong all on wycked mede:
For the attaynyng of the same,
All mens maners agrede.

For gredyly they gryped it,
By hooke or crooke ech where:
And to be bryefe none other thyng
Authoritie could beare.

For God nor kyng none hyd regarde
In respect of the same:
And other ende saue onely it,
Had neyther worke nor game.

For some there were with teasyng tricks
That laughter coulde prouoke:
And golde to gayne wyth thys theyr art,
They had a ready stroke.

Some were so hayne to laugh at suche
That measure cleane they mys,
As though they had wyth myrre & wyne
Dronke Gelothophilis.

Yea wyse men wold them surely deme
Cleane gone besyde theyr wytes,
If they should see them gape and laugh,
And gygle so by fyttes.

Corne, lether, leade, wood, and laite hydden
By stealthe some dyd conuaye,
For priuate gayne they brake the lawes,
To common wealthes decay.

Suche shyftes to wyn, and goulde to gayn,
No othes but they were sworne:
Thus as they myght the lorde hym selfe,
Wyth othes was all to torne.

Some by the foote, some by the handes
Some by the head, and harte:
Some by hys gutts, some by hys eyes,
Some by his deathe and smarte.

Some by the fayth they owe to God,
Would sweare and falsly lye:
And some as God should be theyr iudge,
Dyd vse theyr falshode slye.

Eche science eke in theyr degree,
I sawe tosse and turmoyle,
Falsly to wyn they counterfete,
In theyr trauayle and toyle.

True workmanshyp was turnde to slyght,
Wyth falshode to beguyle:
The trusty trade eche man refusde
For gayne of gold so dyle.

No man myght at hys worde be trust,
For vnder fugred talke,
Deceyt wayment and subtiltie,
In falshode thus they walke.

Eche

Eche man to hys inferiour
A cruell Cyclops seinde:
The great the small dyd quite consume,
Wherfore hell I it deinde.

With balance false, and weyghtes untrue
And measure of lyke cyse,
Eche one an other dyd deceaue,
And truthe all dyd despyse.

The husbandman and other lyke,
Dyd benefyces buye:
Wherby the man should lyue that taught
The people faythfully.

So were the people all vntaught,
And blyndly were they led,
Whyche made them irreligious,
For fayth was from them fled.

Thus simony and sacrilege,
And all extortion,
Was lawfull gayn, naught came amys,
That profyte hanged on,

Wyth colour of symplicitie,
And fayned holynesse.
We thought I sawe muche gold was got,
Oh wofull wyckednes.

False wytnes, whordome and excesse
Were vsde for gayn of golde:
And synally all wyckednesse,
For lucre was extolde.

Great

Great murder, theft, and robbery,
Thys gredy hunger bred:
Rauyn, dyſdeyne, and periurye,
For golde was commytted.

I well perceaue ye kynd of folke,
There were, but all were bent
To bybes and to vnlaufull gayne,
Wyth moſte wycked intent.

What ſhall I ſay, yf I ſhould here
Theyr whole decaytes reherſe?
In huge long boke I myght well fyll,
Wyth thys my ragged verſe.

If ſome of them in theyr deſyre,
Theyr gredy wyſhe myght haue,
All that they touche ſhold turne to gould,
As Midas once dyd craue.

Who ſterued had becauſe his meate,
Dyd all to golde conuert,
If Bacchus had not then wyttſakt
That ſentence to reuert.

Who taught hym then for remedy,
Pactolus to waſhe in,
Whyche is a ſtreame in Lydia,
Wyth golden graueli fyne.

I muſyng muche at theyr vſance,
It cauſed me to feare,
(Theyr mynds ſo beaſtly ſemde to be)
That Circe had ben there.

Whyche

Who feygned was, that she by craft
Of sorcerye coulde change,
Bothe formes & myndes of mẽ to beastes
Whyche was a matter strange.

For neuer tygre was more fierce,
Then some dyd there appere,
No swyne so fylthy nor so drunke,
Nor glutton nothyng nere.

In lechery they passe the Goate,
And in theyr pompous pryde:
The Lyon stoute they muche exceede
And that on euery syde.

The subtyll fore, the rauenyng wolfe,
The enuyous serpent,
The gredy Gryphe, the hasty Hounde,
His game that fayne would hent,

The cruell beare, the foolyshe asse,
The harmefull mockyng ape,
The gryffon, or the Antilope,
Or Bygorne that dothe gape.

The gorgyng Bull, the buttyng rammes
The scratchyng cat with clawe,
In beastly actes may not compare,
With those that there I sawe.

O God (quod I) what place is this:
Is hell more odious?
My heart in great perplexitie,
My clamor made I thus.

Ye

Ye Muſes nyne my comfort ſweete,
Take pitie and drawe nere,
Cocqually by one conſent,
Lette come Arete dere.

That ſhe thys doubt may me diſſoine,
And that ſhe may me learne,
Howe I may knowe what place is this,
And all this folke decerne.

Of mercy oh my dere delyght,
Arete I thee calle:
Approche vnto thy ſeruant poore,
Or perysshe els I ſhall.

O dulcet dere Arete kayre,
Thy promys nowe fulfyll,
With me made whan that I me bound
To ſerue thee at thy wyll.

Wyth thys me thought a thunder clap
Made all the earth to ſhake:
That I abaſht and muche afrayde
Dyd tremble ſore and quake.

Wherwith me thought Arete bryght,
From heuen dyd deſcende:
As ſwyft as is the arrow flyght,
The ayre can ſhe rende,

Why ſeruant dere quod ſhe to me,
What happe is thee befall,
That thou in ſuche lamentyng wyſe
To me dydſt crye and call?

Was

Was Satan lyke to vanquyshe thee,
Or dryue thee to dispayre?
Or what myght cause thy voyce so shrill
Thus to demyde the ayre?

My dyamonde make dere, quod I,
Myne onely luste and wyll,
Is that thou lose me from thys doubt,
Through openyng of my skyll.

What name myght haue thys present hyll
Where desolate I stande?
What kynde of folke are they alowe,
And of what vncouth lande?

That valey lowe shoulde seme to be,
Some vyle vnhappy soyle:
What hyll is thys, where thought so strang
My mynde doth thus turmoyle?

The hyll (quod she) that thou art on,
Is an hygh diuine mynde,
From whyche all worldly wyckednes,
Is separate by kynde.

And as eche thynge by contraryes,
Is best knowne and discernde:
So on thys hylle the vyle estate
Of worldlynges lowe are lernde.

The chyldren of thys wretched world,
Be those in ponder vale,
Whyche gredyly doo payne them selues,
In sekyng paynfull bale.

Knowe

Knowe they not God (quod I.) nor doe
They nothyng feare hys force?
No not all (quod she) no more
Then dothe the mule or horse.

They feare God as the dyuels feare,
But fayth or loue is none:
Philargery they onely serue,
And set theyr myndes vpon.

Who as the poets haue feynd doth liue
By fedyng styll of golde:
And therwith neuer satisfied
He wasteth manyfolde.

Although he dayly doo consume,
And euer styll deuoure:
Yet craueth on hys dyenes styll
To fede hym euery houre.

Whose labour ede is infinite,
Theyr hunger hath no ho.
Abundance can not slake theyr thyrst,
So wycked is theyr wo.

Wyth hauyng is not satisfied,
The heart of auarice:
For as the ryches doth increase,
So dothe the couetise.

A hell wythout all order is,
That realme where suche do wonne,
A flocke of folke vngodly bent,
In synfull pathes to ronne.

A packe

A packe of people sekyng gayne,
And priuate welthe prefer:
And common wealth doth none seke for,
But eche dothe it hynder.

Eche man is there all for hym selfe,
The dyuell is for all:
Hys kyngdome onely doo they seke,
And thyther shall they fall.

Saynt Paule hath called couetyse
The only roote of synne:
How then can those men be but yll,
That walke so farre therin?

So vnrepentant is theyr hartes,
As hard as any flynt:
Nought can resolue or mollifye,
Or make them once to stynt.

Great tokens from the Lord'aboue,
Ryght many hath ben sent,
At London, and at Hungerforde,
And in some place of Kent.

The elementes to repentance,
Wyth dyuers tokens calles,
As hath ben sene, when fyre consumde
The piramid of Paules.

And other places haue well felt
Theyr rage, whome I not name:
Yet se we few whose hartes relent,
Or repent by the same.

Whych manyfestly dothe declare,
That greater plagues then those,
God hath preparde and redy bent,
For to consume his foes.

So lytle fayth is found on earth,
Whyche sheweth certaynly,
That the last day is not farre hence,
But wyll come sodeynly.

Whych reprobates most damnable,
Haue cause to doubt and feare:
But Gods elect doo daxly wyshe
To see the same appeare.

Farewell (quod she) I must departe,
I haue done thy request:
As swyft as thought she perst the clouds
To wynne eternall rest.

And I wyth care for her absence,
And sodeyne presence change,
Awoke from sleape, much meruaylyng
At thys my sweuen strange.

¶ A Poesis in forme of a Visyon, briefly inueying against the most hate full and prodigious Aries of Necromancie, Wytchcraft, sorcery, Incantations, and diuers other detestable & dyuelyshe practises, dayly vsed vnder colour of Judiciall Astrologie.

From

From out the Ramme into the Bull
As Titan last gan crall:
By order in hys endles pathe.
Ecliptike that men call.

Whyche pathe dothe so the zodiak,
Just in the myddest deuyde:
That syxe degrees therof are founde,
From it on euery syde.

When day was fled, and night in place
As was natures request:
I went to bed full hopyng there,
To take some quiet rest.

Whyche long before I lacked so
Through trouble of myne hart,
That thus I made my playnt to God
Who only knewe my smart.

Almyghty Jorce, graunt now that I,
Wyth sleape thys nyght begyle:
As dyd Ulysses, when from care,
He eased was a whyle.

When most frendly Alcinous,
Good kyng of Phæacea,
Hym sent in shyp tyll he sayld home
To hys owne Ithaca.

Who sleapyng styll was from the shyp
Layd foorthe vpon the lande:
Which whē he woke, what place it was
Dyd nothyng vnderstande.

Untyll Minerua hym informde,
And gaue hym perfect viewe:
Howe soone he myght in presence be
Of Penelope true,

Hys wyfe most chaft which fortune strange
To hys great griefe of mynde:
By dyuers lucke, long tyme with held,
In Homer as we fynde.

But Philomela busyly,
Recorded so her song:
That all my shyftes could wyn no slepe,
That would contynue long.

For as they feyne the thorne so sharpe,
Dyd seme to touche hyr brest,
For hyr shryll notes so perst myne eares,
That long I could not rest.

Yet in short slepes suche dredfull dremes
I gan to thynke and met:
That when I wakt besyde my wyt
It had me almost set.

Me thought I dyd in medowes walke
For my sport and solas:
Where syluer drops of dewe most swete
Dyd cleaue to euery grasse.

Wherby there ran a ryuer fayre,
Wyth streames so Chrystall clere:
That at the bothom myght be sene
The peble stones appere.

Abone

Aboue the medow was a rock,
And on that rocke a wood:
From whiche ran many pleasant springs
Into that ryuer good.

Crossyng the meades, they trickled downe
As lyke bloud in the veynes
Wothe from the heart tyll eche membre
Comfort therby atteynes.

Aboue thys woddy rocke there was
A fielde most pleasant grene:
Where the beautie of natures woorkes
Myght aptly myght be sene.

There was no herbe nor pleasant flowre
In suche a Fyeld to knowe:
But myght be sene most fruitfully
Within thys fielde to growe.

What should I name the Hyacinthe,
Or soote Verbascuiy:
The Clouer swete of dyuers kyndes,
That cauide are trifoly.

The Brunell and the Bugle blewe,
Wyth fayre Hieracium:
The Synkfoyle and the Betony,
And swete Origanum.

The Tutsane and Hipericon,
Asciron, and Pannye:
The Wyolet and Simphiton.
And the double Daysye.

The Hartes eafe, and the Pacience,
And crimſen Pimpernell,
The Cammocke, and the Camomille,
And Canterbury bell.

Roſecampany, Maudlen, and Coſt,
And London touſt ſo red:
Agrimony and Lyons tooth,
That Chyldren call Pyſbed.

Odoziferous Serpillum,
And lady Traces fyne:
With Yarow, Cozne thwyſe, Straweberyes,
And Burnet good with wyne.

The Lunary, the Serpents tongue,
And Procerpinaca:
The Adder graſſe, the Saxifrage,
And eke Veronica.

It hedged was with Honyſuckes,
Wz periclimenum:
Well myxed with ſmall Cornus trees,
Swete bzyer, and Liguſtrum.

The whyte thozne, and the blacke thozne bothe,
Myth boxe, and maple fyne:
In whyche bzaunched the Bzyony,
The Ivy, and wylde vyne.

So long I ſhould the tyme dettrie
And from my purpoſe ſtray:
If I ſhould recken all the thynges
Within the Fielde ſo gay.

Beſide

Besyde the good prospect for those,
That knowe Astronomy:
I thynke no platforme in the worlde,
Where one myght more aptly.

The rysyng see, and settynges bothe,
That Cosmike haue to name:
Acronyke to, and Helyak,
Of starres of noble fame.

About our Artick pole ye myght
The lyttle Beare fyrst see:
That called are, the guardes of those
That cunnyng saylers be.

The great Beare also in the whych
Charles wayne appeareth stoute:
Whych wyth the small Beare euermore,
Dothe walke the pole about.

Which Beares the Dragon dothe inuolue,
Then Bootes, and the North Crowne:
And after knelynge Hercules,
Is sene with great renowne.

Harpe, falling gryp, goate, swan, and he
That vse to dryue the cart:
The man that dothe the serpent beare,
The Egle and the dart.

Dolphin, forthers, and thother hors
That flyes caulde pegasus:
The tryangle, and Androwede,
As some men doo discusse.

The zodiake wyth hys. xii. sygnes
Where Planets haue theyr waye:
Wyth all aspects that may bechance
To any, nyght or day.

The Bulls eye, with the rest of sterres,
That caulde are Hyades,
Wyght there be sene wyth the wood hennes,
That some name Pleiades.

The Wanger and the Alles twayne,
The Lyons hart, and tayle:
The virgins spyke, the scorpyons harte
And Water potte all nayle.

Whale, Orion, and Golden yarde,
That ladyes Elle some call:
The ryuer, hare, and bothe the dogges,
As well the great as small.

The serpent of the southe, the Cuppe,
The Rauen, and Centaure:
The Centaures speare, & them the wolfe
And also the altare.

The South crowne also may be sene,
Wyth many other there,
As Tricars Constellation,
Or Berenices heare.

The shyppe that Argo postes do name,
Where myght a man beholde:
And many mo then I can name,
In hundred thousande folde.

There

There myght ye see ascensions,
Bothe oblique and ryght:
No secretes of Astronomye,
That were not there in syght.

And to be bricke it was the tope,
Of Lady Uranis
Wherin to walke she dyd frequent
Wyth all her famylie.

But as I clymed vp the rocke,
As I had oft before:
Of that swete fielde to take the ayre
Whyche doth mans spirites restore.

I mette a man in garments long
Most decent to beholde:
His long beard gray, so was hys heed
Which dyd declare hym old.

His countenance in soberness,
All others dyd excell:
His gate and gesture semd ynough
All vyces to expell.

For from the rule of honestye,
In hym was nothyng sene:
His outward workes dyd explicate,
An inward: conscience cleane.

He toke me by the hand, and sayd,
Dere frende howe faere away?
To ponder field father (I sayd)
A whyle my selfe to play.

My frend alas (quod he) beware
Howe ye hencefoꝛth come there:
It wyll you eis in hell confound,
Therfoꝛe I say foꝛbeare.

What is your name my father saꝛe,
(Sayd I) doo it disclose:
Theologus I am (quod he)
Wyth thee I wyll not glose.

Why then (sayd I) do ye me warne,
From yonder pleasant place?
Because (quod he) it late receaude
A chance of great disgrace.

Howe so (sayd I) then harke (quod he)
I doo not vse to lye:
I wyll the shewe howe it befell,
And that ryght oꝛderly.

Theron foule, that hunger gutte,
Of all fowles at hys foode:
Most rauenous, insaciate,
And of most gredy moode.

Hard by the dolefull banks of Styx,
That fowle infernall flood,
To fyll hys gut, or take hys pray,
Styll watchyng late he stoode.

Where at the last, a serpent yong,
Of Plutos hatefull kynde,
Came crauyng out, whych gredy gut
Coulde very quickly fynde.

And thynkyng it had ben an eele,
He cobde hym vp at ones:
And wyth that pray away he flewe
And made therof no bones.

Whyche crepyng in hys belly, dyd
To hym suche extreme payne,
Tyll in thys Field at last he lyght,
Thynkyng there to remayne.

And forthwyth at hys fundament,
Put forth hys forsayd meate,
Thynkyng as he was wont wyth eeles
The same agayne to gate.

But beyng quyrkes the serpent streight,
Dyd crepe among the grasse,
Whyche long neckes wyld no more espy,
Nor yet fynde where she was.

Wherfore to Styx he went agayne,
And lykewyse swalowed me,
And to this Fielde styll toke hys flyght,
And there dyd let them go.

Tyll he at last so many brought,
Through thys hys frequent vse,
That now thys Field is marred quight,
Through most hatefull abuse.

And suche a numbre of serpents
In it doo dayly breede,
Whych on these herbes & pleasant gras,
Continually doo feede.

That

That nowe it is not onely robde
Of euery pleasant flowre,
But hatefull fynche may there be fels
At euery tyme and howre.

And Tiranie hath it forsake,
With holsome pleasant showres:
And naturall Astronomie,
With all her fauoroures.

And true Philsyke forsakes it to,
For why, clowdes infernall,
Are dayly blowne from Lethes flood
To water it wythall.

Which causeth nothing there to growe
But Superstition:
Of learnyng pure, and science good
The vyle oblition.

Astrologye Judiciall,
Therfore dothe it possesse:
Whiche is a strumpet counterfet,
And yet neuertheles,

Because some learned men to hyr
Do cast their myndes and lowe:
That she is true Astronomye,
Ryght many she doth mowe.

And vnder colour of that name
They vse Necromancye:
Wyth hatefull incantations,
And vyle Geomancye.

Of Magikes artes there are great store,
And Augures arte perdye:
Foredemyng as Aruspices,
And some as Pyrethi.

All wytchecrafte vyle, and Sorcery,
Of false phytonicus,
Although they geue themselues the name
Of graue Philonicus.

These are the fruites of phlegiæ,
Of Sathans wycked broode,
That in thys Feld the Heron slyt
To ease hym when he stoode.

Alas, (quod I) hath this vnclenne
And hatefull byrde done so:
And natures dearlyng thus defast
To hym Væ, Væ, woe woe.

Then am I of my fantasy,
And my present delyght:
And holsome recreation
Robbe, and depryued quyght.

Wyth hangyng head, and bashfull face
I turned backe agayne,
For grayberds counsell durst I not
Refuse or once dysdayne.

But with most lowly reuerence,
Wyth thanks and condigne prayse,
I serued hym, when as we went
Eche one his sundry wayes.

But

But sorowfull sighyng I,
Went wyth my sory newes,
Enkoumyng my familiar frendes
Wyth whome I dyd peruse

My study small, wherwyth I doo
My wytte styll occupy,
And doo with them communicate
My mynde continually.

Of whyche some dyd sorowfully
Wyth me thys chance lament,
And other some would not believe,
But to the place they went.

Nor would not here Theologus
That frendly dyd them warne:
But nedes would go presumptuously,
The matter to decearne.

Whiche hath them so infected now,
And that most diuelyshly:
They are content to graunt it styll
To be Astronomye.

And necessary styll it call,
Though by the diuels worke,
Under cloke of Astronomye,
These foule false saytors lorke.

So I be holpe of gricke (say they)
Or fynde that whiche I loste:
Or know my destenye to come,
Why should I count it coste?

God would not suffer (other sayd)
Suche thynges for to be wrought:
If he dyd not allowe the same,
Or knewe it to be naught.

It is a good worke (other sayd)
Men to health to restore:
Although it be by dyuels worke,
What nede I passe therfore?

To helpe a true man to hys goods,
Wherof he was dryuyde,
By fals theues and vyle barators,
That wrongly it atchiende.

It can not be but a good worke,
Thus beastly men and fond,
Do answer them that would instruct
Or make them vnderstand.

Not regardyng the law of God,
Nor hys commanndement:
That no yll thyng ought to be done,
Upon a good intent.

Also yf Gods permission,
Were a lawfull defence,
So were it for all kynd of synne,
And most wycked offence.

As whoredome, homicide and theft,
Wyth vyle Idolatry:
For treason, couetyse, and pryde,
And moste vyle simony.

May

Why I not say, all these be good,
Sythe God dothe them permyt:
As well as those whom ye defende,
Oh men of beastly wyt:

His sufferance is to let your synne
Unto full rypenes growe:
That in the lake of sulphure he
Most iustly may you throwe.

And so declare hys glory great
Unto hys flocke electe:
That do by grace these wycked artes
Cleane from theyr heartes retect.

Their counsels all at God they aske,
And doo at hym require,
Theyr sauyng health, and he doth geue
To them theyr whole desyre.

For why one heare shall never fall
From of theyr heads no tyme
Wythout hys wyll, whych doth imputе,
To them no synne nor cryme.

For why they aske in lyuely fayth
All wherof they haue nede:
Whiche causeth them assuredly,
Of theyr purpose to spede.

Therfore it must of force procede,
Of Infidelitie:
That ye at dyuels seke suche helpe
Through mocke dye sorcery.

As dyd kyng Saule that damned man,
When Gods sprite hym forsoke:
When God would hym no answer make
For wytchecraft gan he loke.

Which faithles shift, how much it dyd
Hym in his nede auayle
Dyd well appere: he slewe hym selfe
When foes dyd hym assayle.

And so do ye your selues declare,
Of that same very sect:
Whyle ye at Sathan seke your helpe,
And do Gods power suspect.

For as to dyuels here ye sought,
As reprobates forelorne:
So shall ye be hys portion,
Syth God ye haue forsworne.

Unlesse in tyme ye may repent,
Whiche yf it be gods will,
He graunt ye all that ye may hate,
And shonnyshe thys great yll.

For though on prudent Salomon
They father this theyr art:
They are the workes of wickednes,
And of eternall smart.

The very cause: for why saint Iohn
As God dyd hym reueale,
Hath found their place to be in hell,
Where tormentes are eche deale.

Confounded are these conjurers
Wyth conscience vnclean:
And all that vnto sorcery,
Or wycked wytchecraft leane.

For in theyr art they doo no doute,
The lyuyng God forsake:
Cleauyng to condemnation,
And therof hold doo take.

What nede I here recyte scripture,
Syth all men well do knowe:
That god so deadly doth it hate,
That neyther hygh nor lowe.

The same may vse, but that it wyll
To Sathan his soule gyue:
Or if Gods lawe obserued were,
Not one of them should lyue

That charmers are, or conjurers,
Wyth wytches sorcery:
Or suche as chosers are of dayes,
Warkyng the byrdes that flye.

For why the faythfull that do feare
God ryghtly and beleue,
Assuredly do knowe that no
Suche thyng can once them greue,

And as for that Astrologie,
Judicial that ye name:
Let learned Caluine satisfie,
All wyse men of the same,

But Phisike and Astronomy,
Alas is nowe the cloke,
For euery kynde of trechery,
That goodnes dothe reuoke.

For wycked wandryng fugitiues
Or vagabundes most lewde:
Do now a dayes from shyre to shyre,
Wyth shyftes both false and shrewde.

Under colour of Phisikes arte,
And noble Surgery,
Delude the common multitude
Wyth shamefull sorcery.

All secrete markes they wyll disclose,
And thynges long done and past:
Whych doth with admiration
The people make agast.

In suche wise, that they streight beleue
That nothyng vnder sonne,
Dothe stande to hard or difficill,
Of suche men to be donne.

So that partly wyth Palmestry,
Or Chyromancies gaude:
And foolysh Physiognompye,
And wytchery that fraude.

Unto theyr wycked false purpose,
The people they allure:
Wote then can any godly art,
That perfect is and pure.

For Wedlem baudes, & hatefull hoores
This is a common shyft:
Of ruffyen theues and murderers
It also is the dryft.

Under suche cloke their companies
Together oft they drawe:
Free from danger of officers,
And punyshement of lawe.

Alas that thys myght be sene to
With Justice, powre, and myght,
That Vranie and Medicine,
Agayn myght haue theyr ryght.

That nowe is by extorcion,
So fraudulently kept:
That for most true possessioners
The most part them accept.

For how their Field was put them fro
Wefore I haue you sayd:
Desyryng now all learned men
In this to adde their ayde.

That from the fylthy fruites of hell
It may once be purged:
That there the ryght inheritours
Agayne myght be lodged.

That now be fayne to seke els where,
Some holsome place to dwell:
Where of the wyse they are accept
And entertayned well.

Among

Among theſe thoughtes moſt troubleſome,
At laſte I dyd awake:
Fyndyng my body ſweatyng ſore,
And all my ſyneſwes ſhake.

Where I long tyme lay ſyghyng ſore,
Thynkyng of thys ſtrange dreame:
Wyſhyng for ſome interpretour
If any in thys Realme

Were full expert therin as was
Ferdinand Ponzetus:
Or Artemidor, whoſe ſyrname
Is ſayd Daldianus.

But as eche thyng doth weare by time
So other thoughtes at laſt,
Abated this perplexitie,
And it began to waſt.

And I agayne came to my ſelfe,
That I dyd ſhortly heare:
The ſwarbiyng notes & ſong ſo ſwete,
Of Philomela cleare.

Which counſayld me that ſlouthfulnes
I ſhould from me expell:
Wherfore I roſe, and wyth all ſpede,
I lyghted a candell.

So ſerude my turne my tynder boxe,
Wyych ſtoode in my chamber:
Then toke I forth my ſtandyſhe to,
Wyth pen, ynke, and paper.

Where

Where I carude foorth yll fauoredly
Thys rough and ragged verse:
Wherin theffect of thys my dreame,
I rudely doo reherse.

Desyryng yet my readers dere,
To beare it paciently:
Syth it is but the buddyng flowre,
Of my poore infancy.

Whych as rypenes of knowlege growes
I shall be glad tamend:
If any man shall me informe,
And thus I make an ende.

Esay. 19.

When they aske councell at theyr Gods, at their Prophets, at theyr Sothsayers and Witches, thē wyll I bryng theyr counsels to nought.

Hieremie. 10.

Ye shall not lerne after the maner of the heathen, and ye shall not feare the tokens of heauen: for the heathen are afrayd of such. yea all the customes and lawes of the Gentiles are nothyng but vanitie.

Esay. 47.

Go now to thy coniurers. and to the multitude of thy wytches, whom thou hast ben acquaynted with all frō thy youthe, yf they may heare thee or strengthen thee: Thou hast hytherto had many counsels of them. So let the heauen gasers & beholders of starres, come on nowe and deliuer thee: yea and let them shew, when these new things shall come vppon thee. Behold they shalbe lyke straw, which if it be kyndled with fyre, no man may rid

it for

it for the vehemency of the flame. And yet it gyueth no synders to warme a man by, nor clere fyre to sit by. Euē so shall they be whom from thy youth thou hast frequented. Euery one shall shewe thee hys erronious waye, yet shall none of them defend thee.

¶ A Ditie declaryng the risyng and setting of the. xii. sygnes of the zodiake: one always opposite and goyng down at the same instant that an other ryseth.

The Sygnes do ryse and sette
At iust instant of tyme,
Eche hydyng hym selfe when
His opposyt dothe clyme.
For why the Ramme so soone,
Appeares not in the east,
But streyght the balance be
Gone downe then in the west.
The Scorpion rysyng,
The Bull euen then doth fall:
When twynnes come, the Archer,
On thother syde the Ball
Doth passe from vs, and so
The Crabbe and Goate lykewyse
The Lyon and the Water potte,
Eche fall when thother ryse,
The Vyrgin in the east,
No sooner shewes hir face,
But in Weste the Fyshes
Them hyde, and so gyue place,
Thus in lyke order as
One in East dothe appere,
The Opposite sygne then,
Abstaynes from tarying here.

Ne yet can one of them
Declare hym selfe so bolde,
Above the Horizon,
His contrary beholde.

¶ A Ditie made to the prayse of God, by the Author, for a patient to vse after heith attayned, who contrary to all mens expectation, was in hys handes by the goodnes of God cured.

Syng thys as, Of Jelousye who so wyll heare.

O Louyng God and myghty Lorde,
My maker and my gouernour,
My mouth and heart shall now accorde,
Thee to worshyp laude and honour.

As Moses sung thy laude and prayse,
When thyrough the red sea he had past,
And Pharao drowned as Scripture sayes,
As he pursude thy people fast.

In many Psalmes as Dauid dyd
That kyngly Prophet prayse thy name:
When out of sorowes he was ryd,
He sung thy prayses for the same.

As dyd good kyng Ezechias,
When thou dydst hym to heith restore,
Makyng hym whole as earst he was,
To lyue yet full fyftene yeares more.

As

As Jonas brought from poynt of death,
Hym selfe addressed by and by,
As soone as he could drawe his breathe
Thy holy name to magnify.

And as thy Prophet Daniell,
From lyons mouthe delyuered,
For iope thy prayse and powre dyd tell,
And Darius the worshipped.

So doo I wretched synner nowe,
Hauyng a cause as great as those,
In thys case execute my vowe,
Thy mercyes great Lord to disclose.

Thou bryngest downe to depth of wo,
Suche as thou myndest to correct,
And yet thou doste not leaue them so,
But doste to knowledge them direct.

As connyes myne, and theyr holes make,
In bankes where they delyght to brede,
Lyke order dyd my sickenes take,
Within my fleshe so dyd it fede.

Till at last I was consumed,
And nothyng left but bone and skynne.
My synnewes shrunke, my veynes were fled,
Not once possyble to be sene.

Incredible was my weakenes,
Consumed cleane with peyne and griefe,
But in greatest of my dystres,
Thy grace was sent to my relefe.

Where-

Wherfore whyle breath within my breast,
May mone, I shall thy prayse declare:
And will shewe forth to most and least,
Howe swete thy grace and mercies are.

And howe at nede thou art hand
To helpe all that in thee doo trust,
And makest vs to vnderstand,
Howe faythfull thou art and how iust.

Thy holowe caues are fylde agayn,
Those runnyng sores are whole and drye.
And I in ease ryd out of payne,
In health and strength ryght perfectly.

All honour prayse and great glory,
To thee therfore I styll shall gyue:
And will not put from memory,
Thy grace and mercyes whyle I lyue.

But will all other folke exhorte,
By all occasyons as I may:
To trust in thee, to theyr comforte,
And faythfully moue them to pray.

All honour therfore I render
To thee God, that of myght hast most,
O Father with thy sonne so dere,
And also to the holy ghost.

As hath ben is and shalbe styll,
To worlde of worldes for euermore,
Where angels euer with good will,
Doo prayse thee styll out of theyr store.

An other Ditie to the same purpose and vse.

If any man from woe,
And payne restorde to ease,
When grieke is gone hym fro,
With sycknesse and dysease,
Haue cause with prayse,
To laude thy name,
And shewe the same,
Wyth thankes alwayes.

Then I most wretched wyght,
Of all folke most am bounde,
To cause bothe daye and nyght,
Hys prayses to abounde,
Whyche at thys day,
Haue had relicke
From all my grieke,
Wherin I lay.

Wy pynyng payne and sore
Incomparable was,
As beastes in payne doo rore,
So dyd I wretche alas:
Almoste ryll death,
Would me haue caught,
At me he raught,
To stoppe my breath.

For as a carkas dead,
I lay in woo and care:
I coulde not eate my bread,
So faynt was I end bare:

But

But nowe beholde,
Howe God my Lorde,
Hath me restorde,
A thousand folde.

For where before his rod
I careleſſe was and wylde,
Forgettyng my ſwete God,
With all his mercies myld
I nowe am taught,
To prayſe hys powre,
And kepe eche howre
The ſame in thought.

Thus may we dayly ſee,
He ſcurgeth vs for loue,
True chriſtians to be,
His mercie dothe vs moue,
And euer ſtyll,
Dothe vs procure,
A p to indure,
To doo hys wyll.

Wherfore I wyll not ceaſe,
On earthe here whyle I dwell,
Hys kyndnes to rehearſe,
And of hys mercyes tell:
And howe that he,
When hope was paſt,
Yet at the laſt,
Reſtored me.

All godly men therfore,
That in hym hope and truſte,

Prayſe

Prayse hym with all honour,
For he is true and iuste,
And wyll not myſſe
To helpe at nede,
And that wyth ſpede,
All that are hys.

Ye that both day and nyght,
Whether ye worke or reſt,
Ye prayſe hym for hys nyght,
All creatures moſte and leaſt:
Whether ye play,
Lye downe or ryſe,
Styll exercyſe,
His prayſe alway.

Whether ye ſyt or ſtande,
Whether ye ryde or go,
On ſea or on the lande
What ſo euer ye doo.
Whether therfore,
Ye drynke or eate
After your meate
And eke before

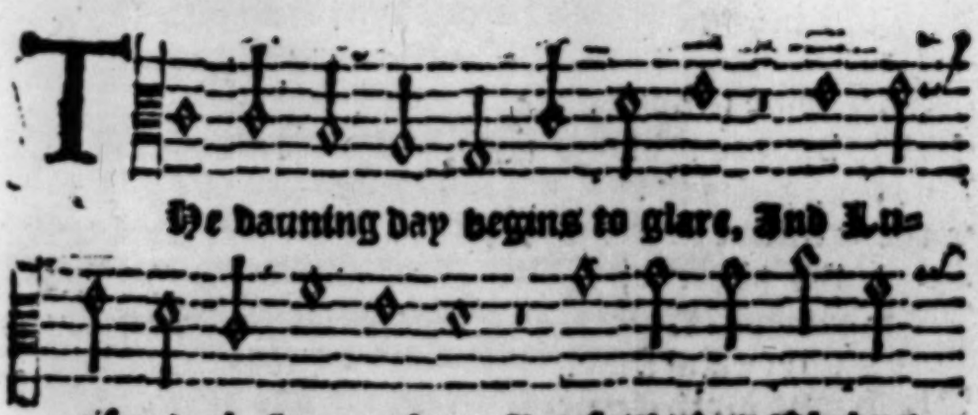
All honour to hym gyue,
For he vs wrought and made,
And cauſeth vs to lyue,
Eche creature in his trade:
And dothe gouerne,
As ſhypmayſter,
Dothe guyde and ſtere,
His ſhyppe wyth ſterne.

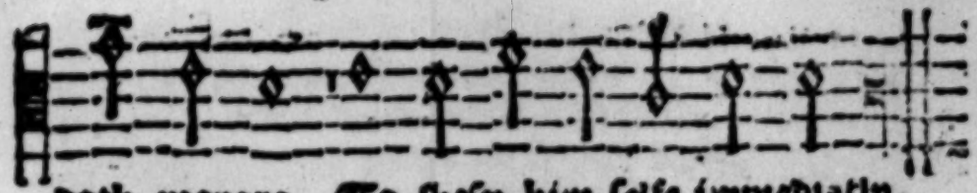
Wyth

With all our myght and strength,
Let vs hym magnifie,
Whych saueth all at length,
That loue hym faythfully:
Wherfore all thyng,
Myth hart and voyce,
In hym reioyce,
And thys swyse syng.

Glory to the Father,
God that of myght hath moste,
And to the sonne so dere,
And to the holy ghoste:
As hath ben yore,
As and styll shall
Be ouer all,
For euermore. Amen.

A ditie to be sung of musicians in the morning, at their lord or masters chamber doore, or els where of hym to be heard.





doth prepare, To shew him selfe immediatly.

And the most darke tenebrous nyght,
Is layne to flee and turne her backe,
Whyche can in no wyse byde the lyght,
But beares away hir mantle blacke.

Wherfore in tyme let vs aryse,
And slouthfulnes doo cleane away:
Doyng some godly exercyse,
As seruantes true whyle it is day.

Let vs in no wyse tyme abuse,
Whyche is gods creature excellent,
All slouthfull sleape let vs refuse,
To vertuous workes let vs be bent.

Let vs commyt our selues to Christ
Wyth thankes & prayse him first to serue
Whyche dothe our deadly foes resyst,
And from all dangers vs preserue.

And then thys type se that you mynde,
That lyke as you in nyght doo rest:
And in the mornyng your selues fynde,
Awake and redy to be dyest.

So shall our bodyes slepe by death,
And after be to lyfe restorde,
When Christ shall come & restore breth,
And Judge vs all as sayth his worde.

Then

Then mekely let vs hym deſyre,
That it may be hys bleſſed wyll,
That we thys day may well aſpire,
By grace his ſeruyce to fulfyll.

So that we may do hurt to none,
Nor of none other hurt receaue
But ſtyll be kept by Chriſte alone,
That Sathan neuer vs deceaue.

But ſtyll in chriſten godlynes,
By grace we may our ſelues prepare,
Of all offence and wyckednes,
For to eſcape the nette or ſnare.

Thys graunt vs Lord omnipotent,
For Chriſt his ſake our mercy ſeate,
That we may taſt ioyes permanent,
Before thy throne of glory great.
Amen.

¶ A ditie to be ſung at nyght when men go to bed. Dyng this as, In ſommer time when flowres gan ſpryng. &c.

NOwe that the day is waſted cleane,
And Phebus dothe hym ſelf abſent,
And Heſperus dothe downward leane:
And lurkyng nyght with darknes bent,
Her mantle darke abrode to ſpreade,
And hyde from vs the welkyn cleare,
The ſtarres alſo are prepared,
With glyſtryng lyght nowe to appeare.

Ther-

Therfore of force we muſt nedes yelde
In bed to ſleape and take our reſt:
Forſakyng cleane both ſtrete and field,
And other worckes bothe moſt and leaſt.
Wherfore to Chriſt now let vs call,
In thys our nede vs to aſſiſt,
From drede and feare and dangers all,
Defend our ſely ſoules O Chriſt.

O Lord defend vs wyth thy grace,
In thys our nede when we do ſlepe,
Syth we are able at no ſpace,
Our ſelues from dangers ſmall to keepe,
O Lord that ſtyll haſt wakyng eyes,
And knowſt no ſleape nor feleſt nyght,
Our humble ſute do not deſpyſe,
But vs defende now by thy myght.

Defende vs wyth thy grace and powre
To helpe our ſelues ſyth we ne can,
Nor haue no ſtrength at any howre,
The ſame to doo ſo weake is man.
O let thy powre our febleneſs,
Wyth helpe of grace this nyght ſupply,
O way our myſerablenes,
And comfort vs wyth thy mercy.

O let vs then with mynde contrit
With prayſe and prayer to Jeſus,
Lye downe to reſt, and ſo commyt
Our ſelues to hym that ſaueth vs.
O Lord forgeue vs all our ſynne,
And plant true fayth wythin our breſt
And after cares that we are in,
Let vs ones taſt eternall reſt. Amen.

A ditte to be ſung at dyner tyme and meales. Syng thys as, If truth may take no truſty holde. &c.

AS roote of tree dothe of the grounde,
Take moyſture named radicall,
And cauſeth branches to abounde,
Wyth that he geues them ouer all.

And ſuffreth no ſmall thyng to want,
But naturally doth diſpoſe
Suche as he hath plentie or ſcant,
Vnto the nutriment of thoſe.

As Nature by thys induſtry,
Dothe cauſe thynges vegitall to growe,
In other ſort ſhee dothe apply
On animals good to beſtowe.

Among the whych we men mortall,
That formed are to Gods Image:
Wyth meate and drynke nutrimentall,
We maintaynde are from age to age.

The myghty maker of all thynges,
Hys creatures leaues not deſtitute.
All that they haue is hys geuyng,
As well to man as beaſtes brute.

Leſte therfore we appere vnkynde,
Vnto this God that all dothe ſende,
To prayſe his name with thankful mynd
And gratfull harts now let vs bende.

Let

Let vs not one moꝛcell receyue,
Wyth forgetfull ingratitude:
Leaſt to our owne luſtes god vs leaue,
Moꝛe wꝛetched then bꝛute beaſtes rude.

Ne yet let vs in any wyſe,
Forget the nedy bꝛethern pooꝛe,
The ſycke and lame do not deſpyſe,
Nor hym that goes from dooꝛe to dooꝛe.

For God hath made vs miniſters,
That one an others nede ſhould ſeꝛue,
Wherfoꝛe we are but murderers,
If in our fault our neyghbours ſterue.

And may be to that dogge compare,
That lay vpon an heape of haye.
Spying the oxe come thitherwardꝛ,
Wyth barkyng dꝛaue the ſame away.

Whyche nedes muſt be churliſhe envy
Syth he hym ſelfe no haye could eate,
To ſtand at baye ſo frowerdly,
And kepe the pooꝛe oxe from hys meate.

Let vs therfoꝛe doo otherwyſe,
And from our bellies ſomwhat ſpare,
In loue to ſhewe ſome exercyſe,
To bꝛethern pooꝛe that nedy are.

For who ſo to the pooꝛe dooth geue
Dothe lend to God on vſury,
And ſhall receyue foꝛ hys releue,
Great gayne agayne abundantly.

To hym therfore most gratefully,
Geue honour glory thankes and prayse,
To hym as one in Trinitie,
All honour be nowe and all ways.

¶ An other to the same purpose.

Syng thys as, Heare out O Lord
the ryght requeſt. &c.

WHen ye take foode at any tyme,
your bodyes to refreshe with ought
Remember Gods infynite powre
Which all hath made & formde of nought.

Remember eke his prudent reygne,
His mercy and benignitie,
Who all his workes doth aye ſuſteyne,
And gouerne ſtyll continually.

And conſequently call to mynde,
Hys clemency and great mekenes,
Whych all creatures bothe fede & fynde,
Yea hys moſt foes in theyr dyſtreſſe.

Ponder alſo the great meruayle,
How many great gyftes he ordeynes,
Sufficient foode and all victayle,
For all that this whole world conteines.

Haue mynde how faſt we do declyn e,
How apt we are ſtyll to decay,
Whiche only he by powre diuine,
Preſerues eis were we gone away.

No

No mans wyſedom nor angell bryght,
Were able this to take in hand,
In any wyſe: or thyng more lyght,
The way howe once to vnderſtande

Sythe of hys gyftes therfore we lyue
Were it not curſed vnkyndnes,
That we due praiſe ſhold hym not geue?
Oh hatefull vile vnthankfulnes.

At thy table let ſoberneſſe,
And wyſedome be wyth talke moſt chaſt
Myndyng ſtyll his pure holyneſs,
Whoſe gyftes this time in hand thou haſt

Let bytter wordes and backbyteyng
From thy table ſecluded be,
Hys loue to thee remembryng
Whoſe kyndnes is great towardes thee.

This place therfore contaminate,
Not, wyth dyſprayſe of any man,
Wyth thou keeiſte here for thyne eſtate,
Gods fauour, that no wyght want can.

Let therfore here no hate appere,
Where God ſo greatly ſhewes his loue,
But rather loue thy brother dere,
As gods great gifftes here doo the moue.

Lorde graunt vs grace for euermore,
That we thy mercyes ſo muche myndc,
That hatred our heartes may abhore,
And neuer ſhewe our ſelues vnkynde.
Amen.

¶ An other grace.

ALl folke that lyue in lyuely fayth,
Confesse wyth one accorde,
That all creatures are fed of God,
And prayse therfore the Lorde.

Lest then we shewe ingratitude
And mere vnthankfulnesse,
By lawe of loue graft in our hea rtes,
Let vs our fayth expresse.

And prayse the Lord for thys our foode
Here present to vs sent,
And for our helth whyche he to vs
Mercyfully hath lent.

And for hys worde to fede our soules,
We also ought to pray:
So shall we neuer dye, but lyue
Wyth God in blysse for aye.

Through Christ his death, who in thys worlde
Dyd take our fleshe therfore:
To whome be honour, prayse and laude,
Bothe nowe and euermore.
Amen.

¶ A sonnet inueyinge agaynst the abuses and pryde that reygneth among vayne women.

YE women and maydes of Citie & country,
Leue your lewde lightnes, learne som honesty
If an of you the truth wyll regarde,
Spoke wyth simplicitie, let it be hearde.

And heare not only, but folowe the same,
Lest God discouer you to your great shame.
Remember your synnes, and rufully rue,
Lest after this harker a byter insue.

In Esay the prophete there may you fynde,
The plages & for proude wome God hath assignde
The daughters of Syon (sayth he in that place)
Do tryp on theyr toes, wyth counterfayt pace,

Wyth stretched out necks, and nyce wanton eies
But now wil I plege them for theyr proude guise
They wold not my voyce here when that I cald,
Therfore for layze heare they now shalbe bald.

For gyrdles of gold, they shall haue lose bandes,
Theyr husbandes shall fall in thenemies handes.
Theyr beautie shall fade, & they shall waxe dūne,
Theyr faces shall wyther, all burnt wyth sunne.

In stede of gay stomachers that thei now weare
They shall weare sackcloth in greate dread & feare.
Theyr broches and ouches and garlandes gay.
Theyr partlets and pynnes I wyll take away.

Theyr hookes and hedbāds wherin they delight,
Hearlace and fyllets their heades wyth to dyght,
Perles & precious stones, gold wrought by mās art
Gold rings & iewels, whereon was theyr hart.

Theyr spāgs & their chains, their collers & hooues,
Theyr vales and theyr glasses, & theyr gay gloues,
Bonets and taches, and slyppers so thyn,
Settyng foorth beautie, and shewyng whyte skyn.

Theyr smockes, theyr kerchers, & bracelets also,
And euery thyng els I wyll take them fro.
And for the swete smell that they do now vse,
They shall haue stynkyng that all men refuse.

For theyr great ryches and rayment costly,
They shall be naked and in pouertie.
But leste ye should thynk this is but my mynde,
Reade Esay the thyrd, and there shall ye fynde.

Whether that your lyfe from vertue rebell,
Or lyk it accord to Christ his gospell.
For I can not thynke but then ye shall see,
That ten tymes as proude as they were you be:

For whyche ye deserue (ye can not deney)
To be plagued ten tymes as muche as they.
For Christ in the Gospell playnly discust,
Who so dothe a woman se, and doth hee lust,

Hath presently in adultery done synne.
Then wo be to suche as trayne men therin.
For yf a mans eyes to lust do hym moue,
The woman dothe cause it, as I can proue.

For Christ in the gospell also doth say,
Offences must nedes be, thys is no nay,
But wo be to them, through whō they be brought,
That is to say, suche as make men do nought.

Let

Let women in haste then ryghtly recorde,
If they cause not men to offend the Lord:
Which all their whole lyfe for naught els prouide
But paynt out them selues of man to be spyde.

As men are aduulterers, so are they whores,
That these vaine mens soules consumes & deuoures
If they commyt synne that doo but despyse,
Much more do those women through theyr attyre.

Which curlyng theyr hear, & painting their face
Tempt and entice men, vayne loue to imbrace,
To daly and dance, suche women delyght,
Inuentyng newe tricks, from mornyng to nyght:

In pastyme and play theyr pleasure styll is,
And all the long day to clyp and kisse.
No good wyll suche doo within or without,
But dasse on theyr tayle, & pricke through a clout.

And some to be small, so streyneth theyr lace,
That they cleane depriue from colour their face
The ryght course of bloud, so stoppyng withall,
That often they faynt, and to the ground fall.

Yet though theyr smal waist ful oft make them swound
Theyr froks must haue buttocks most mõstrously round
Lyke dancyng gyantes they go in the strete,
As though theyr hung houpes about theyr fine fete

That Salomon sayth ryght true styll is it,
That recheles women doo by the way syt,
For suche as go by, they styll doo prepare,
The vnwyse to snarle in theyr wycked snare.

For

For women and maydens yt now adayes,
In wyndowes and doores, theyr beautie to praise,
The eyes of suche women thys is no nay,
Doo wounde foolyshe men that passe by the way:

Whyche is the whole cause (as semeth to me)
That men repeyt of them worse then they be.
For why the scripture doth ciercly preferre,
Our gate and behauour to teache what we are.

A tree by hys fruite men truly shall knowe,
And dedes what man is, doo perfectly showe.
When suche perceaue men theyr pryde to deprysse:
They leaue theyr old toyes, and new tricks deuise.

The fashion is changed, but streyght they wyll
Haue other newe fangles, worse or as yll:
When I was a boy, I nowe well remember,
(Though I at that tyme of age were but tender)

That women theyr breastes dyd shew & lay out.
And wel was ỳ mayd whose dugs then wer stoute
Which blance at fyrst came vp in the stues.
Which mens wyues and daughters after dyd vse.

The preachers at that, then gan out to crye,
And honest men dyd it lothe and defye:
Wherfore they left of that foule synfull guyse,
But streight thei laid down their heer to their eies

So as fast as gods word one synne doth blame,
They deuyse other as yll as the same.
And this varietie of Engiyshe folke,
Dothe cause all wyse people be for to mocke.

For

For all discrete nations vnder the sonne,
Do vse at thys day as they first begonne:
And neuer doo change, but styll doo frequent,
Theyr old guyse, what euer fond folkes do inuent.

But we here in England lyke fooles and apes,
Do by our vayne fangles deserue mocks and tapes,
For all kynde of countreys dooe vs deryde,
In no constant custome sythe we abyde.

For we neuer knowe howe in our aray,
We may in fyxme fashion stedfastly stay.
But nowe to my purpose, I mynde not to put,
In no womans head to become a slut.

For though God to pryde haue geuen his curse,
I esteme sluttyshenes to be muche worse.
For cleannes is vertue none can denaye,
If pryde and excesse be banysht away.

But change of proude rayment now dayly vsed,
Ought of all good women to be refused.
Thys day my cassocke, to morow my frocke,
Next day my vardyguenyghest my smocke.

Thys day my kyrtell, with partlet and gowne,
To morowe a furred cap must on my crowne,
Next day a veluet cap, or a frenche hoode,
Who can deleue that suche women be good?

Some weare a cheyne, and some a blacke lace,
And colours also to paynt with theyr face:
Wherwith they doo make theyr faces to shyne.
Since god made the world such pryde was nere sene

In

In deyng of the whyche this is no dout,
The Image of God they blot and put out.
Lo thus are they paynted out to be sold,
With many mo gaudes then here can be told:

Forgettyng obedience, hatyng Gods lawe,
And lyue with theyr makes, without loue or awe.
And many oppressors thys day doth reygne,
That robbe & pyll poore men, wiues to mayntayn.

And fearyng least theyr great pride shold be lesse,
The poore mans cause they wyll neuer redresse
To mayntayne theyr wiues that proud are & nyse,
Lewde lubbers sometyme doo rebell and ryse.

A lowte with a lorde wyll proudely checkmate,
And is not content wyth hys poore estate.
Agaynst men of honour, the person vyle,
Prowdly presumeth, wo worth the whyle,

Boyes agaynst elders preferment dyd take,
And at theyr own wyl wold magistrates make:
For by theyr apparell none can now know,
The hygh estate from the most poore and low.

Eche lasse lyke a lady is clothed in sylke,
That dayly doth go to market with mylke.
Whych neuer theyr pore could yet maynteyn well.
Vnlesse they were whores, & their husbands steale

Besyde the vndecent maner to see,
That eche one doth go in others degree,
Vayne women loue not the men graue and sage,
But ruffelers that rudely raue can, and rage:

Whose

Whose feruent desyre must alwayes prouyde,
To set forth theyr wyues in pompe and in pryde.
For so that suche women may haue theyr wyll.
They passe not although theyr husbãdes doo spyll.

Such wepe when theyr husbãds be sick in bed,
And turne it to laughter when they be dead.
Wherfore suche proude women are lyke in hell,
To be rewarded with proude Iesabell:

Vnlesse they repent, and shortly amend:
Whyche God gyue them grace yet once to intend.
That I myght haue cause yet once in my dayes:
As muche for to wryte to theyr laude and prayse.

For: blessed be they that hold them content.
With cleane apparell, honest and decent,
And women bearyng of beautie the name.
Without discrete maners ioynde with the same.

Salomon dothe them no better allowe,
Then a gold ryng in the nose of a sowe.
Therfore let old women honestly lyue,
And good examples to yong women gyue.

That one by an others conuersation,
May learne to leaue theyr abhomination.
That vertuous dedes in those of the Citie,
May be example vnto the countrey.

For they of the countrey euer take hede.
How they of the citie doo weare theyr wede:
Therfore I may say, and so I say wyll,
The Citie is fyrst the Author of yll

My

My prayer therfore shalbe day and nyght,
That eche parte may mende and walk here aright,
That I may report the maydes of my countrey,
Thankes be to God haue lerned honestye:
Whyche God graunt me grace, to see in my tyme,
Thus make I an ende, of thys symple ryme.

¶ The complaynte of a certayne famous towne for the death of an honest matron, wyfe to one of thinhabitantes of the same, wyth an answer to the sayd complaynt: & in fyne a generall prayse of all honest & vertuous wome.

FOorth as I went my way of late,
(Whych was of June the.xvi. day)
After my due and wonted rate,
To set my worke in quyete stay:
A sodeyne voyce there dyd me fray,
And muche to muse dyd me constrayne,
So greuously it dyd complayne.

Wherwyth then I gan to saye,
What are you that doo sygh and grone?
Answere it made without delaye:
A famous towne bothe make thys mone,
For suche a losse as I haue one:
I thynke there hath in no place dwelt,
As Chyttes members haue swell felt.

And why (quod I) what is the case?
What cause haue you thus to complayne?
Wyth greuous syghes it sayd alas,
Oh cruell death full of dysdayne:
Why dydst thou not a whyle refrayn?

Till

But lyke a ſcabell vermyne ſtyll,
Thou takſte the good, and leavſt the yll.

What gyzly ſhe gylls, what wanton ſcoldes,
In me dothe reigne, to my great ſhame:
Whom honeſt men that them beholdes,
Repozteth in hart of my fame:
Suche in his rage Death wyll not tame,
But modeſt matrons good and true,
In all the haſte he dothe ſubdue.

For of the beſt the leſt of all,
He hath not taken maneryly.
But ſnatched hath the pzincipall,
In all my toy moſte cruelly.
And turned to calamitie,
My ſtaye, my health, and my delyght,
Whych reigned in that godly wyght.

She bare ſuche fauour to the truthe,
And beneficiall to the pooze,
Hyz goodly traynyng vp of youthe:
As maydens ſobze and demure,
And honeſt wyues ſome be you ſure,
To whom ſhe was a godly lyght,
And to theyz feete a lanterne bzyght.

Her good conſtant womanlyneſs,
Her obedience in her duetye,
Her lenitie and gentyleneſs
Her hate of vice in lyke degree
Her better ſure I neuer ſee,
Her fayth was good, her lyfe alſo:
Her lyke there are not many mo.

She

She loued truthe and godlyuesse,
She gaue the hungry meate and drynke
She lothed vyce and wyckednes,
She was without all fault I thynke,
She holpe the poore, and dyd not shrynk,
She clothed the naked and colde,
She holpe the sycke many a folde.

Thus death hath taken hir away,
That mother was of modestye:
And none can tell the truthe to saye,
The losse that I susteyne therby.
Therfore I may well wepe and cry,
And say Alas wo worth the tyme,
That brought to me this wofull cryme.

Be styll thou towne thus sayd I then,
Beware, and harke, what I shall tell:
Thou maynteynest all wycked men,
Agaynst the good thou doste rebell,
Yea suche as preache the Lordes gospell.
Therfore no doubte come is the day,
God turnes his face from thee away.

Syth thou in tyme refusedst grace,
Thou shalte be left as one confusde,
Sythe thou doste wyckednes imbrace,
And godlynes thou hast refusde:
Before the Lord thou art accusde,
And he it is that in his wrathe,
Wyll take away thy frendes by death.

Therfore leaue of, thus death to blame,
And blame for it thyne owne offence:
And thyn inhabitantes by name,

Whych

Be of good chere I saye to you,
Though I expresse you not by name:
For knowne is your indeuor true,
To those that wyll set forth the same,
So that immortall is your fame:
Example as ye haue by this
Your syster, that departed is.

Whose worthy prayse shall neuer die,
But like is to indure for euer:
For why she lyued worthyly,
And to the ende she did perseuer:
God graunt vs all so to endeuour,
That we may liue whyle we be here,
With God in glory to appere.

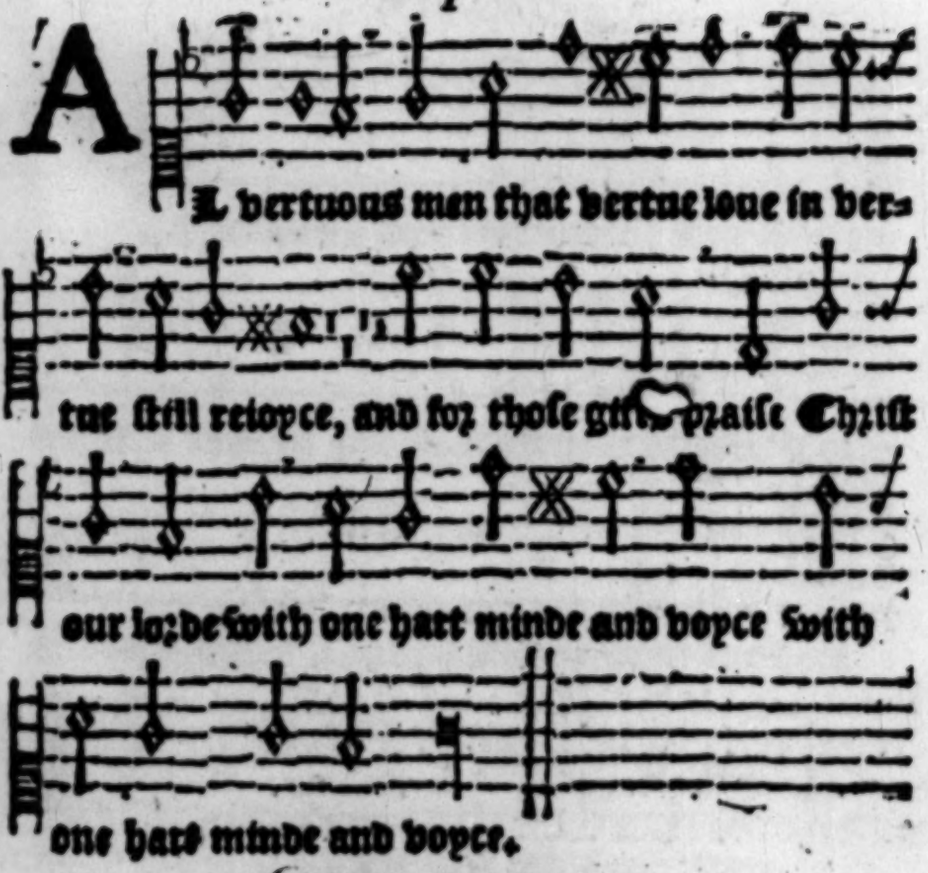
Ymen authoris.

If any maruell, that the name
Of towne or corps, I not reherse:
Hatefull enuy causde the same,
Nought els kept them out of my verse.

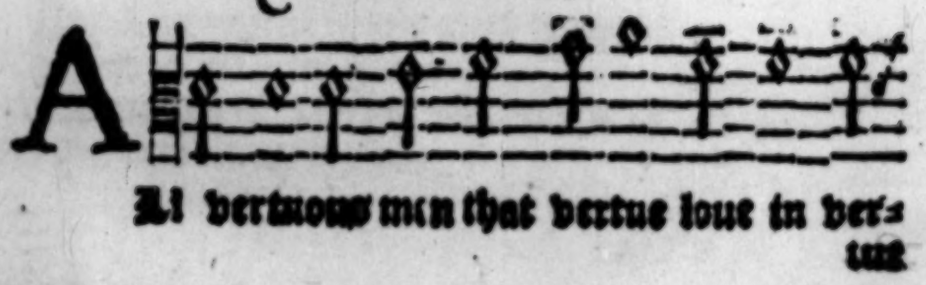
Hate therfore here shall haue no cause
At any person to disdeyne:
Let all men flee from enuies clawes,
Lest she doo them some grefe and peyne.

An exhortacion for vertuous men to perciste in vertue and to prayse Christ the authour of vertue, to whom be all honour and glory. Amē.

Triplex.


A
L vertuous men that vertue loue in ver-
tue still reioyce, and for those gifts praise Christ
our lorde with one hart minde and voyce with
one hart minde and voyce.

Contra tenor.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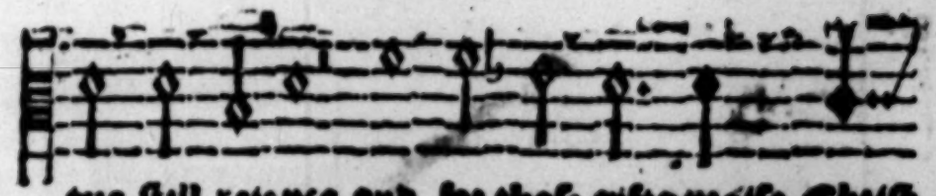
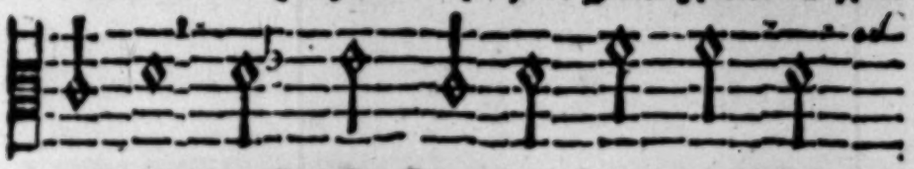
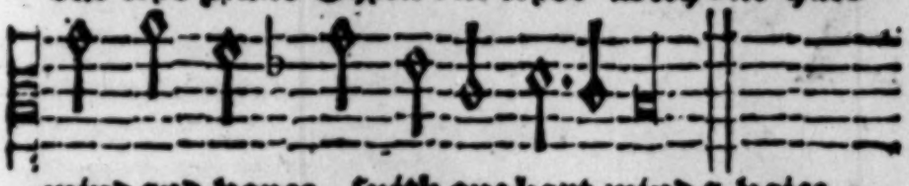
# of Vertue.



true ſtill reioyce, and for thoſe gifts praiſe Chriſt

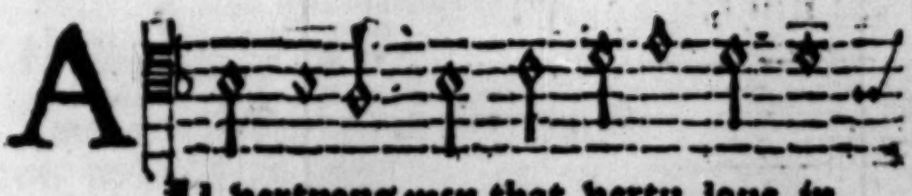


our lord praiſe Chriſt our lorde with one hart

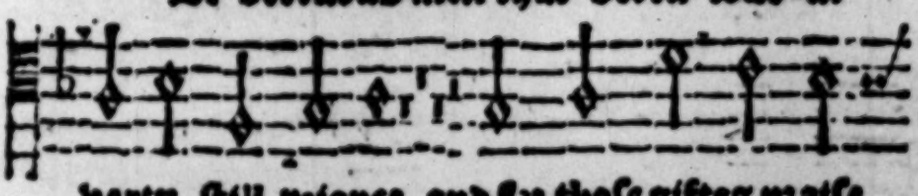


mind and voyce, with one hart mind & voice.

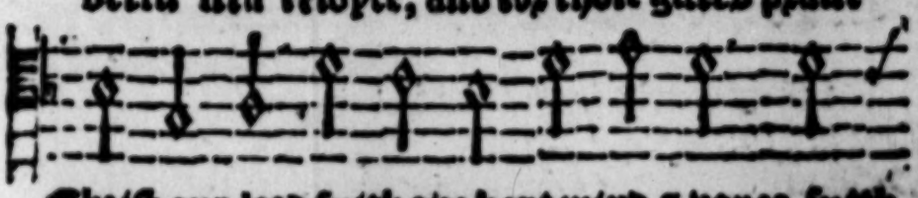
Tenor.



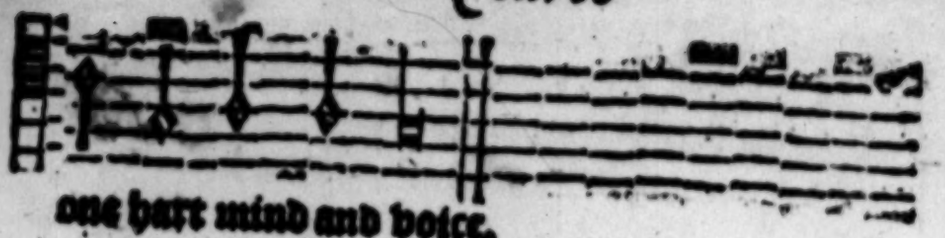
All vertuous men that vertu loue in



vertu ſtill reioyce, and for thoſe giftes praiſe

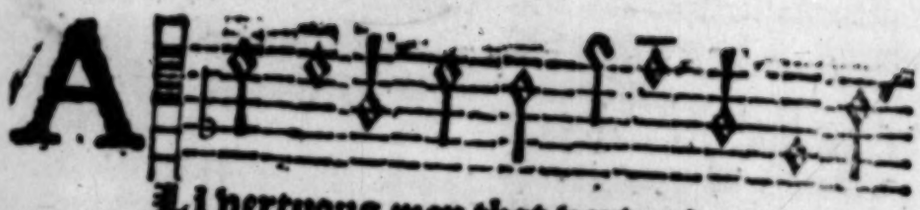


Chriſt our lord with one hart mind & voyce with

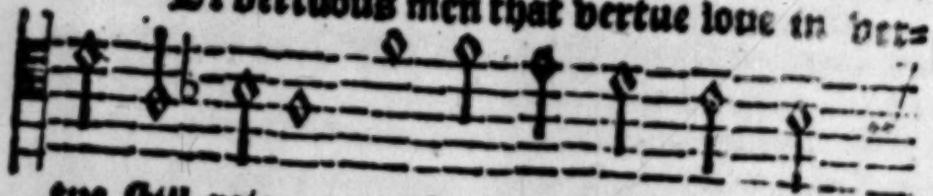


one hart mind and voice.

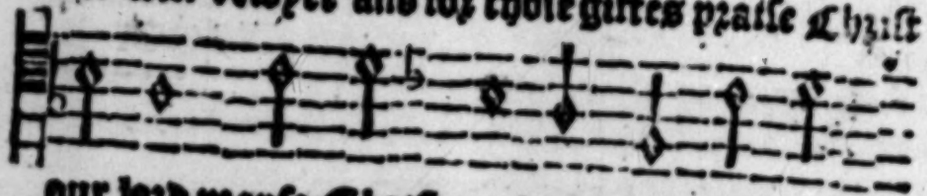
Bassus.



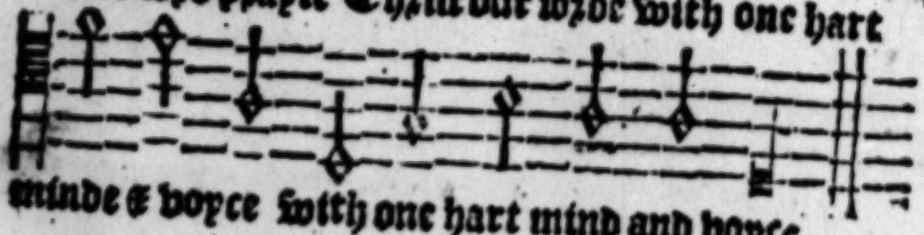
All vertuous men that vertue love in ver-



tue still reioyce and for those giftes prayse Christ



our lord prayse Christ our lorde with one hart



minde & voyce with one hart mind and voyce.

For if as truthe is one good thought
Can not in vs ouce growe,
Without his grace that alwayes doth
his mercies to vs shewe.

# of Vertue.

How can there any vertuous deed
At any time appere
In vs that are but vayne and nought
Saue for his mercies dere.

Wherfore let none of vertue boste
As of his owne pure wayes,
But mekly thanke Christ for his giftes,
And geue him condigne prayse.

Praise him therfore that first all made
And formed man of slime
And doth his worke most intricate
Preserue from time to time.

Whiche also when as sinfull man
By fault fell into thrall,
Ordeined Christ our sauing helth
By death to heale vs all.

Immortall thankes eternall prayse
Euer now let vs giue
Vnto this lord of whom we are
And of whose grace we liue.

Glory and prayse for euer more,
Therfore be to his name,
That vertue made for men to knowe
And to walke in the same.

FINIS.

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The

This book was intended as an
antidote to a collection of licentious
songs, called "The Court of Venus."

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AUTHOR Hall, John

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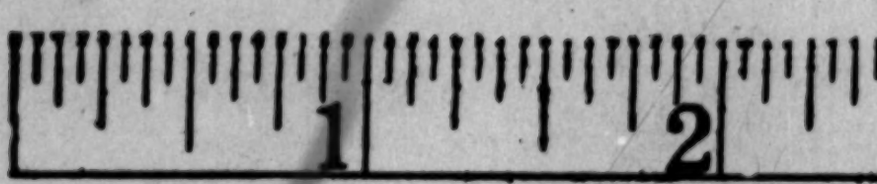

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